



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

THE
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OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

EDITED
BY
STEPHEN WHEELER

IN
THREE VOLUMES
VOLUME II



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GUZMAN AND HIS SON

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

[Scene. Tarifa in Southern Spain, A. D. 1296.]

[CHARACTERS]

[DON ALONZO PEREZ DE GUZMAN, Governor of Tarifa.
GUZMAN'S SON, aged fifteen.]

Son. O father! am I then within thy arms
Once more? O yes; what other heart beats so?

Guzman. Son! art thou free? How couldst thou have escaped?

Son. God, God alone hath moved our enemy.

Guzman. He will perfect his work; he needs not us.

Son. I shall then hold my sister's eyes again
Within my own, her palm around my head!
Hence let us, while we may.

Guzman. What speakest thou?

Son. If thou wilt only bid the war to pause,
I then am free.

Guzman. Free? then thou art not yet?

10

Son. Unless our soldiers are withdrawn, not death
Alone awaits me.

Guzman. Mercy! mercy! God!
Without thy voice, without thy helping hand,
We stagger, weak as infants, from our duty.
Child! child! what can I do?

Son. Hath not God spoken?
And hath he ceased to speak?

Guzman. The brave man's breast
Is God's pure tabernacle: thro' the world,
Its storms, its deserts, we must carry it.
For Him against the infidel I war;
No peace, no truce, unless at his command.

20

Son. God doth not always speak in thunder-clouds.
Even in the rain and dew, on the weak herb
That bends before them, there too is a voice
Breathing from Him. God is not always wroth;
He pities too, and most delights in pity.

Guzman. Art thou afraid?

Son. Father! O father! no.
Shame me not thus. But to have felt thy lips
Upon my brow, upon my eyes, my mouth,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

And to have breathed his breath who gave me life
Now sixteen years ago . . O father! save me!

30

Guzman. Another would have said thou wert too rash;
How many fathers, of their sons, have said it,
Ay, and of brave ones, and for being brave;
I never said it, even when I lost thee,
Thee, my first-born, my only living son,
Precious as life . . almost, almost, as honour.
Son! thou art going into God's own glory,
And wouldst thou that thy father at one breath
Be spoil'd of his, and thine?

Son. No, father, no!
Fight on; and think of my worst fault no more.
They shout.

40

Guzman (to his trumpeters). Reply.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Thus my last groan is drown'd.

THE CORONATION

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

[Scene. Naples, 1830.]

FEBE. GRISELDA. ROMOALDA. ARMIDA. FRA PEPE.

Febe. Our good king Ferdinand, altho' I say it,
He is the bravest king that ever trod
Upon neat's leather, with a star to brisquet.

Griselda. Death, a dog's death, to whosoe'er denies it!

Febe. He's just like one of us, as kings should be.

Griselda. Ay, he has bowels.

Febe. Faith! has he: I saw
His Majesty hold up a string of paste
Three palms in length, and down his throat it slid,
Just like the sword down that great conjuror's.

Griselda. And then he clasp't his hand on t'other side,
So natural!

10

Febe. And laught as heartily
As any pickpocket when purseless wight
Cries *thief*, and points him out to some near sbirro,
Who looks all ways but that, and will hear first
What has been lost, and where are witnesses.

Griselda. Gnats, rats, and rogues, are bred in every city,
But only ours rears Ferdinands.

THE CORONATION

Febe.

Here comes Fra Pepe.

Fra Pepe. What now want ye? What hath brought ye
Into this crowd, among these men and horses?

Griselda. Father! do shrive us ere we face such perils;
Trumpeters, poets, heroes, harlequins,
And overhead vast tottering catafalcs,
Choak-full, and mountain-high; ten thousand arms
Around ten thousand waists, and scarce can save them.

20

Fra Pepe. I have no time to shrive ye.

Febe.

God forbid

That we should urge it! But yon tripe smells bravely,
And we keep many Fridays in the week;
Do not turn this fine Tuesday into one.

Fra Pepe. Knowest thou what tripe is?

Febe.

From ancient records

And faint remembrances.

Fra Pepe.

Hast tasted it?

30

Griselda. Why should we not, on some rare festival?

Fra Pepe. Luxury will creep downward, and seize souls.
Who pampered you at this enormous rate?

Griselda. We are not young ones now, but heretofore
We have had lovers, and have seen carlinos
Spin upon table; and the change was ours.

Fra Pepe. O shame upon ye!

Febe.

Shame is called upon us

When we are old and needy; they who brought
Shame and old age upon us, call it loudest.

Fra Pepe. Thou talkest foolishly indeed, good woman!

40

Febe. We all talk our best things when teeth are flush.

Griselda. Wit is not wanting while the cheek wears roses
And coral lips are ready to impart it.

Romoalda. I doubt now whether all this tripe be real.

Ermida. They got it cheap, or would not give so largely;
An ounce, two ounces, to one family.

Febe. What! kings mere hucksters! better say they stole it.

Griselda. Such glorious ones would scarcely steal the cattle,
Much less what some call offal. Rob poor farmers!
Come, Febe, if we listen to her talk
We may do penance in a stiller place.

50

Febe. Never say "*come away*," my good *Griselda*!
While they are forking it from pans and kettles
Wide as the crater and as piping-hot.
O father *Pepe*! could you touch, see, smell it!

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Bees may make honeycombs; what bee could ever
 Make honeycomb like tripe? Ah fat! ah pith!
 Soft, suctionable, savory.

Fra Pepe. Out upon thee!

Griselda. See there now! Off he goes!

Febe. No fault of mine.

Griselda. Yes; thy shrill squally shouts, and rubbing down 60
 Of mouth, with one arm first, and then the other,
 And then the apron. Who beside thyself
 Would talk so touchingly, so near mid-day?
 A qualm came over *me*; I felt half-famisht;
 No monk on earth could stand it; not the best
 That ever faced the devil in the desert.

Romoalda. Between you, pretty work! the frate gone!

Febe. Follow him: who detains you? We want nothing
 With you, signora!

Armida. Let those vulgar women

Talk about tripe; we can buy liver, *buy* it, 70
 Drink the half-flask, doze the half-hour, again
 Be young, then shrive us. One night scores not deep.
 There's, by my reckoning, mother Romoalda,
 Only one night between us and to-morrow.

Romoalda (striking her stomach). The best church-clock lies under
 this red canvas,
 And points, within a trice, to dinner-time.

Griselda. You totter about sadly, neighbour Febe!

Febe. No wonder; they have thrown so many pulps
 And peels of melon on the ground, I know 80
 My feet are wet, and my whole stockings, with them
 And plashy daffodils, like artichokes
 In size, knee-deep, and palm-leaves long as boats:
 So, were there room for falling, fall I must.

Griselda. May-hap you tasted a cup's rim at starting?

Febe. Before we met, one little broken one
 I sipt. They never told me 'twas so strong:
 And then they took advantage of me.

Griselda. Men

Always do that with us poor lonely women.

Febe. 'Twas not the wine nor men: a fig for them!
 This hubbub has confounded me, this crowd; 90
 Soldiers and monks, and mummers fill the street,

85 a comma after broken one is deleted in Lander's own copy of 1848, but retained in 1876.

THE CORONATION

And candles bigger than the priests that bear them,
And saucy boys running aside the candles
To catch the drops, leaving one hand for mischief;
And then the bells are making such a coil,
Saint against saint, from Mole to Capo-monte,
We can not hear the loudest voice cry *gara*
If horse or mule tramp muzzling into us.
In vain, Griselda, lift we up our shoulders
And whisper in God's ear we think it hard.

100

Griselda. Well, Febe, by stout shoving we are now
Beyond the mob. What ails thee?

Febe. Many things
Ail me; vexations and infirmities;
Beside a tiny matter of an infant
I dropt into the sea through awkwardness.

Griselda. Did not the child cry out, as children should?

Febe. It did. Well, well! I made an angel of it.

Griselda. Then say no more about it.

Febe. 'Tis in heaven,
Among the other angels: but I fear
That when they say, "Sing! sing, my little one!"
It may give answer, "Five hard fingers here
Have spoilt my singing."

110

Griselda. They who make an angel
Make more than they who make ten penitents,
And yet to make one penitent wins heaven.

Febe. I sometimes wish 'twere back again.

Griselda. To cry?

Febe. Ah! it *does* cry ere the first sea-mew cries;
It wakes me many mornings, many nights,
And fields of poppies could not quiet it.

Griselda. Febe! we must not think of it to-day.
Sorrow is most offensive to the great,
And nobody should grieve when kings are near.
This, above all days, is a day of joy;
Another king is given to the world,
And our first duty is to guard his throne.

120

Febe. And drink a little beaker to his health.
We, mother Romoalda! with Christ's help,
Will, against all his enemies, support him.
O! I am thirsty with the dust! beside,
I was so worried by that odious mob,
The people seem to push against me still.

130

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

[BEATRICE CENCI]

FIVE SCENES

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

- I. COUNT CENCI AND CONFESSOR.
- II. BEATRICE AND HER AJA MARGARITA.
- III. COUNT, STEWARD, PEASANTS, BEATRICE.
- IV. BEATRICE AND POPE CLEMENT VIII.
- V. DEATH OF BEATRICE.

[Published in full in *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1851; reprinted 1853, 1876. Scene IV had been published separately in *The Keepsake for 1851* (issued 1850). See notes at end of volume. Text *Fraser's Magazine*, 1851.]

PREFACE.

POETRY is not History. In features they may resemble; in particulars, in combinations, in sequences, they must differ. History should "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Poetry, like all the fine arts, is eclectic. Where she does not wholly invent, she at one time amplifies and elevates; at another, with equal power, she simplifies, she softens, she suppresses. This part of her prerogative has fallen much into desuetude. Many a rich proprietor is a bad husband-man. The system of deep draining, or even of carrying off the surface-water, is but partially introduced. We have, however, seen tragedians, of late, who bear the pall and sceptre "right royally." 10

The author of the *Five Scenes* assumes no place among them: he stands only just near enough to make his plaudit heard. These scenes interfere very little with Shelley's noble tragedy. Two names are the same; one character, by necessity, is similar; Count Cenci, the wickedest man on record. His benefactions to the Papacy, under the rubric of penalties or quit-rents for crimes, amounted to three hundred thousand crowns; so that after Saint Peter, King Pepin, and Countess Matilda, the Roman See was under greater obligations to him than to any other supporter. Crimes in the Papal States are as productive to *Government* as vines and olives: no wonder then his death was so cruelly avenged. His life had been its *gaudy-day*; and his loss was the severest it ever had sustained in one person. Yet, so little of gratitude is there in high places, his funeral was unattended by the Cardinals and Court; and, what is more remarkable, no poet wrote an elegy to deplore or an epitaph to praise him.

Title. Beatrice Cenci and Pope Clement VIII, *Keepsake*, 1851.

Sub-title. By . . . Landor om. 1853. *Scene headings*, I. II. III. V., not in *Keepsake*, 1851.

Preface. not in *Keepsake*, 1851. l. 17 Pepin and Countess [For Pepin's "splendid donation" to the Papacy, see Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, Chap. 49; and Hallam, *Middle Ages*, Chap. 3, for the "famous Countess Matilda's" grant to the Holy See of the reversion of all her possessions.—W.]

BEATRICE CENCI

SCENE I.

COUNT CENCI and CONFESSOR, in Rome.

Confessor. Our thoughts, my lord, are not entirely ours:
The Tempter hath much influence over them,
And sways them to and fro.

Count. More often to
Than fro, methinks.

Confessor. Prayer can do much, and more
Confession, most goodwill toward the Church.
Nieces and uncles, aunts and nephews, meet
In holy matrimony; but beyond,
The Church forbids; nor grants even these without
Due cause, in alms and Petropatrimonials.

Count. If one may do it, why may not another?

10

Confessor. Only the great may do it; only princes.
Sovrans may ride where common men must walk,
And may with safety and with seemliness . .
With seemliness! aye more . . . with acclamation,
And dance and bonfire, leap across the sheepwalk
Where sheep and shepherd humbly creep along.

Count. Such are their doings in the Church and Court
And other places, for example-sake
No doubt.

Confessor. No doubt whatever. Great the good
Arising from the wealth they thus disburse.
The Church, thus aiding and thus aided, throws
Her sackcloth from her, and sits up elate,
Triumphant, glorified, the spouse of Christ,
Born in the manger but to mount the throne.
None but the fool and the ungodly doubt
These saving truths.

20

Count. None but the fool, most surely;
For who beside the fool would pour his broth
Upon the threshing-floor at noontide hour
When he is hungry and may take his fill?
About the ungodly you know more than I,
Who never have held converse with the knaves,
For, to my mind, they must be fools as well;
Sure to be losers at our table here,
And doubtful of revenge another day.

30

Confessor. They dare not meet confession face to face,
As honestest and braver sinners do,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Like you, my lord, who ask before you take,
Ready to pay the penalty of guilt,
And weighing both in steady even scales.

Count. You always comfort the few qualms that rise
Within my breast, too empty or too full.
The present sometimes puzzles me; the past
Is past for ever.

Confessor. But beyond the grave . . .

Count. I am short-sighted, and would spare my eyes;
Too much light hurts them: you wear spectacles,
And take them off and put them on again,
To read or not to read, as suits you best.

Confessor. Your lordship has paid dearly for some sins!

Count. Churchmen may get them cheaper; they can whirl
The incense round and sweeten one another.

Confessor. Count! we are friends; but this sounds rather free.

Count. My speech is free, and free too is my hand.

Three paoli is the price of masses now
To the poor man; the citizen pays five;
The noble seven; but often bargaining
For thirteen to the dozen: I meanwhile
Reckon but twelve, and pay my crown a-piece,
Ay, for a thousand, father, for a thousand . .
If this won't save me, what the devil can?

Confessor. Do not be angry; let us hope it will;
But matters, awkward matters, lie between . .
We say no masses for the soul on earth.

Count. Yet here it hath its troubles as down yonder;
Masses might oil them over on the spot
And supple the sting's barb; it lies not deep.

Confessor. No, no; far different is their ordinance.

Count. Well, I believe it: let us say no more.

Confessor. Best so, my son! Sweet, sweet is resignation.
Three hundred thousand crowns have overlaid
Some gross enormities: stifled they lie,
No whisper over them: the Pope's right hand
Hath wiped the record from the Book of Life.

Count. Are you quite sure?

Confessor. Infallibility
Declares it.

Count. Bless infallibility!

37 lord] Lord 1853.

54 citizen pays] citizens pay 1853.

BEATRICE CENCI

Confessor. Sin not, my son! but, sinning, strait confess
And stand absolved.

Count. Plague me no more. I have

Confest. The wish . . . again I swear . . . is odious.

Confessor. The very thought confounds and petrifies me.
Ten yokes of oxen, fifty casks of wine
(Were it Orvieto), scarcely would efface
Such scandal. 80

Count. I have played away the worth
Of those ten yokes, those fifty casks, but lately,
And therefore have not now wherewith . . .

Confessor. The sin
Of gambling is, alas! worse . . . worse than all.
(*After a pause.*) If you will have the peach . . . why, have the peach;
But pay for it: the crab and sloe come cheaper.
Costly or vile, 'tis better to abstain.

[CONFESSOR goes out, the COUNT remains.]

Count (alone). There must be (since all fear it) pains below.
But how another's back can pass for mine,
Or how the scourge be softened into down 90
By holy water, puzzles me: no drop
Is there; and nothing holy. Doubt I will.
Now, can these fellows in their hearts believe
What they would teach us? Yes; they must. Methinks
I have some courage: I dare many things,
Most things; yet were I certain I should fall
Into a lion's jaws at close of day
If I went on, I should be loth to go,
Altho some nightcap from some booth well barr'd
Opens a window, crying *Never fear!* 100
Is there no likeness? Theirs is the look-out.
They toss my sins on shoulder readily;
Are they quite sure they can as readily
Shuffle them off again? They catch our pouch.
The price, the stipulated price, I pay;
Will the receiver be as prompt to them?
May not he question them? Well! there are gone
Three hundred thousand crowns; and more must go;
I shall cry *quits* . . . but what will their cry be?
When time is over, none can ask for time; 110
Payment must come . . . and these must pay, not I.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

'Three hundred thousand crowns,' runs my receipt,
'Holiness and Infallibility'
At bottom. I am safe: the firm is good.
If the wax burn their fingers, let them blow
And cool it: there it sticks: my part is done.

116

SCENE II.

BEATRICE CENCI *and her* AJA MARGARITA.

Margarita. Blessed be Saint Remigio! This day year,
This his own day, was held the marriage-feast
Within our castle-walls, which always frown'd
Till then, and never since smiled heartily.

Beatrice. We have been very happy, Margarita,
Before and since.

Margarita. I want another feast;
I yearn; and you must give it, lady mine.

Beatrice. My father can alone ordain a feast
Other than what this pleasant vintage-time
Always brings round.

Margarita. Things are got ready soon.

10

Your sister for her bridal festival
Borrowed some vases filled with citron-trees
From those who brought the chaplets. Signor Conte
Has not one citron-tree, one orange-bush,
One lemon, one train'd jessamine: he never
Has prick't his finger with bare lavender,
To curse it. Flowers and music he abhors.
And how he hated those dull nightingales!
Indeed they are too tiresome: what think you?

Beatrice. If their sweet sorrow overshadows mine
I ought to love them for it, and I do.
I have not always thought them melancholy;
'Tis but of late; and gayer things are worse.

20

Margarita. You were less childish when you were a child.
However, flowers you cull as formerly
And put them in your bosom.

Beatrice. They are cool.

Margarita. Are they? Some too are sweet. The Count is caught
By fragrance; not their vulgar fragrance; gloves,
Gloves I have seen (no matches though) that smelt

1 This day [St. Remigio's day, October 1.—W.]
row'd . . . fill'd 1853.

12 Borrowed . . . filled] Bor-

BEATRICE CENCI

Deliciously, about his private room.
But music! we keep music to ourselves,
And close the door upon it, like the plague.
Make last year this. I did believe, I did
Indeed, that you could better understand
My meaning.

30

Beatrice. I have understood it well,
But dare not ask my father anything;
It is undaughterly, unmaidenly,
To ask for a carousal or a dance.
My sister and my brother may suggest
More properly what might entice our friends.

40

Margarita. I doubt it. One enticement, one alone,
Depends on you. Marry, my pretty dove!

Beatrice. Marry? and whom?

Margarita. Have you forgotten all
Who drank the vintage of the year before
To make (they said) room for last year's?

Beatrice. In truth
I hardly know their names. I sat not with 'em
At supper or at dinner or at dance . .
Although at dance I was, but placed apart,
With you beside me, pleas'd not quite so well.

Margarita. May-be. But you saw all, and all saw you.

50

Beatrice. May-be that too. I saw them all, and lookt
With joy upon them: whether they saw *me*
I know not, heed not: 'twas enough that joy
Seem'd universal.

Margarita. But among the guests
Could not you name one name?

Beatrice. Perhaps I could,
And more than one, give me but time to think.

Margarita. None yet? none? Let me call them over then.
Don Beppo, Don Olinto, Don Olimpio,
Don Prospero-Leonzio Buffalmacco,
Don Cane della Scala, Don Gatteschi,
Don Tissaferne, Don Ambrogio,
Don Michel-Angiolo, Don Angiolo
Without the Michel . . .

60

Beatrice. Take your breath, dear Aja.
They weary you. Suppose we leave the rest.

Margarita. Don Carlo, Don Ferrante, Don Camillo,
Don Agostino Pecore, Don Gallo,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Don Pio-Maria-Giuseppe Squarcialupi,
 Don Innocenzio-Flavio Cinghialone,
 Don Neri, Don Petruccio, Don Giuliano,
 Don Tito, Don Trajano, Don Aurelio, 70
 Three pretty brothers, save Aurelio's eye,
 A little red about it, and Trajano's
 Swerving a little, but as black as jet,
 And bright as dagger drawn out overnight
 And seen to, and fresh-whetted for revenge.
 Your noble father hath such furniture,
 Stored where you children might not hurt yourselves,
 Not in the armoury, but close behind
 Old breviaries and missals, and among 80
 The holy relics that preserve the house,
 Frightening the demons from it night and day.

Beatrice. Oh! rather run through fifty names than tell
 Such stories.

Margarita. Fifty! aye, there were threescore,
 Or near upon it . . . *men*, I mean; we women
 Here count for nothing.

Beatrice. Not in dance?

Margarita. They all
 Had partners; that is certain; but what then?

Beatrice. You seem to have collected a whole host
 Of the young men; the ladies you forget.

Margarita. Even less worth remembrance.

Beatrice. Some were lovely. 90

Margarita. I saw no loveliness; and why should you,
 Whom such girls envy?

Beatrice. Envy *me*? I shared
 No partner. Only one, and she but once
 Lookt at me: 'twas when I had clapt my hands
 After that pretty song; which then she bade
 Her lover bring me, and you snatcht away.

Margarita. Such silly words!

Beatrice. Yes; but sung plaintively.
 I wish I sang as well.

Margarita. Try then once more.

Beatrice. You call them silly; so indeed they are.

Margarita. Songs sound the sweeter in the solitude
 Of sense.

Beatrice. Who wrote them?

Margarita. Some young idle boy, 100

BEATRICE CENCI

Who should be whipt for his effrontery.
Begin; or you will have more ears about.

Beatrice. I have no heart to sing it.

Margarita.

Then will I.

What says the dove on yonder tree?

Coo coo . . and only a coo coo?

I hear as plain as plain can be,

Poor restless bird! *come! come! do! do!*

The words I often said to you.

If blushes pain not, be ashamed

A bird hath caught the sounds from me,

While you, by that mild teacher blamed,

Have yet to learn by heart what he

Repeats so well, so tenderly.

110

Beatrice. O thank you! dearest Margarita, thank you!
You sang them with such tenderness; you made
The most of them.

Margarita. I made them all they are.

Let me go on while memory is at hand,
Or half the signors will slip through my fingers.

Beatrice. How good you are! but are you not quite tired?

Margarita. Now you have put me out. Peace! let me try.

120

Don Sigismondo with his twin Goffredo,

Don Serafino, Don Serafico,

Don Sant-Elizabetta, Don Sant-Anna,

Don Beatifico, Don Ipsilante . .

Beatrice. O Aja!

Margarita. So! the shoe then pinches there?

Beatrice. Rather go on than say it. Who is he?

Margarita. No very proper man. I might have run
A furlong further with more likelihood.

Don Biagio, Don Cristofano, Don Bino,

Don Agostino, Don Teodosio,

Don Mario, Don Bastiano, Don Eufemio,

Don Giorgio, Don Giorgione, Don Silvestro,

Don Gasparo, Don Stefano, Don Gino.

130

Beatrice. O what a river-full of sparkling bubbles!
Will the stream never end?

Margarita. Not yet awhile.

Don Cinque-Pesci, Don Maria-Balbo,

Don Romolo, Don Cino, Don Gieronimo,

Don Tertulliano (Teresina's brother),

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Don Opobalsamo-di-Caridade,
 Don Romualdo, Don Ricupero, 140
 Don Unigenito Gino Cappone,
 Don Amoroo-Galateso Stella,
 Don Braccioforte, Don Pacifico,
 Don Bacio-Santa-Croce Cicciaporci,
 Don Carl-Onofrio-Gru de' Beccafichi.

Beatrice. O the strange names!

Margarita. Men never choose their own,
 But take them as they're given, to show Saint Peter,
 Who knows their water-mark and lets them pass.

Beatrice. No doubt of that . . and we may let them too.

Margarita. Wait, wait a moment: here are some few more. 150

Don Luca, Don Abele, Don Marino,
 Don Sosimo, Don Zeno, Don Camillo,
 Don Loretano (heir of Don Fulgenzio),
 Don Curio de Montaspro, Don Pasquale.

Beatrice. What an interminable waste of names!
 Are not the grills of last year gone by?

Margarita. Nearly. Sandrino, Piero, and Cirillo;
 The two first are, the other should be, poor,
 Noble, but wanting pride, and shunning friends.

Beatrice. Cirillo! sure 'twas he that sate beside 160
 The little girl whose arms and face were burnt
 So sadly.

Margarita. Hideously, most hideously.
 Her mother left her by the fire alone
 In infancy.

Beatrice. Alone he sate with her
 On a long barrel.

Margarita. Heeding not who laugh
 Outrageously.

Beatrice. I saw them, I saw him . .
 And could have kist him . . had he been my brother . .

Margarita. And rather handsomer.

Beatrice. Could he be that?

Margarita. So! Does the pin stick there? aye, to the head.

Beatrice. I ought to love him: but we never love 170
 (I do believe) the only men we ought,
 Or not as we should love them if we might.

Margarita. He would not join the party; no, not he,
 Nor offer, where' twas proper, one salute:

161 face] legs 1853.

BEATRICE CENCI

That ugly barrel and that uglier child
 Besotted him; he staid there to the last.
 Pridel no; 'twas worse; 'twas sheer rusticity.
 Thinking of him, six better men escaped me.
 Don Marlo, Don Virgilio, Don Matteo,
 Don Beppo, Don Simoni, Don Marziale,
 Brother of Donna . . stay . . Donna Lucrezia,
 Who ran away from home, and was pursued
 Somewhat too late, caught, and let loose again,
 A virgin, a pure virgin, to the last.
 Ready to swear it were three witnesses,
 Her father, and her husband, and herself:
 No law-court can refuse three witnesses.

180

Beatrice. One surely is enough where honour is.
 Prythee no more about her.

Margarita. Don Marziale
 Call'd out the vile betrayer, but in vain;
 He fled; and that same week another won
 The lovely prize, and wears it to this day,
 At least a part of it, a husband's part.

190

Beatrice. O Aja! what is this? what words are those?
 But . . hath she turn'd her face to God, and God
 His face to her? May it be thus! Forgive,
 O blessed Saint Remigio! and do thou
 Thrice-blessed Virgin, purer than Heaven's light,
 My wicked thought! Thy countenance was turn'd
 One moment from me. In one moment sin
 Bursts through our frail embankment, and engulphs
 All superstructure human strength can raise.

200

Margarita. Mad art thou, or inspired.

Beatrice. Mad, mad, I was,
 But now, with contrite heart, am calm again.

Margarita. I do believe I am as good as most,
 If you are better, I am wiser, child!
 I say as many prayers, and know more ways
 Of happiness. Among these vacant I
 Choose one . . or two at most. There are indeed
 Who think *one* better; and they may be right.
 Our mother Church, long-suffering and indulgent,
 Would rather tie two knots than sever one.
 You ponder on these things without one word.

210

Beatrice. I dare not utter one; I scarce dare ponder.

188 honour] honor 1853.

203 inspired.] inspired? 1853.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Margarita. It is all right, if we will only think so.

Beatrice. True, true . . but do not make me think about it.

Margarita. No, child, while there are those who think for us,
And have much broader backs and tougher hides,
Fireproof, and tongues that charm the devil off.

I like to take all good men at their word, 220

Without a scruple or suspicion. Thought

Is uphill work; many its paths, few smooth;

Let others trudge 'em while we two sit still . .

Sit still we may, but not sit quite so grave.

I must not let you look at me demurely

On such a day as this. My lord last year

Admitted, as all other lords are wont,

His contadini, married and unmarried,

To dance upon the terrace with the great.

Will he to-night?

Beatrice. I hope he may.

Margarita. Why hope it? 230

The great are absent.

Beatrice. Yet without the great

The lowly may be happy, at small cost.

Good-morrow brightens the whole day to them,

Good-night brings early rest and hopeful dreams :

A friendly word, a gentle look, is more

From one above than twenty truer ones

From those who merit best the peasant's love.

Margarita. Whimsical girl! whimsical more than ever!

I have seen tears fall on this dimpled hand

When it had graspt the sunburnt hairy one, 240

And would not let it go, altho' I chided;

I have seen you stand a-tip-toe to return

The kiss imprinted on it, when the face

Was decently averted, whether man's

Or woman's; for the Count had been enraged.

Beatrice. Stern he may be; but cruel no, not that.

Margarita. Propriety! maintain propriety!

Minor transgressions every one forgives.

We must not let the humble spring too high.

Beatrice. Nor sink too low. God gave us hearts for theirs 250

To rest upon, and form'd them not of stone.

Margarita. This now, this brings me back again. Come, talk

Rationally with me . . In this afternoon

My lord your father, as you know, returns.

BEATRICE CENCI

Beatrice. Happier I may be; not much happier:
For when he saw me last, now some months since,
He took me on his knee, then pusht me off,
Suddenly, strangely; stamp't, and left the room.

Margarita. Is this worth crying for?

Beatrice. I think it is.

Margarita. He may have thought of somebody at Rome 260
As pretty in his eyes, and not unlike.

Beatrice. Should he not love me more then for her sake?

Margarita. Men are odd creatures; what they should they don't,
And what they should not, sure enough, they do.
How would you like a stepmother?

Beatrice. If young
I should so like her! We would play together
All day, all night.

Margarita. Simpleton!

Beatrice. We would toss
Roses in summer, daffodils in spring,
Into each other's faces: if they struck
The eyes, O then what kisses! what protests 270
We were not hurt! The saints would all forgive.
I know the names of many good to us
Young girls, and mindful they were girls themselves.

Margarita. What fancy strikes you now?

Beatrice. One strange and wild.
Some say my mother lives. It can not be;
I have not seen her many many days,
A year almost.

Margarita. Stepmother, you should say.

Beatrice. Stepmother! what can that be else than mother?
She loved me, and wept over me. She rests,
(I trust) with God. Another may console me, 280
If she prevail with Him to send another.
My own, who waved me in her arms to sleep,
Could not have loved me better than the last.
When did she die? and where? Not here, we know;
No funeral was here; no sadder looks
Than usual in the poor good villagers . .
Tell me: it happen'd while I was away?

Margarita. Useless to ask for what we cannot know,
And what, if we could know it, might do harm.
Nobody here dares stir where the Count's feet 290
Move softly, nobody his steps espy.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Beatrice. How prudent and how gentle the reproof!
But . . could I hear my mother were alive!

Margarita. Your brothers, both are living, tho' afar,
She may be too, and nearer.*

Beatrice. Grant it, Heaven!
Was it not wicked then to think of joy
With one who soon might take her vacant place;
To think of smiles and games where tears were shed,
Perhaps for me too, since mine also fell?
O! it *was* wicked. Mother! pray for me!

300

Both mothers! pray for me! Let not my grief
Disturb your bliss! bear up my prayer on yours!

Margarita. Make me not dismal. Prayers are excellent
In the right place. Seven are the sacraments,
And of all seven, marriage is the best:
This lies before you; some are past, some wait.
Let us return to thoughts far pleasanter;
I do not mean of saints and patronesses . .

Another, and no saint, but a mama,
Might wish you married; sure your father would.

310

Beatrice. If ever I should marry . . but I feel
I never shall . . so let me say no more.

Margarita. Were my ears open to catch wind and cold
Like this, my Lady Beatrice? Speak;
Say something; to the purpose, if you can,
But something.

Beatrice. Should one love me, may that one
Be better, wiser, older!

Margarita. Hush! hush! hush!
Wiser, and no harm done. Older! God's peace!
Well, certainly sixteen is somewhat young
For bridegroom . . but no help for it, no harm,
Past all endurance.

320

Beatrice. I may hope to live
A few years longer; and should Heaven bestow
One many older yet, who truly loves,
He will love wisely: he will see in me
Much to correct with calmer eyes than mine.

Margarita. Aye; some old creature. He would find out faults,
Or make them for you. Never let young blood
Be frozen, or (Madonna!) it will burst

* She lived imprisoned. The whole family was [were 1853] kept separated. [L.]

294 tho'] tho 1853.

BEATRICE CENCI

With such a crack as never shepherd heard
In early spring o'er tarn on Appennine.

330

Beatrice. We will not talk about what will not be.

Margarita. Hark ! Was not that the bugle ? There again !
Haste, haste upstairs . . dress yourself handsomely . .
The Count is coming.

Beatrice. I will dress myself
To please him ; but with arms about his neck
First crave his blessing. Loose me ; let me run.

SCENE III.

COUNT, STEWARD, PEASANTS, BEATRICE.

Count. They might do something better, I should think,
Than sing o' Sundays. I am quite dog-tired
With this hard ride.

Steward. Indeed, my lord, you seem,
Despite of youth as ever on your side,
Wearied and ill at ease. The ride is long :
Strong as they are, alert as are the grooms,
The horses must have suffered this hot day.

Count. My horses are half-dead as well as I :
Bravely they mounted the last hill, however,
At sight of stable : all that was not smoke
Was froth ; the bits had burnt your hand to touch.

10

Steward. Too weak to battle with the flies, outstretcht
Lies every groom, his hat upon his face,
In the thin shade dropt from the grange's eaves.

Count. Swill'd with unwatered wine.

Steward. No time or heart
Had they to lift the bucket from the well.

Count. I have a mind to whip them up again.
Their liveries look already like the litter,
The silver tarnisht, and the scarlet dim
As the last musty medlar of the year.
What can those idlers yonder want of me ?
What do they here ?

20

Steward. My gentle lord, permit
Those who have laboured all the week apart,
To meet upon the blesseddest of days
After due service ; to inquire how fares

7 suffered] suffer'd 1853.
labour'd 1853.

15 unwatered] unwater'd 1853.

23 laboured]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

The sick at home; to slip the thin brass coin
 Into the creviced box their priest shakes round,
 That the soul suffer not for lack of mass.
 What other day for distant friends to hear
 The weal or woe that swells the breast with joy 30
 Or sinks with grief? In either case, it pours
 Its fulness forth before His awful throne
 Whose will they are.

Count. No preaching, sir, for me.
 A mass, and welcome . . . twice or thrice a-year . . .
 The Church requires it: what the Church requires
 I do . . . or pay for what is left undone.

[Tuning of instruments is heard.]

Crack me those strings! stop me that fellow's breath
 Who blows his fife so fitfully! To hear
 Those chords and canes, sure were enough without
 What they call tuning: that is worst of all . . . 40

Steward. Most gracious Signor Contel! it may please
 My Lady Beatrice.

Count. Let the fools
 Tickle their strings, and twist their lips. Set on!

[STEWARDS give a sign. PEASANTS chant.]

Can any be both great and gay?
 Then may our lord be all his life:
 We halve it with him this one day,
 Who bring the lute to wed the fife.
 We wish no feast: above our heads
 Swell the rich clusters of the vine:
 No lamps wish we: behold, there spreads 50
 Her robe of stars the jessamine.
 We have not many songs to sing,
 And those we have are sadly dull;
 The livelier all were made for spring,
 When hopes are fresh and hearts are full.
 We must not mind the cruel tale
 Old rhymers from old books relate,
 About the blood on nightingale,
 Who comes each year and sings her fate.
 She now is gone; but happier love 60
 Attends the bird that yet remains;
 Attends the chaste, the constant dove,
 And soothes (if pains she know) her pains.
 Sweet were the flowers May rear'd for June
 To kiss, and you to find and cull;
 Sweeter the fruits the vintage-moon
 Ripens, with gold-red radiance full.

BEATRICE CENCI

O lady! much is yours to grant . .
Bride-cake, and ribands, rest within! . .
A smile to rule our dance we want,
A nod to tune our violin.

70

To-morrow we prepare to heap
With heavy grapes the creaking wane;
The hearts the last year's bride made leap,
For you this year shall leap again.

Beatrice. Kind friends! my father would not lose both daughters
So near together. Some years yet must pass
Before we think about it.

Count. Send them off.

What insolence! to mix in my concerns!

My Beatrice! thou wert ever fond

80

Of chattering with the peasants. Very wrong:

Whimper not; but look up.

Beatrice. Could it be wrong?

Count. Early in childhood very wrong 'twere not,

And more another's fault than thine, perhaps . .

Nay, be not vexed, my prettiest, overmuch.

Beatrice. Kind father! this is, yes, indeed, too kind.

Count (to STEWARD). I would not have them look upon me now,

Or they might think me weak. They may have heard

The idle name I call'd her. Spake I loud?

Did they; dost thou imagine? Plagues upon 'em!

90

Steward. All call her so.

Count. How dare they?

Steward.

They all love her;

Fathers the most of all, I do believe.

Count. Send them away. Off with them all. Begone!

Off with you!

(*To the STEWARD*). Give the fools some bread and wine,

And send them back.

Beatrice. Dear father! let them stay

A little while. They may do more than I

In cheering you! They may remind you, sir,

Of last year's festival. Look now, and see

If you miss any.

Count. Oxen, horses, mules,

We count.

Beatrice. Dear creatures! yes.

Count. Enough, if those.

100

Beatrice. Here only two are wanting, girls I mean.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Beppina you permitted to be married,
And poor Cristina wastes away . .

Count. For love,
No doubt . . Let her too go.

Beatrice. Alas! alas!
She will be gone, and soon. She caught the fever
From her old mother.

Count. Of what name?

Beatrice. Her own,
The lame Cristina, who brought strawberries
From the hill-side, when sister and myself
Lay, as she lies, in fever.

Count. Was it she
Who made the butter?

Beatrice. O, how glad I am
You recollect her!

Count. If her girl is sick
She can not make it: if she could, for me
No butter from a house where folks are sick.
Return we, Beatrice; I am tired;
I have not slept since dinner.

Beatrice. Father dear!
May sleep refresh you more than dinner did,
And not be sent away from you so soon!

110

SCENE IV.

BEATRICE and the POPE.

Clement. Who art thou? and what art thou?

Beatrice. What I am
I dare not utter, holy father! Tears

The bitterest ever shed from sleepless eye
Announce me: none so wretched! none so lost!

Clement. Thy name?

Beatrice. 'Tis Beatrice.

Clement. Thy surname?

Beatrice. Was . . .

Clement. Speak, thou sobbing fool! Then speak will I.

Cenci. No doubt thou gladly wouldst forget
Thy father's name; it burns into thy soul;
Thou canst not shake it off, thou canst not quench it.
Thou, ere thou camest hither, didst forget
Thou wert his child. What wouldst thou urge thereon?

10

BEATRICE CENCI

Beatrice. Never did I forget he was my father;
He did forget . . forget . . I was his child.

Clement. Passionate tears drop from unholy lids
More often than from holy. The best men
May chide their children; may dislike; may hate . . .

Beatrice. Oh, had he hated me!

Clement. Perverse! perverse!
Bold interrupter of my speech, vouchsafed
To lead thee from the wandering of thy thoughts.
I would have said, where daughters are untoward,
Chiefly where they are wanton, sires may hate.

20

Beatrice. Urge not that fault, O holy father! spare it!

Clement. I thought so. I *will* spare it. There are more.
Not only hast thou with that little hand
Transfixt the breast which cherisht thee . . Ay, shriek!
Stamp, spread the floor as 'twere with yellow straw . .
Here are no youths to gather that fine gold,
And treasure it, and gloat on it unseen.
Not only hast thou done so, but hast torn
Thy ancient house from its foundation. Crime,
Like lightning, at one stroke pierces the roof
And penetrates the obscurest stone below.
Ay, writhe, groan, beat thy bosom, dim the light
Of those vain ringlets with those tears as vain;
All, all, shall not avail thee.

30

Beatrice. Naught avail'd
They all, nor ever can avail me now.

Clement. I said it. But thy house must suffer shame,
Which timely full confession may avert.

Beatrice. Alas! alas! no, holy father! no,
But darken it for ever. Save a branch
From the sad rot that eats into it; bid
My sister live, my brother be absolved.

40

Clement. Thou fearest an impeachment of thy guilt
From kindred tongues.

Beatrice. Fear is too weak to reach
An agony like mine. I once did fear,
And when that fear was over, courage came
With heavenly power; courage that showed the tomb,
But not dishonour opening it.

Clement. Again?
Maniac! again? Well shriekest thou *dishonour*,

47 showed] show'd 1853.

49 *dishonour*] *dishonor* 1853.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

And turnest (what none ever did before) 50
 Thy back on me. Shame, shame, thou insolent!
 I have no patience with a wench so wild,
 So wicked . . . setting this last scorn aside . . .
 Enough that I have heard thee; to forgive
 Were impious.

Beatrice. Yet the Son of God besought
 The Father to forgive his murderers.

Clement. Darest thou utter the word *Father*, wretch?

Beatrice. Yes, yes, *that* Father; and *that* Father hears:
That Father knows my innocence.

Clement. He knows it,
 And I, and all the city. What then brought thee 60
 Before this footstool, at our throne of grace?
 For pardon? pardon of a parricide?
 And opens not the earth beneath thy feet!

Beatrice. The earth, O holy Father! opened not
 Beneath the cross, beneath man's impious feet,
 When God's own Son was murdered.

Clement. And thy tongue
 Can speak of murder?

Beatrice. Could it were I guilty?
 Ah! for that death none grieves so bitterly
 As I do. Gone! gone! O unhappy man,
 With all his sins upon his head . . . the last, 70
 Worst, unrepented.

Clement. Thou shalt have good time
 For *thy* repentance of one worse than all . . .
 Parricide.

Beatrice. Holy father! say not so!
 It tortures me.

Clement. Worse tortures there await
 Thy dainty limbs.

Beatrice. Worse tortures they have caused
 Already than man's wrath can now inflict.

Clement. We shall see that, thou murderous miscreant!

Beatrice. Spare, holy father! spare reproachful words.

Clement. Audacious! vengeance, not reproach, is mine.
 Justice, God's justice, I pronounce against thee. 80

Beatrice. Ah! be it but God's justice! be it His,
 And there is mercy; else what soul could live?

BEATRICE CENCI

Clement. Audacious! here none argues. When I speak,
I breathe God's spirit and proclaim His law.

Beatrice. Forgive an inadvertence in a girl
Who hath not graspt the flowers of sixteen springs,
Nor held sweet converse with the riper age
Of girls two fingers higher, nor learnt the ways
Of courtly life; but ever bent the head
O'er breviary, and closed the gayer leaves
Left open to engage her, which had taught
Perhaps some better customs than appear'd.

90

Clement (pondering abstractedly). An inadvertence peradventure yea,
Never a parricide . . Peace! peace! Within
These walls unseemly are such ecstasies.

Beatrice. Pity me, blessed Virgin! pity me!
There is none other careth for my grief,
Thou carest for all sorrowers. Hear me, hear me,
In my last anguish.

Clement. This is not thy last.
Halters and pulleys may uplift those arms
Again, which thou upliftest impiously
To the most blessed. Hope from her is none
Before confession of thy heinous crime.
I, I myself will hear it (out of grace
To that nobility thy father bore)
And may remit, in part, the penalty.
Confess, thou obstinate!

100

Beatrice. I will not bear
False witness . . no, not even against myself . .
For God will also hear it.

Clement. Get thee gone,
Parricide! hie thee from my sight. The rack
Awaits thee.

110

Beatrice. Holy father! I have borne
That rack already which tears filial love
From love parental. Is there worse behind?

Clement. Questionest thou God's image upon earth?

Beatrice. Sire! I have questioned God himself, and askt
How long shall innocence remain unheard?

Clement. Say thou art guilty, and thy bonds are loose.

Beatrice. Oh, holy father! guilty I am not.

Clement. Die in thy sin then . . unrepentant, curst!

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Beatrice. My sins are washt away, not by the blood
Of him whose name to utter were opprobrious,
But by His blood who gives you power to rule
And me to suffer.

120

God! Thy will be done!

SCENE V.

CITIZENS at a distance from the scaffold.

Citizen. Wouldst thou not rather look than talk, good man?

Old Man. I can talk yet, my sight grows somewhat dim;
Beside, 'tis said that they who see an angel
Live not long after. Surely there stands one
In purest white, immovable as heaven,
Her hair resplendent, not with stars, but suns . .
I would, but dare not . . yes, once more must gaze.

Another Citizen. Do they still torture her? At times she quakes,
While they seem only speaking very mildly.

Another. Ay, they speak mildly when they torture most.

10

Another. I catch no pulley near, no red-hot iron.

The Next. The pulley may have crackt, the iron cool'd,
And they alone who suffer it must see it.

Woman. How pale she looks!

Another. She always did look pale,
They tell me; all the saints, and all the good,
And all the tender-hearted, have lookt pale.

'Upon the Mount of Olives was there one
Of dawn-red hue even before that day?

Among the mourners under Calvary
Was there a cheek the rose had rested on?

20

Old Woman. Is she alive or dead? Oh! I would give
Half my day's meal to be as tall as you,
And see her over all those heads. Speak, tell me.

Another. She looks so pale, so calm, she may be dead.

Third. But can the dead sit upright? Tell me that.

Another. When they are bound, ankles and throat, they may.
Nardi, who stole the Virgin's rosary
From her own fingers, stood right up, although
Ribs were alone of all his bones unbroken,
But every muscle making their amends,
Doubled in size, and swell'd like snakes about them.

30

Woman. To rob the Virgin of her rosary!
O what a thief was he!

Another Woman. Those were true snakes

BEATRICE CENCI

That lookt like muscles coiling round his bones,
And whence they came, at dead of night, we know.

Ave Maria! were I rich as thou,
Thou shouldst not long look for thy rosary.

Fourth (to a Citizen). Were there blood-spots about her? couldst thou spy?

Citizen. There were blood-spots about the blessed cross;
Yea; but whose were they? Woe betide the spillers! 40

Third Woman. O the good man! he thinks upon the cross!
Then thou couldst see her?

Citizen. I could see no more
Than marble statue sees; my eyes were stiff.
Prythee now let them drop their heaviness
Upon this waste, this scorching waste, of woe;
Nor stop them, woman, with that idle tongue.

Third Woman. O the rude man!

Fourth Woman. His huge arms scatter us,
Thick as we stand, beating that brawny breast.
Murrain upon those priests!

Citizen. They stood around,
As these do here.

Fourth Woman. Murrain on these, on all 50
Tapsters of children's blood.

Third Woman. Save good priest Aldi;
He lets me off for little week by week.
O what a wail! Could it be hers? It fills
The streets, it overflows the city walls,
The churches and their altars, with one wave,
Huge as the Red Sea heav'd upon the host
Of that proud king . . . who was he? . . . Now again
What silence!

Another. Break it not. Let man's tears fall,
Reverently let them fall, never in shame,
On woman's blood: were yon feet still which stamp, 60
From agony of grief and anger, mine
In this dread pause were heard to splash the stones.
Could not, O Christ! thy saving blood save hers?

[*Outcries before the scaffold: bell.*]

Are those shrieks hers?

Another Citizen. Which shrieks, among ten thousand?
Fool! when all daughters, mothers, fathers, cry
In this whole piazza, thinkest thou a few
Expiring shrieks and sobs can come distinct?

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Another. Those must be . . hers must those be.

Another. So far off,
She could not make us hear.

Another. Yet, Heaven is farther,
And hears her, the sweet innocent! Again! 70
Oh! that sound must have been the scourge that smote her.

Another Woman. O Christ! O crucified Redeemer! hear,
Hear that long cry lessening for lack of breath!

Another. The very priests, the very cardinals,
Are hardly mute.

Citizen. They curse the cruelty,
Thro' fear, not thro' compunction. O that each
Partook her sufferings. One poor girl hath borne
More than enough to crack the joints of all,
Cased as they are in fatness. But their day
May come, even upon earth.

Another Citizen. One day will come, 80
Not upon earth . . one day for them and her!

Woman. Poor soul! her prayers will save them.

Another Woman. God is just:
His mercy is but for the merciful.

Hush! Holy Virgin! the poor child is dead!

Another Woman. Is that the passing-bell?

Another Woman. Down on your knees
All of you!

Another Woman. What a silence! every stroke
Clear as within the belfry: sighs are heard
Half a street off. Now there is voice for prayer;
And hundreds pray who never prayed before . .

Another Woman. For they have children. Shower, ye saints above,
Blessings upon her! Comfort her among you! 91

Many cry. Blessings upon her!

Citizen. Curses!

Another. Upon whom?

Citizen. Him who condemn'd her.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twas the holy father.

Third Citizen. Were it the devil I would curse the devil.

Fourth Citizen. The stroke that fell on her may fall on you.

Third Citizen. Speed it! I should be saved in following her;
Even I might kiss those beauteous feet, and weep . .

Alas! . . on that rackt corse, in Paradise.

Sbirro. Silence! insensate! reprobate! Come out;

89 prayed] pray'd 1853.

BEATRICE CENCI

Thy words, thou knowest, violate God's image 100
Here upon earth.

Third Citizen. My words? Your deeds, say rather.
Behold it. [The corpse is carried by.]

Rest, O daughter! rest in peace!

Another Citizen. Spake she no words at all?

Another. These words she spake,

Caught by the nearest, then the farthest off,
And striking every breast throughout the square,
Rapid as lightning, withering too like that.

Another. Well, well . . . the words?

Reply. Hast thou alone not heard?

Hear now then. No confession; not a breath.

Old Woman. Poor sinful soul!

Citizen. They urged: she only said . .

And scarcely one or two could hear the sound, 110
It was so feeble . . . for her heart was broken
Worse than her limbs . . .

Former Citizen. What said she?

Last Citizen. Wouldst thou torture

Worse than yon paid ones?

Former Citizen. Hold thy peace! The two

Confessors urged her on each side to speak
While time was left her, and while God might hear,
And leave the rest to them. She thus replied . .

'My father's honour will'd my father's death:
He could not live; no, nor could I. Now strike.
Strike, and let questioning's worse torture cease.'

The vizor'd struck: a dull sound shook the block: 120
The head roll'd from it. Mercy on her soul!
Men have been brave, but women have been braver.

117 honour] honor 1853.

DEATH OF BLAKE

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 13, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876. See note at end of volume.]

[Scene: Off Plymouth, August 7, 1657.]

Blake. The pillow is too soft; my head sinks in;
Raise me up higher: that will do, my men!
But where is England? Are they cliffs or clouds
That rise before me?

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Captain Hardy. There are both, sir, both
Ahead of us. But you without your glass
See better than the best of us.

Blake. How so?
I could not read my Bible in the sun,
Nor see the porpoises that played below
But yesterday. My sight grows worse and worse . . .
My hearing too . . . I catch your words by halves . . . 10
I cannot hear the water. Do we move?

Captain Hardy. Ay, sir, and homeward.

Blake. My home lies, methinks,
Nearer than thine.

Captain Hardy (aside). God help him! he forgets
That we are neighbours in our pleasant vale,
That he has caught me up and twicht my chin
When I would run into the house for shame.

Blake. Look out, men! Level with the shrouds, nay lower,
The mists loom over-head; the cliffs are close;
Beware; mind each his business; leave me here,
And say no more; for I am faint . . at heart 20
Not very . . yet there too.

O restless soul,
So soon to leave me with my God alone,
Why sickenest thou? He will support my steps
To His own house and rest me with His own.

Captain Hardy. General! He hears you; He hath heard our prayer.

Blake. I thought . . but I was wrong . . that my command
Was *Let all leave me*. Once none disobeyed;
Now, alas! now . . O Robert Blake! thy voice
Is weak indeed; it was not so, time past.

Captain Hardy. Sir! the most duteous is the only one 30
Who here hath disobeyed. Forgive this fault,
The first in Edward Hardy you have blamed.

Blake. I dare not blame it. How much greater faults
Have I committed when thy years were mine!
Yet they were all forgiven, else the Lord
Would not have rais'd me from my low estate
To gain His battles, with true men like thee.

Ah surely I am haler than I was,
And much of fever hath abated in me,
For I feel moisture on my hand and cheek. 40

6 best] rest 1858. 11 cannot] can not 1858.
1858. 15 twicht] twicht 1858.

14 neighbours] neighbors

DEATH OF BLAKE

What! groanest thou at this? Wouldst wish me dead
Because in battle 'twas not mine to die?

Captain Hardy. O sir! my tears have wetted you! they may
Do mischief!

Blake. There are tears that brave men shed
And brave men only; thine have done me good;
Squander no more of them; reserve the rest
For better . . . *men* I would have said, but *men*
Is not the word . . . for woman . . . spouse and widow.

Where are we now?

Captain Hardy. The Lizard is in sight.

Blake. Happy, O England! he who meets thee safe,
Mistress of nations, mistress of thyself . . .

50

Be this thy glory!

Captain Hardy. No small part is yours,
My general!

Blake. Hush, thou babbler! without more
As bold, as self-devoted . . . Am I proud?
I, who should now grow humbler . . . without those
Nothing were done for England's Commonwealth:
Long, long as ye deserve it, may it last!
Edward! I think no better word, if any,
Will follow. Lower my head. Thanks; thanks; goodbye.

Thus sank the wisest of the godly-brave,
And England's own high heart sank too . . . how deep!
She saw his bones, yet moist with their own clay,
Amid the giggles of the foully fair
And smirks of prelates in like lawn arraid,
A drunken king dig from the grave and spurn.

60

Britain! take up thy spear; the morn is fresh;
A brood of the same beasts is prowling round
In packs: prick onward; let not one escape,
Growler or whiner: thou hast limbs as strong
As those who fought with Blake and died for thee.

70

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

59 goodbye] good-bye 1858.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

SCENES FOR THE STUDY.

[Published separately 1856; reprinted, without the Dedication, 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

THESE SCENES

ARE DEDICATED TO

EDWARD CAPERN,

POET AND DAY-LABORER AT BIDEFORD, DEVON.

We are fellow-laborers; you work in two fields, I in one only; you incessantly, I intermittently. Well do I know the elevation of your mind above your worldly condition, and that in Christian humility there walks with you a spirit conscious of its divine descent. This shall not deter me from offering what may be eventually of some service, however small; and I offer it with confidence, because it is not personally to yourself, but to your children. Should there be at the close of the year any small profit accruing from the sale of this first, and perhaps last, edition of *Scenes for the Study*, accept it for their benefit. Little is to be expected from so old-fashioned and obsolete a style of composition, and that little will be owing to the virtues and genius, not of the author, but of EDWARD CAPERN. Rely on your own exertions, and on that Supreme Power whence is derived whatever is worth possessing. Depend not on the favor of Royalty; expect nothing from it; for you are not a hound or a spaniel or a German prince.

PREFACE.

Few have obtained the privilege of entering Shakespeare's garden, and of seeing him take turn after turn, quite alone, now nimbly, now gravely, on his broad and lofty terrace.

Let us never venture where he is walking, whether in deep meditation or in buoyant spirits. Enough is it for us to ramble and loiter in the narrower paths below, and to look up at the various images which, in the prodigality of his wealth, he has placed in every quarter.

Before you, reader, are some scattered leaves gathered from under them: carefuller hands may arrange and compress them in a book of their own, and thus for a while preserve them, if rude children do not finger them first and tamper with their fragility.

Dedication. om. 1876. [See "Poems, by Edward Capern, Rural Postman, 1856". Among the subscribers were Tennyson, Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and Landor. In 1857 Capern, on Palmerston's recommendation, was granted a civil list pension. He died in 1894. *D.N.B.*]

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

SCENE THE FIRST.

[Near Actium, 31 B.C.]

SOOTHSAYER AND ANTONY.

Soothsayer. Speak it I must. Ill are the auguries.

Antony. Ill ever are the auguries, O priest,
To those who fear them: at one hearty stroke
The blackest of them scud and disappear.
Now, not a word of any less than good
To Cleopatra.

Soothsayer. 'Twas at her command
I hasten'd to consult them.

Antony. Rightly done
To follow her commands; not rightly comes
Whate'er would grieve her; this thou must withhold.

Soothsayer. Not this, not this: her very life may hang
Upon the event foretold her. 10

Antony. What is that?
Announced then is the accursed augury
So soon?

Soothsayer. She waited at the temple-door
With only one attendant, meanly deprest,
That none might know her; or perhaps the cause
Was holier; to appease the offended Gods.

Antony. Which of them can she ever have offended?
She who hath lavisht upon all of them
Such gifts, and burnt more incense in one hour
Before her Isis, than would wrap in smoke 20
A city at mid-day! The keenest eye
Of earth or heaven could find in her no guile,
No cruelty, no lack of duty.

Soothsayer. True;
Yet fears she one of them, nor knows she which,
But Isis is the one she most suspects.

Antony. Isis! her patroness, her favourite?

Soothsayer. Even so! but they who patronize may frown
At times, and draw some precious boon away.

Antony. I deem not thus unworthily of Gods;
Indeed I know but Jupiter and Mars; 30
Each hath been ever on my side, and each
Alike will prosper me, I trust, to-morrow.

Soothsayer. But there are others, guardian Gods of Egypt;
Prayers may propitiate them, with offerings due.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Antony. I have forgotten all my prayers.

Soothsayer.

No need,

When holier lips pronounce them.

Antony.

As for offerings,

There shall be plenty on the day's success.

Soothsayer. Merit it.

Antony.

Do your Gods or ours mind that?

Merit! and where lies merit?

Soothsayer.

In true faith

On auguries.

Antony.

Birds hither thither fly,

40

And heard there have been from behind the veil

Voices not varying much from yours and mine.

SCENE THE SECOND.

[*Before the battle of Actium (September 2), 31 B.C.*]

SOOTHSAYER AND CLEOPATRA.

Soothsayer. Our lord Antonius wafts away all doubt
Of his success.

Cleopatra. What! against signs and tokens?

Soothsayer. Even so!

Cleopatra.

Perhaps he trusts himself to Hercules,

Become of late progenitor to him.

Soothsayer. Ah! that sweet smile might bring him back; he once
Was flexible to the bland warmth of smiles.

Cleopatra. If Hercules is hail'd by men below

For strength and goodness, why not Antony?

Why not succede as lawful heir? why not

Exchange the myrtle for the poplar crown?

10

ANTONY *enters.* SOOTHSAYER *goes.*

Cleopatra. Antony! is not Cæsar now a god?

Antony. We hear so.

Cleopatra.

Nay, we know it. Why not thou?

Men would not venture then to strike a blow

At thee: the laws declare it sacrilege.

Antony. Julius, if I knew Julius, had been rather
First among men than last among the Gods.

Cleopatra. At least put on thy head a kingly crown.

Antony. I have put on a laurel one already;

As many kingly crowns as should half-cover

The Lybian desert are not worth this one.

20

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Cleopatra. But all would bend before thee.

Antony. 'Twas the fault
Of Cæsar to adopt it; 'twas his death.

Cleopatra. Be then what Cæsar is.

O Antony!

To laugh so loud becomes not state so high.

Antony. He is a star, we see; so is the hair

Of Berenice: stars and Gods are rife.

What worth, my love, are crowns? Thou givest pearls,

I give the circlet that encloses them.

Handmaidens don such gear, and valets snatch it

Sportively off, and toss it back again.

30

Cleopatra. But graver men gaze up with awful eyes . .

Antony. And never gaze at that artificer

Who turns his wheel and fashions out his vase

From the Nile clay! 'Tis easy work for him;

Easy was mine to turn forth kings from stuff

As vile and ductile: he stil plies his trade,

But mine, with all my customers, is gone.

Ever by me let enemies be awed,

None else: bring round me many, near me few,

Keeping afar those shaven knaves obscene

40

Who lord it with humility, who press

Men's shoulders down, glue their two hands together,

And cut a cubit off, and tuck their heels

Against the cushion mother Nature gave.

Cleopatra. Incomprehensible! incorrigible!

O wretch! if queens were ever taught to blush,

I should at such unseemly phrase as thine.

I think I must forgive it.

What! and take

Before I grant? Again! You violent man!

Will you for ever drive me thus away?

50

43 heels] so in errata 1856, knees in text.

SCENE THE THIRD.

[*After the battle of Actium.*]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Antony. What demon urged thy flight?

Cleopatra.

The demon Love.

I am a woman, with a woman's fears,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

A mother's, and, alas O Antony!
More fears than these.

Antony. Of whom?

Cleopatra. Ask not of whom

But ask for whom, if thou must ask at all,
Nor knowest nor hast known. Yes, I did fear
For my own life . . . ah! lies it not in thine?
How many perils compass thee around!

Antony. What are the perils that are strange to me?

Cleopatra. Mine thou couldst not have seen when swiftest oars, 10
Attracted by the throne and canopy,
Pounced at me only, numerous as the waves;
Couldst not have seen my maidens throwing down
Their fans and posies (piteous to behold!)
That they might wring their hands more readily.
I was too faint myself to still their cries.

Antony (aside). I almost thought her blameable.

(To CLEOPATRA.) The Gods

So will'd it. Thou despondest . . . too aware
The day is lost.

Cleopatra. The day may have been lost,
But other days, and happier ones, will come. 20

Antony. Never: when those so high once fall, their weight
Keeps them for ever down.

Cleopatra. Talk reasonably,
And love me as . . . til now . . . it should be more,
For love and sorrow mingle where they meet.

Antony. It shall be more. Are these last kisses cold?

Cleopatra. Nor cold are they nor shall they be the last.

Antony. Promise me, Cleopatra, one thing more.

Cleopatra. 'Tis promist, and now tell me what it is.

Antony. Rememberest thou this ring?

Cleopatra. Dost thou remember

The day, my Antony, when it was given? 30

Antony. Day happiest in a life of many happy,
And all thy gift.

Cleopatra. 'Tis call'd the richest ruby,
The heaviest, and the deepest, in the world.

Antony. The richest certainly.

Cleopatra. And not the deepest
And broadest? Look! it hides all this large nail,
And mine are long ones, if not very wide;

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Now let me see if it don't cover yours
As wide again! there! it would cover two.
Why smile you so?

Antony. Because I know its story.

Cleopatra. Ha! then you have not lost all memory quite.
I told it you. The king of Pontus sent it
When dying to my father, warning him
By letter that there was a charm in it
Not to be trifled with.

Antony. It shall not be.

Cleopatra. But tell me now the promise I must make;
What has the ring to do with it?

Antony. All, all.

Know, Cleopatra, this is not one ruby.

Cleopatra. The value then is smaller.

Antony. Say not so,
Remark the rim.

Cleopatra. The gold is thin, I see.

Antony. And seest thou it will open? It contains
Another jewel, richer than itself.

Cleopatra. Impossible! my Antony! for rubies
Are richer than all other gems on earth.

Antony. Now, my sweet trifler, for thy promise.

Cleopatra. Speak.

By all the Powers above and all below,
I will perform thy bidding, even to death.

Antony. To death it goes; not until after mine.

Cleopatra. I kiss the precious charm. Methinks an odor
Of almond comes from it. How sweet the flower
Of death!

Antony. 'Tis painless death, 'tis sudden too.

Cleopatra. Who could wish more, even were there more to wish?
With us there is not.

Antony. Generous, pious girl!

Daughter of Ptolemies! thou hast not won
A lower man than they. Thy name shall rise
Above the pyramids, above the stars,
Nations yet wild shall that name civilize,
And glorious poets shake their theaters,
And stagger kings and emperors with applause.

Cleopatra. I was not born to die; but I was born
To leave the world with Antony, and will.

Antony. The greatest of all eastern kings died thus,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

The greater than all eastern kings thus died.
O glorious forgerman who couldst rivet down
Refractory crowds by thousands, and make quake
Scepters like reeds! we want not here thy voice
Or thy example. Antony alone
And queenly pride, tho' Love were dumb, would do.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

[*At Alexandria, after arrival of Octavius, 30 B.C.*]

CLEOPATRA. CHARMIAN. IRAS.

Cleopatra. At the first entrance of your lord, before
He ordered you, before he spake a word,
Why did ye run away?

Charmian. I was afraid,
Never so in my life; he lookt so fierce
He fear'd his own wild eyes, he placed one hand
(His right) across them on lowered brow, his left
Waved us away as would a hurricane
A palm-tree on the desert.

Cleopatra (to IRAS). And wert thou,
IRAS, so terrified?

IRAS. Not I indeed;
My lady, never man shall frighten *me*.

10

Cleopatra. Thou silly creature! I have seen a mouse
Do it.

IRAS. A mouse is quite another thing.

Charmian (hesitating). Our lord and master . .

Cleopatra. What of Antony?

Charmian. Octavius . .

Cleopatra. Who? Our lord and master he?
He never shall be mine . . that is to say . .

Charmian. What! lady?

Cleopatra. I forget . . 'twas not worth saying.
Charmian! where hast thou been this last half-hour?

Charmian. In my own room.

Cleopatra. So fearful?

Charmian. Far more sad.

Cleopatra. Where, IRAS, thou?

IRAS. I wanted to report
To my sweet lady what I might espy.

20

Cleopatra. And what have those long narrow eyes espied?

IRAS. All.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Cleopatra. 'Twas done speedily; but what is all?
Army and fleet from any terrace-roof
Are quite discernible, the separate men
Nowhere.

Iras. My heart had told me what delight
Its queen would feel to hear exactly how
The leaders look.

Cleopatra. And how then did they look?
Tell me: some might have ridden near enough
The town to judge by, where the sight is sharp.

Iras. Merciful Isis! ridden! and so close!
Horses are frightful, horses kick and rear
And whinny, full of wickedness; 'twere rash
To venture nigh them.

Cleopatra. There are things more rash.

Iras. Quieter creatures than those generals are
Never were seen.

Cleopatra. Barbarians! not a word
About them, *Iras*, if thou lovest me;
They would destroy my city, seize my realm,
And ruin him we live for.

Iras. Surely no;
It were a pity; none are so unkind;
Cæsar the least of all.

Cleopatra. Ah simple child!
Thou knowest not his heart.

Iras. I do indeed.

Cleopatra. No, nor thy own.

Iras. His better; for of mine
I never askt a question. He himself
Told me how good he would be.

Cleopatra. He told *thee*?
What! hast thou seen him?

Iras. Aye, and face to face,
Close as our lord's to yours.

Cleopatra. O impudence!

Iras. But he would have it so; just like our lord.

Cleopatra. Impudent girl! thou shalt be whipt for this.

Iras. I am too old; but lotuses don't hurt
Like other things; they cool the strokes they give.

Cleopatra. I have no patience with thee. How I hate
That boy Octavius!

Dared he touch thy cheek?

30

40

50

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Iras. He could ; he only whispered in my ear,
Holding it by the ring.

Cleopatra. Whispered? what words?

Iras. The kindest.

Cleopatra. Ah! no doubt! but what were they?

Iras. He said, The loveliest creature in the world . .

Cleopatra. The vulgar brute! Our ferrymen talk so:
And couldst thou listen, *Iras*, to such speech?

Iras. Only when people praise our gracious queen.

Cleopatra. Me? this of me? Thou didst thy duty, child: 60
He might have fail'd in what he would express.

The birds have different voices, yet we bear

To hear those sing which do not sing the best.

Iras! I never thought thee half so wise.

And so, he said those gentle words of *me*?

Iras. All, and forgot to kiss me when I vow'd
I would report them faithfully.

Cleopatra. Is there
Resemblance in him to that marble image
I would have broken, but my Antony
Seiz'd both my hands?

Iras. Alas! that image wants 70
The radiant eyes, and hair more radiant stil,
Such as Apollo's may have been if myrrh
Were sprinkled into its redundant waves.

Cleopatra. He must be tenderer than I fancied him
If this be true.

Iras. He spoke those very words.

Cleopatra. *Iras!* 'tis vain to mind the words of men;
But if he lookt as thou hast said he lookt,
I think I may put trust in him.

Iras. And see him?

Cleopatra. I am not hasty.

Iras. If you could but see him!

Cleopatra. Call Charmian: I am weary: I must rest 80
Awhile.

Iras. My sweetest lady! could not I,
Who have been used to it almost a year,
Help you as well as Charmian? While you sleep
Could I not go again and bid him haste
To comfort you?

Cleopatra. Is the girl mad? Call Charmian.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

(To CHARMIAN.)

Charmian! hath Iras tickled thee away
From moping in thy chamber? thou hast sped.

Charmian. Iras is growing bold.

Cleopatra. I was bold too

While I was innocent as Iras is.

Charmian. Our lady looks more flurried than deprest.

90

Cleopatra. I am not flurried, I am not deprest.

[*After a pause.*]

Believest thou in Cæsar's generosity?

Charmian. I know it.

Cleopatra. In what matter?

Charmian. Half the guards

And half the ministers of state have shown
Signs of his bounty to the other half.

Cleopatra. Gifts are poor signs of bounty. Do not slaves
Slip off the gold-black pouches from their necks
Untied but to buy other slaves therewith?

Do not tame creatures lure into the trap
Their wilder brethren with some filthy bait?
All want companions, and the worst the most.
I am much troubled: even hope troubles me.

100

Charmian. I dare not ask our lady why she weeps.

Cleopatra. Cæsarion, my first-born, my dearest one,
Is safely shielded by his father's name:

He loves his brothers, he may save them both,
He only can: I would fain take the advice
Of Dolabella, fain would venture him

In Cæsar's camp: the father's voice and look
Must melt him, for his heart is not so hard
That he could hurt so beautiful a child;

110

Nay, what man's is?

Charmian. But trust not the two younger;
Their father will not help them in their need.

Cleopatra. Cæsarion in fit hour will plead for them.
Charmian, what ponderest thou? what doubttest thou?

Charmian. Cæsar I doubt, and Dolabella more;
And what I pondered were your words: *It may be*
That givers are not always benefactors.

Cleopatra. I have one secret, but keep none from thee:
He loves me!

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Charmian. All do.
Cleopatra. Yes, but some have power. 1
Charmian. Power, as most power is, gain'd by treachery.
Cleopatra. Whom,
 In Egypt, Europe, Asia, can I trust?
Charmian. Few, nor those few too far, nor without watch.
Cleopatra. Not Charmian?
Charmian. Bid her die; here; now; and judge.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

OCTAVIUS. [C. CILNIUS] MECÆNAS. [C. CORNELIUS] GALLUS.
Octavius. Is Dolabella to be trusted?
Mecænas. Youth
 There is on Dolabella's side; with youth
 Comes always eloquence where women are.
Octavius. Gallus is honester and prudenter.
Mecænas. But Gallus is the older by some years.
Octavius. A poet says, Love at odd hours hath smiled
 And covered with his pinions sportively,
 Where he espied some hairs that seem'd like Time's
 Rather than his.
Mecænas. There must have been but few,
 Or else the poet dreamt it.
Octavius. Who comes hither? 10
Mecænas. Not Dolabella, but the better man.
Octavius. Welcome, brave Gallus, opportunely met.
 We were debating how to lure that dove
 Of Antony's, now in her cote, a tower,
 From which we would not frighten her away,
 But tempt her down.
Gallus. It might be difficult.
Octavius. Unless thou aidest us, indeed it might.
Mecænas. What sport 'twould be to see her mate descend
 And catch him too!
Gallus. Nor this more easily.
Octavius. To Gallus all is easy.
Mecænas. Pleasant too 20
 Would such task be.

1 Dolabella [P. Cornelius Dolabella was at Alexandria with Octavius.—W.] 4 Gal-
 lus [After the battle of Actium, Gallus was sent in pursuit of Antony and burnt many
 of his ships.—W.]

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

- Gallus.* No better judge of pleasures
Than Cilnius here; but ours are not alike.
- Octavius.* Gallus! one word apart. We need thee much.
- Gallus.* What! after Egypt won?
- Octavius.* Antony lives!
- Gallus.* Beaten, disgraced, imprisoned, his own jailer.
- Mecænas.* Defying us, however, by the power
The queen his mistress gives him with her name . .
- Gallus.* Worthless as his.
- Mecænas.* Were she within our reach
We soon might bring him down.
- Gallus.* What! lower?
- Octavius.* Even yet?
- Gallus.* She might succumb, and must, by promising 30
That Cæsar's son, after her death, shall reign.
- Mecænas.* A prudent thought. But will she give up Antony
Unless she hear it from the giver's mouth?
There is one anxious to deserve the grace
Of princes. Dolabella could persuade
The queen to trust herself to him for Cæsar.
- Gallus.* I doubt it.
- Mecænas.* Doubt his honor, not his skill.
He could not keep the secret that he loves
And that he often in times past hath seen her.
- Gallus.* He loves her? then, by all the Gods! he never 40
Will win her for another than himself.
Beside, he was the friend of Antony
And shared with him the toils at Mutina.
Altho' no eagle, he would soar aloft
Rather than bow for others, like an owl,
The smallest of the species, hooded for it.
Who knows not Dolabella?
- Mecænas.* Thou hast sense,
Comeliness, courage, frankness. Antony
Tore from thy couch the fairest girl in Rome.
- Gallus.* And let him have her, let him have her, man. 50
What then?
- Mecænas.* There are who would retaliate.
- Gallus.* The girl hath left no mark upon my memory . .
- Mecænas.* Or mine, beside a few soft lines; but mine

43 Mutina [now Modena. Antony was defeated there 43 B.C.—W.]. 49 fairest girl [Lycoris, who deserted Gallus for Antony. See Virgil, *Eclogue X*, parts of which are imitated in *ll.* 56–71.—W.]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Retains them, mindful of a friend who sang,
Unless my singing mars the harmony,

I thought it once an idle tale
That lovely woman's faith could fail;
At last I said, It may be true,
Lycoris, of them all but you.
And now you leave me! and you go 60
O'er pinnacles of Alpine snow.
Another leads you (woe is me!)
Across that grim and ghastly sea!
Let him protect those eyes from sleet,
And guide and chafe those tender feet,
And fear for every step you tread,
Then hardly will I wish him dead.
If ice-barb'd shafts that ring around
By his neglect my false one wound,
O may the avenging Gods for this 70
Freeze him to death in the abyss!

Gallus. They have reserved him for a sadder fate.
Sleep, without painful dreams that crush the breast,
Sleep, without any joyous ones that come
Only to mock the awaken'd, comes unfelt
And unsolicited among those cliffs
Of ice perennial.

Antony hath dreamt
His broken dream, and wakened to despair:
I never wisht him that; the harm I wisht him
Was when my youth was madder than his age. 80
He stood a prouder and a better man
At Mutina, when Famine walkt the camp,
When I beheld him climb up painfully
A low and crumbling crag, where servises
Hung out above his head their unripe fruit:
That was my day. Some grains of sodden maize
I brought and offered him: he struck them down.

Octavius. Rejoice at pride so humbled.

Gallus. I rejoice
At humbled pride, at humbled valor no.
Octavius. But those avenging Gods whom thou invokedst 90
Stand now before thee and demand why call'd.

Gallus. They know: they pardon such irresolution
As pity, and not cowardice, persuades.
One woman has betraid me; not one woman
Will I betray.

90 avenging] offended 1876.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Mecænas. O that poetic mind!

Gallus. Where others sneer, *Mecænas* only smiles.

Mecænas. Such is my nature, and I widely err,
Gallus, if such be not thy nature too.

Octavius. Did then *Lycoris*, that wild girl, prefer
The unworthy to the worthy, the most rude
To the most gentle, scampering beyond reach?
Let her repair her fault: no danger here
That angry skies turn coral lips to slate
Or icicles make limp the runaway.

100

Gallus. Those days are over. He who won the prize
May say as much and add a little more.

Octavius. Laughest thou not to see the tables turn'd?
The little queen who fascinates her fool
Is now as lovely as *Lycoris* was,
And never ran away from any man:
Fain would I see that roysterer's spirit broken,
And she alone can do it: help her on.

110

Gallus. In any such attempt, in such a place
Fortune would baffle me.

Octavius. Then baffle *her*;
She baffles only those who hesitate.

Gallus. The queen, we hear, takes refuge in the depths
Below the palace, where but reptiles lie.

Octavius. Indeed! what! scorpions, serpents?

Gallus. Haply these.

Octavius. Poor woman! they may bite her! let my fears
Prove not prophetic!

Now, my friend, adieu!

120

Reflect upon our project; turn it over.

[*GALLUS goes.*

These poets look into futurity

And bring us glimpses from it more than dreams.

Asps! But the triumph then without the queen!

Alas! was ever mortal so perplex!

I doubt if your friend *Gallus* can be won.

Mecænas. All may be won, well handled; but the ear
Is not the thing to hold by. Show men gold,
Entangle them in Gallic torques,
Tie stubborn necks with ropes of blushing pearls,
Seat them on ivory from the realms of Ind,
Augur them consulates, proconsulates,
Make their eyes widen into provinces,
And, gleaming further onward, tetrarchies.

130

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Octavius. It strikes me now that we may offer Gallus
The prefecture of Egypt.

Mecænas. Some time hence:
Better consult Agrippa.

Octavius. None more trusty.
Yet our Agrippa hath strange whims; he dotes
Upon old Rome, the Rome of matted beards
And of curt tunics; of old Rome's old laws,
Worm-eaten long, now broken and swept off.
He stands forth high in station and esteem.

140
[Pausing.]

Mecænas. So should the man who won the world for thee.

Octavius. I must not play with him who won so much
From others; he might win as much from me:
I fear his fortunes.

Mecænas. Bind them with your own.
Becoming are thy frowns, my dear Octavius,
Thy smiles alone become thee better: trust
Thy earliest friend and fondest: take not ill
My praises of Agrippa, tried in war
And friendship.

150

Octavius. And for this wouldst thou, my Cilnius,
Send him away from me?

Mecænas. Thyself did fear
His popularity: all Rome applauds
His valor, justice, moderation, mercy.

Octavius. Not one word more.

Mecænas. One word I have to speak,
And speak it I will now. He must away.

Octavius. Can Cilnius then be jealous of Agrippa?

Mecænas. No; crown him king and give him provinces,
But give him not to clench the heart of Rome.

Octavius. I could make kings and unmake kings by scores,
But could not make nor unmake one Agrippa.

160

Mecænas. Well spoken! wisely! worthily! No praise
Can equipoise his virtues, kings may lay
Their tributes on the carpet of his throne
And cities hope to honor whom they serve,
The royal mantle would obscure Agrippa.

Octavius. I would be generous, but be cautious too.

Mecænas. Then grant him all beyond the sight of Rome;
Men's eyes would draw him thither tho' his will
Hung back: thus urged the steddier might give way.

170

Octavius. I hate suspicion and suspicious men.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Gallus I fancied was the bitterest foe
Of Antony, his rival, and successful,
Then he should hate him worse than I.

Mecænas. But empire
Is more worth hatred than a silly girl,
Every day to be won and lost again.

Octavius. Our Gallus is weak-minded to forgive
So easily.

Mecænas. I find that on the hearth
Where lie love's embers there lie hatred's too,
Equally cold and not to be stir'd up.

Octavius. I do not think, my Cilnius, thou hast felt
Love but for me; I never knew thee hate.

Mecænas. It is too troublesome; it rumples sleep,
It settles on the dishes of the feast,
It bites the fruit, it dips into the wine;
Then rather let my enemy hate *me*
Than I hate him.

Octavius. We must look round. What think you?
Is Dolabella to be trusted?

Mecænas. Try.

Octavius. I wish this country settled, us return'd.

Resolved am I to do what none hath done,
And only Julius ever purposed doing;
Resolved to render Rome, beneath my rule,
A second Alexandria. Corinth, Carthage,
One autumn saw in stubble; not a wreath
Enough to crown a capital was left,
Nor capital to crown its pillar, none;
But here behold what glorious edifices!
What palaces! what temples! what august
Kings! how unmoved is every countenance
Above the crowd! And so it was in life.

No other city in the world, from west
To east, seems built for rich and poor alike.
In Athens, Antioch, Miletus, Rhodes,
The richest Roman could not shelter him
Against the dogstar; here the poorest slave
Finds refuge under granite, here he sleeps
Noiseless, and, when he wakens, dips his hand
Into the treasured waters of the Nile.

Mecænas. I wish, Octavius, thou wouldst carry hence
For thy own worship one of those mild Gods,

180

190

200

210

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Both arms upon the knees: 'tis time that all
Should imitate this posture.

Octavius. We will close
The gates of Janus.

Mecænas. Janus looks both ways;
He may like best the breezy air abroad
And knock too hard against the bolted brass.

Octavius (to a Guard). Call Gallus hither.

Gallus. Cæsar! what commands?

Octavius. I would entrust a legion, more than one,
To our friend Gallus: I would fix him here
In Egypt: none is abler to coerce
The turbulent.

Gallus. Let others flap their limbs
With lotus-leaves when Sirius flames above,
Give me the banks of Anio, where young Spring,
Who knows not half the names of her own flowers,
Looks into Summer's eyes and wakes him up
Alert, and laughs at him until he lifts
His rod of roses and she runs away.

Octavius. And has that lovely queen no charms for thee?

Gallus. If truth be spoken of her, and it may,
Since she is powerless and deserted now,
Tho' more than thrice seven* years have come and stolen
Day after day a leaf or two of bloom,
She has but changed her beauty; the soft tears
Fall, one would think, to make it spring afresh.

Octavius. And not for Gallus? Let one brave man more
Ascend the footstool of the regal bed.

Gallus. As the Gods will! but may they not will *me*!

* History and poetry do not always well agree. Julius Cæsar had left Egypt before the birth of Cæsarion, at which time Cleopatra was about fourteen. That she retained her freshness seven or eight years longer may be attributed in part to the care she took of it, and in a greater to her pure Macedonian blood. Beside, Alexandria is not sultry; and the architects of antiquity knew how to keep up an equable and healthy temperature. [L.] According to the best authorities Cleopatra was born about the end of 69 B.C. or in 68 B.C. That she was born, as Lander held, in 61 or 60 B.C. is less likely.—[W.]

SCENE THE SIXTH.

ANTONY AND DOLABELLA.

Antony. Welcome, my Dolabella! There is none
From yonder camp I would embrace beside.
My little queen hath given at last an audience
To thy persuasive tongue?

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Dolabella. Most graciously.

Antony. I never thought she would permit Cæsarion
To leave her side; hardly can I myself
Bear separation from that brave young boy;
I love him as my own.

Dolabella. Your own thus stand
Safe from all peril.

Antony. Is not it disgrace?
A boy save *me*? for to save them is *me*.

10

Dolabella. Create a generosity of soul
In one whom conquest now hath made secure;
Bid him put forth his power, it now is greater
Than any man's: consider what a friend
Cæsarion hath in Julius, all whose wounds
Will bleed afresh before the assembled tribes
On the imperial robe thy hands outsprad
With its wide rents, for every God above
And every Roman upon earth to number.

Antony. Ah! those were days worth living o'er again.

20

Dolabella. Live them again then.

Antony. Never, stript of power,
Of dignity, of Rome's respect, of theirs
Who compass me, who fix before these eyes
The very eagles which adorn'd my tent.

Dolabella. Brave thoughts! but are none weaker intermixt?

Antony. Smile, Dolabella! Oh, could but that smile
Kill as it pierces me! But tread the ground
Softly and lightly where her feet have moved.
My Cleopatra! never will we part,
Thy son shall reign in Egypt.

Dolabella. Much I fear'd,
O Antony, thy rancour might prevail
Against thy prudence. Cæsar bears no rancour.

30

Antony. Too little is that heart for honest hatred.
The serpent the most venomous hath just
Enough of venom for one deadly wound,
He strikes but once, and then he glides away.

Dolabella. Octavius strikes not Antony.

Antony. One man
Alone dares strike the man whom thou hast named.
But let me hear the phrase of fraudulence.

Dolabella. Cæsar's, I trust, will not deserve that name,
He says his reign shall be the reign of peace.

40

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Antony. Peace! what is that? a pleasant room to sit
Or walk about in, nor could heart desire
A cooler place wherein to spread the cates:
First, bring these cates; bring liberty, the salt
That seasons with true relish all things else.

Dolabella. We sometimes leave but little, when we rise
From its enjoyment, for those servitors
Who toil'd for us throughout the heat of day:
Reckless we riot: never can spilt wine
Enter the golden cup it sparkled in:
Harpies above defile the half-eaten fruit.
Rome now would rest awhile.

50

Antony. Yea, long will be
Her rest; the scourge of Earth will be the scorn.

Dolabella. We must submit.

Antony. Thou must; thou hast submitted;
But never I; what I have been I am.

Dolabella. Less prosperous than once, thy fortunes may
Be yet restored.

Antony. I would not take them back,
By any man, least by that man, bestow'd;
I would not have my portion of the world,
No, nor the whole of it, if that glib tongue
Call'd every God to ratify the gift.

60

Show me the foe he ever fairly met,
The friend he hath embraced, and not betray'd,
And tell me, Dolabella, for thou canst,
Who murder'd Hirtius; by whose agency
Poison was dropt into the wound of Pansa.

Dolabella. Of this ask Glyco, ask Aquilius Niger
Of that.

Antony. Both know the secret, both have told it:
And now will I tell thee one.

At the noon

70

Of yesterday, when fruit is most refreshing,
A countryman who brings the yellow figs
His queen is fond of, brought a basketful,
Saying to Iras:

“These my little daughter,
Whom once you used to play with in the garden,

66, 67 [The consuls Hirtius and Pansa lost their lives in the fighting round Mutina. According to Suetonius, Aquilius Niger said that Glyco the physician poisoned Pansa's wound.—W.]

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Bids me to give into your hands; she thinks
The queen requires some frolic; you alone
Can venture so far with her. Place within
The smooth cool linen of her bed this basket
Of cane-leaves and of rushes intertwined,
With all the fruit below, the leaves a-top;
You see it is but shallow, scarce a palm,
Mind it lie flat; yet she will find it out
Tho' it be always dusky in that room."

80

What is there in the tale that thou shouldst stare?

Dolabella. Enough. An idle rumor reacht the camp
That Cleopatra stung herself to death,
Vexing two asps held close against her bosom.

Antony. Are Romans all so ignorant of the asp
That two are wanted? that he must be vext?

90

That, like domestic animals, he bites?
He bites not, but he strikes with upper jaw
As other vipers do, and the black lid
Drops, and he crawls away; one pang, one shriek,
Death hears it, nor delays: the hind knows that.
An earlier story now. So exquisite

In luxury, my queen dissolved a pearl
Above all price, and drank it in her wine.
Bid thou the tatler of the tale expound
How that same acid which dissolved the pearl
Darken'd no tooth, abbreviated no smile,
But gave her spirits for the festive song.
Ah! had she done so, Medicine had run up
In vain to help her; Death had interposed.

100

Dolabella. Another tale, alike incredible.
'Tis said she shook from off her coronal
Poison into your cup, dashing it down
Just at the lip, and proving its effect
On household beast before you, thus to show
How easy were the deed to one who will'd.

110

Antony. Is such a fiction workt by homespun yarn?
I doubt it: surely some Greek needle wrought
The quaint device, for poet to adorn
By metaphor, and sage by apologue.
Thou hast among thy friends one capable,
In man's attire, fresh-blooming from Hymettus,
Handmaid of Cilnius the rich Aretine.
O Romans! are your ears to falsities

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Wide open, and your mouths agape for them
 As are the callow sparrows for their food, 120
 Hour after hour? Ye little know that asps
 Are not mere worms of one span-length, one cubit,
 But longer than the vipers in your fields,
 So hideous that no woman, young or old,
 Or rustic, or well train'd to monkey-gods,
 But must abhor them. Your credulity
 Will urge the whisper in each other's ear
 That she, the daintiest of all womankind,
 Would handle them, now plague them, now caress
 And hug them as she might a tender babe . . 130
 Yet even the serious may believe the tale,
 For what in Rome is not believed . . but truth?

Dolabella. To me the queen said nothing of this snare.

Antony. Nothing she knows of it.

I heard a scream

From Iras, and rusht in. She threw herself
 Before my feet, prayed me to strike her dead,
 And ran toward the corner, where I saw
 The beasts coil'd up, and cut them thro' and thro'.
 Then told she all; but not until her prayer
 For death was fruitless, not until I warn'd her 140
 Her life and death, while yet we live, are ours.

Dolabella. Might I advise . .

Antony. Not me: I never took
 Any advice, in battle or debate:

Dolabella. Cæsar hath urged thee sorely, and may worse;
 What wouldst thou do with him were he the vanquisht?

Antony. Do with him? throw him to the fishermen
 To bait their hooks with and catch crocodiles,
 If crocodile feeds upon crocodile.
 Take him these words: we keep no secrets here.

Dolabella. Cæsar is lenient.

Antony. Never let that word 150
 Glide o'er thy lips, no word is it for me.
 Tell him no friend of mine shall ask my life,
 No enemy shall give it. I am lord
 Of my own honor; he has none to lose:
 The money-changer's grandson calculates
 But badly here. He waits for thee: depart.

141 Her] so in errata 1856 and text 1876; How in text 1856.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

ANTONY AND AGRIPPA.

Antony. And so, the victor comes to taunt the vanquish't!
Is this well done, Agrippa?

Agrippa. 'Twere ill done,
And never done by me.

There have been some
Who carried to the forum and there cast
The tags and rags of mimes, and tarnisht spangles
Bag'd from the dusthole corner; gravity
Becomes me better and plain Roman garb
In action and in speech; no taunt is mine.

Antony. What then demands the vanquisher?

Agrippa. I come
To ask a favor, ask a gift, of thee. 10
Give me thy children.

Antony. To adopt?

Agrippa. To save:
They may have enemies; they shall have friends
If thou accedest to my last request:
Lose we no time; we shall be soon at Rome.

Antony. Ventidius may prevent it.

Agrippa. He hath serv'd thee
Faithfully, and is stedd' to thy cause:
The sea is closed to him, the river closed,
Wide as the desert is, it is not open,
And half his army, more than half, is ours.

Antony. But many yet are left me, brave and true. 20

Agrippa. When Fortune hath deserted us, too late
Comes Valor, standing us in little stead.
They who would die for us are just the men
We should not push on death or throw away.

Antony. Too true! Octavius with his golden wand
Hath reacht from far some who defied his sword.
How little fire within warps loosen'd staves
Together, for the hoop to hold them tight!
I have too long stood balancing the world
Not to know well its weight: of that frail crust 30
Friends are the lightest atoms.

Agrippa. Not so all.

Sc. 7. Characters. M. Vipsanius Agrippa commanded the fleet which defeated Antony's at Actium.—[W.] 15 Ventidius [P. Ventidius Bassus, Antony's legate in campaigns against the Parthians. See Plutarch's life of Antony.—W.]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Antony. I thought of Dolabella and the rest.
Ventidius and Agrippa, these are men
Romulus might have wrestled with nor thrown.
I have proved both.

Agrippa. One thou shalt prove again,
In guise more friendly than when last we met.

Antony. To me well spoken hast thou for Ventidius,
Speak for him in that manner to another,
Tell him that he has done against the Parthian
What Julius might, perhaps might not, have done.
Triumph must follow. I shall never see it,
Nor shall I see, nor shalt thou either, one
On which cold eyes, dim even in youth to beauty,
Look forward.

40

Are there not kings left enow
To drag, by brace or leash, and back to back,
Along the *Sacred Way*?

Vile wretch! his steeds
Shall never at the cries of Cleopatra
Prance up against their trappings stiff with gold.

Agrippa. Sad were the sight.

Antony. Too far hath Dolabella
Prevail'd with her.

Agrippa. Hath Dolabella come
Within these walls?

50

Antony. Hast thou not seen him there
Leave them within the hour?

Agrippa. Indeed not I.
My station is the harbor where the ships
Are riding, his lies nearer to the town.
Thou musest, Antony!

Antony. And well may muse.
He was my friend . . . *is* he. Away with doubt!

Agrippa. He was the friend of Tullius, friend of Brutus,
Friend too of Lepidus, akin to each,
And yet betraid he them.

Give me the boys;
With me they enter Rome.

Antony. Take, take them; both?
Yes; both are safer, both are happier so.

60

I loved them; but I might have loved them more;
Now is too late.

Take them; be kind to them . .

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Nay, look not back. Tears scorch the father's eyes,
The Roman should extinguish them . . and shall.
Farewell! farewell!

But turn thy face aside . .

No . . one word more.

Agrippa. Thy gladness gladdens me,
Bursting so suddenly. What happy change!

Antony. Thou hast a little daughter, my old friend,
And I two little sons . . I had at least . .

70

Give her the better and the braver one,
When by thy care he comes to riper age.

Agrippa. O Antony! the changes of our earth
Are suddener and oftener than the moon's,
On hers we calculate, not so on ours,
But leave them in the hands of wilful Gods,
Inflexible, yet sometimes not malign.

Antony. They have done much for me, nor shall reproach
Against them pass my lips: I might have askt,
But never thought of asking, what desert

80

Was mine for half the blessings they bestow'd.
I will not question them why they have cast
My greatness and my happiness so low;
They have not taken from me their best gift,
A heart for ever open to my friends:
It will be cold ere long, and one will grieve.

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

OCTAVIUS. AGRIPPA. CÆSARION. MECÆNAS.

Octavius. What said that obstinate and proud old thief?
Couldst thou not draw him from his den, Agrippa?

Agrippa. I tried not.

Octavius. Nor perhaps desired.

Agrippa. 'Tis true,

I entered not by stealth, and broke no confidence;
Tatius, who knew and once fought under me . .

Octavius. And would not he who knows thy power, and who
Admitted thee within the royal hold,
Do more?

Agrippa. Not even this would he have done
For any other, nor for me without
Permission from his general; this obtain'd,
I enter'd.

10

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Octavius. His audacity, no doubt,
Abated with his fortunes, and he droopt
As droops a lotus when the water fails.

Agrippa. Neither in life nor death will that man droop;
He holds down Fortune, stil too strong for her.

Octavius. We must then starve him out, or slay his sons
Before his eyes.

Agrippa. Thus nothing will remain
For him to fear, and every honest sword
Will skulk within its scabbard for mere shame.
This may not be the worst . . . when brave men fall
By treachery, men like them avenge the blow;
Antonius did it . . . was Antonius blamed?

20

Octavius. But who will answer for our own dear lives
If these boys live?

Agrippa. I will . . . the boys are mine.

Octavius. Cæsarion is secure.

Agrippa. I do rejoice
At this.

Octavius. I wonder he hath not arrived.

Agrippa. Rescued from Egypt is the Roman lad?
I long to see him.

Octavius. Wait then, and thou shalt.

Agrippa. Women and eunuchs and Greek parasites
Educate ill those who may one day rule.

30

Octavius. True, very true . . . we will bear this in mind.

Agrippa. He must learn better soon.

Octavius. Be sure he shall.

Agrippa. What are those sistrums and those tamborines
That trifle with the trumpet and intrude?

Octavius. The very things thou wouldst provide against.
Heigh! who commanded such obstreperous shouts?

Agrippa. The man who gave us Egypt, sir, and thee.
The sound bursts louder from his hollow tomb:
Such are the honors which attend his child.

Octavius. Hark! the arms strike the ground!

Agrippa. Soldiers, well done!
Already do they know whom they salute.

41

Cæsarion. Hail! hail! my cousin!

Let me kiss that hand

So soft and white. Why hold it back from me?
I am your cousin, boy Cæsarion.

Octavius. Who taught you all this courtesy?

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Cæsarion.

My heart.

Beside, my mother bade me wish you joy.

Octavius. I would myself receive it from her.

Cæsarion.

Come,

Come then with me; none see her and are sad.

Octavius. Then she herself is not so?

Cæsarion.

Not a whit,

Grave as she looks, but should be merrier stil.

50

Octavius. She may expect all bounty at our hands.

Cæsarion. Bounty! she wants no bounty.

Look around;

Those palaces, those temples, and their gods

And myriad priests within them, all are hers;

And people bring her ships, and gems, and gold.

O cousin! do you know what some men say,

(If they do say it) that your sails ere long

Will waft all these away?

I wish 'twere true

What else they talk.

Octavius.

What is it?

Cæsarion.

That you come

To carry off her also.

She is grown

60

Paler, and I have seen her bite her lip

At hearing this. Ha! well I know my mother;

She thinks it may look redder for the bite.

But will you really carry us to Rome

In triumph? thro' the streets, and up the hill,

And over arches . . foolish folks say under . .

With flowers all round them? O! what joy to see

The people that once loved my father so!

Octavius. We will do all that may oblige the queen.

Cæsarion. And yet she shudders at the very thought

70

Of those fresh honors which delight my heart.

Octavius. For her, or for yourself?

Cæsarion.

We boys, you know,

Think of ourselves the first; and yet, and yet,

If my sweet mother is averse to change,

And weary of it, I would pass my days

With her; yes, even in that lonely tower

(Which to my eyes looks like a sepulcher)

Whence she protests the Gods alone shall take her.

51 She] See *mispr.* 1876.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Oclavius (to a Guard). See due attention paid this royal guest.

Cæsarion. Unwillingly I part from one so kind. 80

Oclavius (to AGRIPPA). Agrippa, didst thou mark that comely boy?

Agrippa. I did indeed.

Oclavius. There is methinks in him

A somewhat not unlike our common friend.

Agrippa. Unlike? There never was such similar

Expression. I remember Caius Julius

In youth, altho' my elder by some years;

Well I remember that high-vaulted brow,

Those eyes of eagle under it, those lips

At which the senate and the people stood

Expectant for their portals to unclose; 90

Then speech, not womanly but manly sweet,

Came from them, and shed pleasure as the morn

Sheds light.

Oclavius. The boy has too much confidence.

Agrippa. Not for his prototype. When he threw back

That hair in hue like cinnamon, I thought

I saw great Julius tossing his, and warn

The pirates he would give them their desert.

My boy, thou gazest at those arms hung round.

Cæsarion. I am not strong enough for sword and shield,

Nor even so old as my sweet mother was 100

When I first rioted upon her knee

And seiz'd whatever sparkled in her hair.

Ah! you had been delighted had you seen

The pranks she pardon'd me. What gentleness!

What playfulness!

Oclavius. Go now, Cæsarion.

Cæsarion. And had you ever seen my father too!

He was as fond of her as she of me,

And often bent his thoughtful brow o'er mine

To kiss what she had kist, then held me out

To show how he could manage the refractory, 110

Then one long smile, one pressure to the breast.

Oclavius. How tedious the boy grows!

Lead him away,

Aufidius!

There is mischief in his mind,

He looks so guileless.

97 pirates [Julius Cæsar was captured by pirates off Miletus in 76 B.C. Lander also referred to the incident in the Imaginary Conversation, 'Lucullus and Cæsar'.—W.]

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Agrippa. He has lived apart
From evil counsellors, with grey-hair'd men
Averse to strife, and maidens of the queen.

Octavius. This makes me think . .

We will another time

Consider what is best.

Here comes *Mecænas*.

(*To MECÆNAS.*)

Cilnius! you met upon the stairs that boy?

Mecænas. I did.

Octavius. What think you of him?

Mecænas.

At one glance

120

'Twere rashness to decide.

Octavius. Seems he not proud?

Mecænas. He smiled, and past me by.

Octavius. What insolence! quite insupportable!

Mecænas. Perhaps he knew me not; and, if he knew me,
I have no claim on affability
From Cæsar's enemies.

Agrippa (to himself). By Jove! the man
At first so calm begins at last to chafe.

O, the vain Tuscan of protuberant purse!

Octavius. What said *Agrippa*?

Agrippa. That our friend here chafes,
Altho' the mildest of all mortal men.

130

Octavius. Excepting one; one whom no wrongs can ruffle.
I must give orders for some small affairs,
And will rejoin you soon.

Agrippa. My gentle *Cilnius!*
Do save this lad! *Octavius* is so calm,
I doubt he hath some evil in his breast
Against the only scion of the house,
The orphan child of *Julius*.

Mecænas. Think, *Agrippa*,
If there be safety where such scion is,
Safety for you and me.

Agrippa. The mother must
Adorn the triumph, but that boy would push
Rome, universal Rome, against the steeds
That should in ignominy bear along
The image of her *Julius*. Think; when *Antony*
Show'd but his vesture, sprang there not tears, swords,

140

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Curses? and swept they not before them all
Who shared the parricide? If such result
Sprang from torn garment, what must from the sight
Of that fresh image which calls back again
The latest of the Gods, and not the least,
Who nurtured every child within those walls,
And emptied into every mother's lap
Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Gaul,
And this inheritance of mighty kings.
No such disgrace must fall on Cæsar's son.
Spare but the boy, and we are friends for ever.

150

Mecænas. Friends are we, but Octavius is our master.

Agrippa. Let him brush kings away and blow off queens,
But there are some of us who never struck
At boys, nor trampled on a prostrate head;
Some of us are there too who fain would see
Rome better than they left her, with high blood
Bounding along her veins; enough hath flowed.

160

Mecænas. Here comes Octavius. We attend his will.

Octavius. Enough that I know yours, my truest friends!
I look into your hearts and find my own.
Thy wishes, O Agrippa, I divine.
Antony was thy comrade in the wars
Of Julius; Fulvia was thy enemy
And mine: her children to the Infernal Gods
Devote I, but the born of Cleopatra
Thou shalt have saved: Cæsarion shall rest here.

170

168 Fulvia [widow of Clodius, married to Antony 46 B.C. and by him divorced before his marriage to Octavia.—W.].

SCENE THE NINTH.

DOLABELLA. CÆSARION. SCOPAS.

Dolabella. Where hast thou put Cæsarion?

Scopas.

Nigh at hand.

Dolabella. What is he doing?

Scopas.

Just what lads like most;

Munching a water-melon.

There is good,
At least good-nature, in that simple soul.
While most were sleeping in the night of noon
I brought him hither. Thirsty were we both

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

And wine I offer'd him: he pusht it by
 And said, "I drink no wine; bring water-melons."
 I brought him one: he cut it fairly thro',
 And gave me half before he toucht the other,
 Saying, "but keep the seeds, the round and black,
 That I may plant them, when we get to Rome,
 With my own hands in garden all my own."

10

Dolabella. Poor innocent!

Scopas. I could not help but smile.

Dolabella. For once I envy thee.

But call him in.

Scopas. Ho! youngster! here!

Cæsarion. What means that loud rude speech?

This man seems civiler; I may converse
 With him, but never more, thou churl, with thee.

Dolabella. I would, my fair young friend, his voice less rough,
 But honest Romans are sometimes abrupt.

20

Scopas is sorry.

Cæsarion. Honest! sorry too!

I then was wrong, and am more vext than he.

Scopas. Boy! I could wish I never saw thy face
 Nor heard thy tongue.

Cæsarion. What can he mean?

Dolabella. He feels

The offence he gave.

Cæsarion. Good man, be comforted,
 And let my hand atone for face and tongue.

Scopas (to *DOLABELLA*). That smile disarms me.

Dolabella. My sweet prince, observe
 How he repents.

I have some words to speak
 In private to him: but I first would hear
 How fare your little brothers.

Cæsarion. They are gone,
 Both gone: two maidens carried them away
 Before a noble-looking man they call

30

Agrippa.

Dolabella. Gone? say you? and with *Agrippa*?
 O that I could have seen them ere they went!

Cæsarion. No matter; I will tell you all about them,
 It is not much, if you desire to know.
 One can not talk, the other talks all day,
 One smiles at me, the other pulls my hair,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

But he smiles too, and then runs off as fleet
As my gazelle, yet easier to be caught. 40
You have heard all, and now will I return
And leave you, as you wish: I know my way.

Dolabella. The duty must be done; 'tis Cæsar's will.

Scopas. Then done it shall be.

Dolabella. Take this token: here;
Take this too; ninety golden of like weight
Lie in the leather.

Scopas. Thanks; the deed is done. [Alone.
What do these letters, bright and sharp, denote?
CÆSAR DICTATOR; and what else beneath?
PERPETUO.

Gods above! PERPETUO too!
Ashes may be perpetual: nothing more 50
Remains of our dictator. Take the urn,
Empty it, weigh its inwards: poise the two,
This inch-broad coin with it; and what I toss
On my forefinger is the solider.

I must go in.

Cæsarion. 'Tis very kind in you
To visit me again: you bear no malice.
I know at once who loves me.

Scopas. And do I?

Cæsarion. One moment yes, one moment no. My handsome
And gentle cousin does not love me quite;
I wish he did, I want so to love *him*. 60
How cool and quiet is this small dim room!
It wants no cushion: I begin to think
The hard stone-seat refreshes more the limbs.
Will you not try?

Scopas. Not yet; but presently.

Cæsarion. My mother is not here; you need not mind.
People must not sit down before a queen;
But before boys, whatever boys they are,
Men may, and should.

Oh! what can I have done?
And did you strike me? Would you strike again?
What runs into my sandals from my breast? 70
Oh! it begins to pain me . . sadly, sadly!

Scopas. By all the Gods and Goddesses above!
I have no strength to strike the boy again.

Cæsarion. O father! father! where is now that face

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

So gravely fond that bent o'er your Cæsarion?
And, mother! thou too gone! In all this gloom
Where shall I find thee? Scopas! Scopas! help!

Scopas. Away with me! Where is the door? Against it
Stands he? or follows he? Crazy! I am crazy!
O had but he been furious! had he struck me!
Struggled, or striven, or lookt despitely!
Anything, anything but call my name
So tenderly. O had that mild reproach
Of his been keener when his sense return'd,
Only to leave him ever-lastingly,
I might not have been, what I now am, frantic.
Upturn'd to me those wandering orbs, outspread
Those quivering arms, falling the last of him,
And striking once, and only once, the floor,
It shook my dagger to the very hilt,
And ran like lightning up into my brain.

80

90

SCENE THE TENTH.

EROS AND ANTONY.

Antony. Eros! I speak thee welcome.

Eros. Hail, our lord!

Antony. Thou hast been ever faithful to thy trust,
And spoken freely, but decorously,
On what concern'd the household and the state.
My glory is gone down, and life is cold
Without it. I have known two honest men
Among the senators and consulars . .

Eros. None among humbler?

Antony. By the Powers above!
I thought but of the powerful, men of birth.

Eros. All men are that. Some sink below their cradle,
Others rise higher than parental roof,
And want no scepter to support their steps.

Antony. Such there may be whom we have all past by.

Eros. Men cast long shadows when their life declines,
Which we cross over without noticing;
We met them in the street and gave not way,
When they were gone we lifted up both hands,
And said to neighbors *These were men indeed!*

Antony. Reflections such as thine had wearied me

10

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Erewhile, and from another even now;
But what is that thou bringest me wrapt up,
Tardy in offering it as worth too little?

20

Eros. I bring a ruby and a hollow ring
Whereon it fitted.

Antony. Gods of Rome! at last
Ye make me grateful. Thanks, and thanks alone,
Have I to give, and one small sacrifice;
I vow it you before this hour is past.
My heart may beat against its bars awhile,
But shall not leave me yet.

Go, *Eros*, go,
I must lie down and rest, feeble and faint.
But come back presently.

30

Eros (after some absence). How fares our lord?

Antony. Recovered, sound again, more sound than ever.

Eros. And yet our lord looks more like other men.

Antony (smiling). We can not always swagger, always act
A character the wise will never learn:

When Night goes down, and the young Day resumes
His pointed shafts, and chill air breathes around,
Then we put on our own habiliments
And leave the dusty stage we proudly trod.

I have been sitting longer at life's feast
Than does me good; I will arise and go.
Philosophy would flatten her thin palm
Outspread upon my sleeve; away with her!
Cuff off, cuff out, that chattering toothless jade!
The brain she puzzles, and she blunts the sword:
Even she knows better words than that word *live*.
Cold Cato, colder Brutus, guide not me;
No, nor brave Cassius.

40

Thou hast brought me balm.

Eros. Our lord may have some message for the giver,
Which will console her.

Antony. She expected none:
I did; and it is come.

50

Say, lookt she pale?

Spake she no word?

Eros. Alas, most noble sir,
She would not see me. Charmian said her face
Was indeed pale, yet grew less pale than usual
After she gave the ring, and then she spake

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Amid some sighs (some spasms too interposed)
More cheerfully, and said she fain would sleep.

Antony. The fondest heart, the truest, beats no more.

She listened to me, she hath answered me,

She wanted no entreaty, she obeyed,

60

She now commands: but no command want I.

Queen of my soul! I follow in thy train,

Thine is the triumph.

Eros, up! rejoice!

Tears, man! do tears become us at this hour?

I never had too many; thou hast seen

(If thou didst see) the last of them.

My sword!

I will march out becomingly.

Eros.

O sir!

Enemies watch all round, and famine waits

Within.

Antony. Thou knowest not the prudent sons

Of Egypt; corn and wine have been supplied

70

Enough for many years, piled underground.

Tho' stiffened by the sludge of barbarism,

Or indolent and overgorged at home,

Briton or German would take heed that none

Who fought for him should perish for the lack

Of sustenance: the timid bird herself

Will hover round and round until she bring

The grain cried out for in the helpless nest.

Give me my sword! Is the point sharp?

Eros.

In vain

To trust it now!

Antony.

Come, bring it; let me try it.

80

Eros. O heavens and earth! Help! help! no help is nigh,

No duty left but one: less worthily

Than willingly this duty I perform.

[*Stabs himself.*]

It pains not: for that blood I see no more.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

SCENE THE ELEVENTH.

[*Alexandria. August, 30 B.C.*]

OFFICER. OCTAVIUS. MECÆNAS. GALLUS.

Officer. News! glorious news! news certain! Dead as Death!

Octavius. Who dead?

Officer. The master of the horse to Julius,
Master too, but this morning, of this realm,
The great . .

Mecænas. Halt there! and know, where Cæsar is
There is none great but Cæsar!

Officer. Pardon! true!

Octavius. And nought about his paramour?

Officer. The queen?

Octavius. Yes, fellow, yes.

Officer. Surely our emperor knows
Of her; the story now is some days old.

The queen was poisoned by two little worms

Which people here call asps, most venomous things,

Coil'd in a yellow fig around the seeds.

Her maidens wail'd her loudly; men and maidens

Alike mourn'd over . . I had nearly slept.

Octavius. Many have done the same.

Art thou a Roman?

Officer. I have the honor, sir, to be a Gaul,

A native of Massilia, that famed city

Inhabited by heroes, built by Gods,

Who entered it again with Caius Julius.

Mecænas. And didst thou see them enter?

Officer. Not distinctly,

There were a few between: one told it me

Who saw them; which, ye know, is just the same.

Octavius. Retire, my brave! go sure of a reward.

Lucretia hath escaped us after all!

But there is wax in Egypt, there are Greeks

Who model it, and who can bear to look

On queen or asp; this model'd to the life,

The other more like what they work upon.

No trouble in thus carrying her to Rome.

Sc. xi sub-title. August 29, 30 B.C. is generally given as the date of Cleopatra's suicide. According to Plutarch, Cæsarion was put to death soon afterwards and not, as in Scene 9, a few days earlier. Plutarch also states that before killing herself Cleopatra wept over Antony's grave.—W.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Gallus! thou lookest grave: thou art the man
Exactly to compose an epitaph.

30

No matter which died first: I think the asps
Rather have had the start: I may be wrong,
A bad chronologist, a worse astrologer.

Mecænas. Where Cæsar smiles, all others smile but Gallus.

Gallus. Not even Cæsar's smiles awaken mine
When every enemy has dropt away,
And he who made so many safe, is safe.

Mecænas. I wish thou wert more joyous.

Gallus. Kind the wish,

Almost enough to make me so.

Mecænas. Come! come!

I know you poets: any wager now
Thou hast already forced the weeping Muse
To thy embraces. Tell us honestly;
Hast thou not turn'd the egg upon the nest
Ready for hatching?

40

Octavius. Guilty; look at him,
He blushes, blushes from cheekbone to beard.
Now, Gallus, for the epitaph.

Mecænas. Recite it.

Gallus. Epitaphs are but cold and chisel'd words,
Or mostly false if warmer: quite unfit
Are mine for marble or for memory.
I thought of her . . another would have said
He wept: I wept not, but I know I sigh'd.

50

Mecænas. And wrote? For poet is half sigh half flame:
Sigh out thy sigh.

Gallus. Would Cæsar hear it?

Octavius. Yea.

Gallus. I have not ventured to pronounce the name
Of her I meditated on.

Caesar. My friend

Is here judicious as in all things else.

Gallus.

"Thou hast been floating on the o'erswollen stream

Of life these many summers; is thy last

Now over? hast thou dreamt out every dream?

Hath horn funeral blown the pageant past?

60

Cæsar! thou too must follow: all the rods

Of sternest lictor cannot scare off Death;

She claims the earth for heritage; our Gods

Themselves have seen their children yield their breath."

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Cæsar. Gallus! I always thought thee a brave soldier,
Never a first-rate poet: I am right.

Gallus. Cæsar! I never heard of one who gain'd
A battle and a kingdom who was not.

Cæsar. If there be anything on earth I know
Better than other things, 'tis poetry.

70

Mecænas. My sweet Octavius! draw not under nose
The knuckle of forefinger. Gallus aim'd
A harmless arrow: Love in sport hath done it
Often and often.

Gallus, seize his hand.
Now sing a pæan; sing a prophet's; sing
Egypt! thy pyramid of power is closed.

Gallus. I would; but want the breath: I have but strength
For elegy: here is the last of mine.

"The mighty of the earth are earth,
A passing gleam the brightest smile,
In golden beds have sorrows birth,
Alas! these live the longer while."

80

Octavius. Unless we haste to supper, we shall soon
Forfeit our appetites. Come, my two friends!

SCENE THE TWELFTH.

OCTAVIUS AND OCTAVIA.

Octavius. Embrace me, sister; we have won; thy wrongs
Are now avenged.

Octavia. Speak not of wrong, but right,
And bring Rome peace and happiness once more.
'Tis kind in thee (but thou wert always kind)
To come so soon to greet me, while the altar
Is warm and damp with incense for thy safety.

Octavius. Octavia! I have brought thee from the Nile
Two pretty little serpents.

Octavia. Of all beasts
The serpent is the beast I most abhor.
Take them away.

Octavius. I have not brought them here,
Be not afraid; beside, they are so young
They can not bite.

10

Octavia. But send them off.

Octavius. I will.
What thinkest thou are these two reptiles call'd?

Octavia. I know not, nor can guess.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS

Octavia.

Lucius and Marcus,

The brood of Antony. O Heaven! she faints!
 Rise, sister! let me help thee up; be sure
 They shall not hurt thee. Grasp not thus my wrist,
 And shoot not up those leaden bolts at me,
 For such are thy stiff eyes. I said, and swear,
 The little monsters never shall hurt *thee*.
 I do not like those tears; but better they
 Than the cold flint they fall from, and now melt.

20

Octavia. Brother, I know thy purpose. On my knees . .

Octavius. Arise! There wants not this to seal their doom.

Octavia. This is my fault, not theirs, if fault there be.

Octavius. I want, and I will have, security.

Octavia. What is there now on earth to apprehend?

Octavius. I dread lest he who guards them should adopt.

Octavia. Let him! O let him! if an honest man.

Frown not, debate not, struggle not against
 Thy better Genius; argue with him thus,
 "*Octavius! has there not been blood enough
 Without the blood of children?*"

30

Octavius. Is my safety

Not dear to thee?

Octavia. Thy glory, thy content,

Are . . no, not dearer, but almost as dear.

Hast thou not suffer'd pangs at every head
 That fell?

Octavius. They fell that mine might not.

Octavia. But children

Strike not so high.

Octavius. Are children always children?

Octavia. O brother! brother! are men always men?

They are full-grown then only when grown up
 Above their fears. Power never yet stood safe;
 Compass it round with friends and kindnesses,
 And not with moats of blood. Remember Thebes:
 The towers of Cadmus toppled, split asunder,
 Crasht: in the shadow of her oleanders
 The pure and placid Dirce stil flows by.
 What shatter'd to its base but cruelty,
 (Mother of crimes, all lesser than herself)
 The house of Agamemnon king of kings?

40

Octavius. Thou art not yet, Octavia, an old woman;
 Tell not, I do beseech thee, such old tales.

50

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Oclavia. Hear later; hear what our own parents saw.
Where lies the seed of Sulla? Could the walls
Of his Præneste shelter the young Marius,
Or subterranean passages provide
Escape? he stumbled through the gore his father
Had left in swamps on our Italian plains.
We have been taught these histories together,
Neither untrue nor profitless; few years
Have since gone by, can memory too have gone?
Ay, smile, Octavius! only let the smile
Be somewhat less disdainful.

60

Octavius. 'Tis unwise
To plant thy foot where Fortune's wheel runs on.

Octavia. I lack not wisdom utterly; my soul
Assures me wisdom is humanity,
And they who want it, wise as they may seem,
And confident in their own sight and strength,
Reach not the scope they aim at.

Worst of war
Is war of passion; best of peace is peace
Of mind, reposing on the watchful care
Daily and nightly of the household Gods.

70

THE END [OF ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS].

SCENE

JAMES I. OF SCOTS, EARL OF ATHOL, SIR ROBERT
STEWART, HIS GRANDSON, AND GRAHAM

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

Scene:—A bed-chamber in the Dominican Convent, Perth.
[February 20, 1437]

King James. Uncle! and thou too with these murderers!
Nay, hide not thy grey head behind that door
Half broken down. See I thee, cousin Robert?
Thee, with a dagger in thy grasp! the intent
Is plain. I ask no grace of thee, for thou
Who never hast known love canst not know pity.

Earl of Athol. If thou hadst not, this realm had never stooped
Before a scepter in a stranger's hand.

Title. James II of Scotland and Assassins, 1876. See note at end of volume.

JAMES I. OF SCOTS

Sir Robert Graham. We come to vindicate our country's rights
And have no time to parley.

Earl of Athol. Thou, my liege, 10
Hast injured all of us. What lord is safe
In his own castle from thy vengeful laws?

Graham. Answer us that.

King James. What honest traveler
Is safe from rapine where your wide domains
And power usurpt from sovereignty extend?

Graham. Are there no ladies in this land of ours
Worthy to mate with any king?

King James. Yea, many.

Graham. Why then should England force upon the throne
An alien brood?

King James. Cease, villain! I was free. 20
So are ye all in this; rich, poor, alike;
Are kings alone debarr'd? I chose a mate
Of royal blood, not for her royalty,
Unless such royalty as God imparts
When he gives grace and virtue; these are Jane's.
Would ye slay her too?

Earl of Athol. We war not with women.

King James. Ye war against them when ye strike the breast
They cling to.

Earl of Athol. Thou shouldst have been stil her minstrel.
Is it becoming in a king to ride
About the country with a single groom,
And crouch thro' half-rooft cottages, and ask 30
The creatures to complain of aught amiss?
As if they had not plenty to blab out
Against their lords; are they not our born serfs?
Answer us that.

King James. I am God's bailiff, sir,
Not yours, to Him alone I give account.

Graham. That shalt thou speedily; the book is closed;
Take it him.

Earl of Athol. Well done, Graham, strike again.

Graham. He folds his cloak around him so, and lifts
So high both upright arms, there is no place.

Earl of Athol. Well, well, methinks we have done enough to-day. 40
He speaks tho'.

King James. Robert! art thou here?

30 half-rooft] rush-rooft *MS. emendation.*

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Sir Robert Stewart. My liege!
 Here am I. What may be our lord's commands?
King James. Thou at least art no robber . . . take my ring . . .
 Give it to *her* . . but first wipe off the blood
 If there be any on it.
Graham. She has one,
 And can not want another: ruby rings
 Suit ill for marriages, and worse for deaths.
Sir R. Stewart. Peace, Graham, peace!
Sire, thy behest is sacred.
King James. Robert! thou art again for this half-hour
 What thou wast when we both were only boys. 50
Sir R. Stewart. Sire, your breath fails you.
(Aside) Faith! and mine fails too.
King James. Give it her . . . call some holy man . . haste . . . go.
48 thy] your 1876.

DIANA DE POICTIERS AND CAILLETTE

[Printed here from a manuscript. A version with variants noted below and a few others of no significance was published in 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

[CHARACTERS.

DIANA DE POICTIERS, wife of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy and afterwards
 Duchesse de Valentinois (*ob.* 1566).
 CAILLETTE, The King's Fool.
 KING FRANCIS I.
 CHANCELLOR. (Antoine du Prat, afterwards Archbishop and Cardinal.)
DATE 1523.

Diana. Caillette! by those lower'd eyes I often thought
 Thou lovedst me.

Caillette. Madame! where we dare not love
 We may adore.

Diana. Speak plainly; dost thou love me?
 Rise, simpleton! If thou dost love me, save
 My father, whom a shameful death awaits;
 The king hath sworn it.

Caillette. If the king hath sworn
 My lord shall die, why then my lord is safe.

Title. Three scenes not for the stage with *present title as sub-title, 1876.* List of
Characters and date not in MS. 2 Thou lovedst] You loved 1876. 5 shameful
 death] cruel doom 1876. 6 If . . . sworn not in 1876 which after it has: and the
 king hath said 7-8 not in 1876.

DIANA DE POICTIERS AND CAILLETTE

Diana. Caillette! Caillette! His Majesty declares
 "Truth, if it leave the world, should rest with kings."

Caillette. Is this encouragement to plead for pardon
 Against his oath? 10

Diana. Argue not; save my father!
 He rais'd thee up and gave thy post* to thee,
 And none stands higher in favor.

Caillette. None; God knows,
 God who will pardon me, that, when the post
 Of Fool was forced on me, I seized my dirk
 And would have stabb'd myself: unfriendly hand
 Seiz'd mine, and left me life, grief, scorn, despair.

Diana. Thy noble form, thy nobler manners, give
 The power of scorn to thee; grief we will share,
 Disgrace we never will: the worst disgrace 20
 In all men's eyes is that which kings inflict,
 Their frown the bravest shudder at, the block
 Blackens beneath it; such my father's doom.

Caillette. Direct me in the way that I must go,
 Give me the words, the voice you can not give,
 Tears I may find, but other than my own
 Would sink more deeply.

Diana. Trifle not, nor sigh.
 A witticism may win where mercy fails,
 Caillette, try these, and we may hope success.

Caillette. Could Francis see that smile, and kiss the hand 30
 I now have kist, and dare to hold, but dare not
 (Lest my heart break) release . .

Diana. Go; win my suit,
 For thou canst win it, and none other can.

* The post of King's Fool. [L.]

9 should] shall 1876. 12 thee up] up thine, 1876. thy post] the rank 1876.
 13 None;] Ah! 1876. 17 scorn, despair] shame, disgrace 1876. 22 bravest]
 gravest 1876. For ll. 24-9 1876 substitutes three lines (continuing Diana's speech):

Give the king verses, let him call them his;
 Give him witticisms; they win where pity fails;
 Try thou but these and we may hope success.

30 smile . . . the] look . . . that 1876. 33 after can. 1876 has:
 Go, tarry not.

Caillette. The word wings me away;
 For the first time I go hence willingly.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

SECOND SCENE.

DIANA AND CAILLETTE.

Diana. Well hast thou sped, Caillette! It ill becomes
To show my gratitude within these walls;
Beside, I hasten to the court, to thank
Our gracious monarch for his clemency;
To thee I owe it all.

Caillette. 'Tis only *Fools*
Who plead for mercy to an angry prince;
I of all Fools am the most fortunate;
Merry are others, few of them are happy,
I am, for life.

I will ask one more grace.

Diana. Ask any.

Caillette. None from you, my sovran lady, 10
One from my sovran lord.

Diana. What can that be?

Caillette. Freedom from court, from courtiers, and from king.
O! would God grant me evermore to kneel
Upon these fragrant rushes, close before
The tapestry where rest your slender feet! . .

Diana. Hark! hear you not the horses tramp the stones
Below the archway? many days of rest,
Since my disquietude hath kept them in,
Make them impatient to prance forth again.
I see thee in thy fit habiliments 20
Ready to come with me.

Caillette. To follow.

Diana. Nay;
To sit in front of me, that I may see
The face of him who saved my father's life.

1 becomes] beseems 1876. 6 prince] king 1876. 8 Merry are others]
Many are merry 1876. 9 grace] favour 1876. 15 rest your] tread these
1876. 16 Hark] Hush 1876. 17 Below] Under 1876.

THIRD SCENE.

FRANCIS, DIANA, CAILLETTE, CHANCELLOR.

King Francis. What means this whispering at the folding doors,
Behind the curtain and before it?

Chancellor. Sire!
Caillette, your Majesty's appointed Fool

DIANA DE POICTIERS AND CAILLETTE

Hath ventured to come forward with a lady
Who, from her father's criminality,
Must have incurr'd your Majesty's ill-will.

Francis. The ill-favor'd can alone incur ill-will
With me.

Chancellor. Too surely she is not ill-favor'd.

Francis. Let her then enter.

Never would Caillette

Bring ugly one or cruel one to me.

10

(CAILLETTE and DIANA enter.)

Diana! troth! I am well-pleas'd to see
Thy beauteous face within this court again.
Thy suit is granted.

Diana. Gracious Sire! I come
To offer my most humble thanks for this.

Francis. Thou couldst have won it without intercession.
Well hast thou chosen thy ambassador,
No one is worthier of a lady's love.

Diana. I think it, Sire! He has all mine that God's
And human laws have sanction'd.

Francis. And no more?

Diana (turning to CAILLETTE). Caillette! take thou my hand. Before
the king

20

Take thou, nor fear rebuke, my gratitude.

Chancellor. By heaven! she kisses him! no shame is left.
No fear of scandal! none of Majesty!

Francis. Arch not those eyebrows, saintly Chancellor!
None but a woman more a saint than we
Dared in our presence do this noble deed.

4 lady] dame 1876. 7 The . . . alone] Ill-favour only can 1876. 12 court]
hall 1876. 15 it . . . intercession.] without an intercessor, 1876. For l. 16
1876 substitutes: But thou hast chosen well in choosing him. 19 human] your
own 1876. And . . . more] None else 1876. 21 Take . . . rebuke,] Before thy
God, accept 1876. 22 no . . . left] For shame! for shame! 1876. ll. 23-4 not
in 1876. 25 woman . . . we] virtuous woman dared do thus 1876. For l. 26
1876 substitutes two lines:

There have been modest poets; Caillette is
The only modest fool that ever lived.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

JOAN OF ARC AND HER JUDGE

[Printed from a manuscript and published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

Judge. After due hearing in our court supreme
Of temporal and spiritual lords,
Condemn'd art thou to perish at the stake
By fire, forerunner of the flames below.
Hearest thou? Art thou stunn'd? Art thou gone mad?
Witch! think not to escape and fly away,
As some the like of thee, 'tis said, have done.

Joan. The fire will aid my spirit to escape.

Judge. Listen, ye lords. Her spirit! Hear ye that?
She owns, then, to have her Familiar.
And whither (*to JOAN*)—whither would the spirit, witch,
Bear thee?

10

Joan. To Him who gave it.

Judge. Lucifer?

Joan. I never heard the name until thus taught.

Judge. He hath his imps.

Joan. I see he hath.

Judge. My lords!
Why look ye round, and upward at the rafters?
Smile not, infernal hag! for such thou art,
Altho' made comely to beguile the weak,
By thy enchantments and accursed spells.
Knowest thou not how many brave men fell
Under thy sword, and daily?

Joan. God knows best
How many fell—may their souls rest in peace!
We wanted not your land, why want ye ours?
France is our country, England yours; we hear
Her fields are fruitful: so were ours before
Invaders came and burnt our yellowing corn,
And slew the labouring oxen in the yoke,
And worried, in their pasture and their fold,
With thankless hounds, more sheep than were devour'd.

20

Judge. Thou wast a shepherdess. Were those sheep thine?

Joan. Whatever is my country's is mine too—
At least to watch and guard; I claim no more.
Ye drove the flocks adrift, and we the wolves.

30

Judge. Thou shouldst have kept thy station in the field,
As ours do.

JOAN OF ARC AND HER JUDGE

Joan. Nobles! have I not? Speak out.
In the field, too—the field ye shared with me—
The cause alone divided us.

Judge. My lords!
Must we hear this from peasant girl, a witch?
Wolves we are call'd. (*To JOAN.*) Do wolves, then, fight for glory?

Joan. No; not so wicked, tho' by nature wild,
They seek their food, and, finding it, they rest. 40

Judge. Sometimes the devil prompts to speak a truth
To cover lies, and to protect his brood.
But, *we* turn'd into wolves!—*we* Englishmen!
Tell us, thou knowing one, who knowest well—
Tell us, then, who are now the vanquishers.

Joan. They who will be the vanquished, and right soon.

Judge. False prophets there have been, and thou art one,
And proud as he that sent thee here inspired.
Who ever saw thee bend before the high
And mighty men, the consecrate around— 50
They whom our Lord exalted, they who wear
The mitre on their brows?

Joan. One—one alone—
Hath seen me bend, and may he soon more nigh,
Unworthy as I am! I daily fall
Before the Man (for Man he would be call'd)
Who wore no mitre, but a crown of thorns
Wore he; upon his hands no jewel'd ring,
But in the centre of them iron nails,
Half-hidden by the swollen flesh they pierced.

Judge. Alert to play the pious here at last, 60
Thou scoffest Mother Church in these her sons,
Right reverend, worshipful, Beatitude's
Creation, Christ's and Peter's lawful heirs.

Joan. My mother Church enforced no sacrifice
Of human blood; she never made flames drink it
Ere it boil over. Dear were all *her* sons,
Nor unforgiven were the most perverse.

Judge. Seest thou not here thy hearers sit aghast?

Joan. Fear me not, nobles! Ye were never wan 70
In battle; ye were brave to meet the brave.
I come not now in helm or coat of mail,
But bound with cords, and helpless. God incline
Your hearts to worthier service!

Judge. Darest thou,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

After such outrages on knight and baron,
To call on God, or name his holy name?
'Tis mockery.

Joan. 'Tis too often, not with me.
When first I heard his holy name I thought
He was my Father. I was taught to call
My Saviour so, and both my parents did
The like, at rising and at setting sun
And when they shared the oaten cake at noon.

80

Judge. So thou wouldst babble like an infant still?

Joan. I would be silent, but ye bade me speak.

Judge. Thou mayst yet pray—one hour is left for prayer.
Edify, then, the people in the street.

Joan. I never pray in crowds; our Saviour hears
When the heart speaks to him in solitude.
May we not imitate our blessed Lord,
Who went into the wilderness to pray?

Judge. Who taught thee tales like this? They are forbidden.
Hast thou no supplication to the court?

90

Joan. I never sued in vain, and will not now.

Judge. We have been patient; we have heard thee prate
A whole hour by the bell; we have endured
Impiety; we have borne worse affronts.
My lords, ye have been bantered long enough.
The sorceress would have turned us into wolves,
And hunt us down; she would be prophetess.

Joan. I am no sorceress, no prophetess;
But this, O man in ermine, I foretell:
Thou and those round thee shall ere long receive
Your due reward. England shall rue the day
She entered France—her empire totters.

100

Pile,

Ye sentinels, who guard those hundred heads
Against a shepherdess in bonds—pile high
The faggots round the stake that stands upright,
And roll the barrel gently down the street,
Lest the pitch burst the hoops, and mess the way.

(To the court.)

Ye grant one hour; it shall be well employed.
I will implore the pardon of our God
For you. Already hath He heard my prayer
For the deliverers of their native land.

110

SCENES GREEK AND ROMAN

[17]

THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF IPHIGENEIA

[Incorporated in *Pericles and Aspasia* 1836, so reprinted 1846, 1876; reprinted as separate piece 1847, 1859. Text 1836.]

Iphigeneia. Father! I now may lean upon your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades
Surely! for yours throbs yet.

And did my blood

Win Troy for Greece?

Ah! 'twas ill done, to shrink;
But the sword gleam'd so sharp; and the good priest
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.

Agamemnon. Daughter!

Iphigeneia. Beloved father! is the blade

Again to pierce a bosom now unfit
For sacrifice? no blood is in its veins,
No God requires it here; here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd;
This alone shews me we are with the Blest,
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.

10

Tell me then,

Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She prais'd us both (which most?) for what we did.

20

Agamemnon. Ye Gods who govern here! do human pangs
Reach the pure soul thus far below? do tears
Spring in these meadows?

Iphigeneia. No, sweet father, no . .

I could have answered that; why ask the Gods?

Agamemnon. Iphigeneia! O my child! the Earth

Title. . . and Iphigeneia 1859.
13 standing] are standing 1846-1859.
1847. 1859.

9 a . . . now] my bosom? 'tis 1846-1859.
16 shews] shows 1846-1859. me] that

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,
And Nature may have changed in her last depths, 30
Together with the Gods and all their laws.

Iphigeneia. Father! we must not let you here condemn;
Not, were the day less joyful: recollect
We have no wicked here; no king to judge.
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire,
Innoxious to his fields and palaces
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three 40
And happiest in obedience, views sedate
His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.
No change have we, not even day for night
Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit! None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatcht your robe away from me,
Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him indoors, 50
Before he heard the voice that marshal'd Greece.
Therefore all prais'd you.

Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility, and most
Admire it in the scepter and the sword.
What then can make you speak thus rapidly
And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?
Are you afraid to meet among the good
Incestuous Helen here?

Agamemnon. Oh! Gods of Hell!

Iphigeneia. She hath not past the river.

We may walk

With our hands linkt nor feel our house's shame. 60

Agamemnon. Never mayst thou, *Iphigeneia*! feel it!
Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst exclaim,
Greece no avenger . . I, her chief so late,
Through Erebus, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

Iphigeneia. Come; I have better diadems than those

51 marshal'd] marshall'd 1846-1859.

54 scepter] sceptre 1846.

64 Erebus]

Erebus 1846-1859.

SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF IPHIGENEIA

Of Argos and Mycenai . . come away,
And I will weave them for you on the bank.
You will not look so pale when you have walked
A little in the grove, and have told all
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

70

Agamemnon. O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!
(*Aside.*) The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows
That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?
Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.
Iphigeneia!

Iphigeneia. Why thus turn away?
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
Father! and where you are, will ever be.

Agamemnon. Thou art my child . . yes, yes, thou art my child. 80
All was not once what all now is! Come on,
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!
(*Alone.*) Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last
Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;
And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk
Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,
Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,
Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon:
The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,
The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath quencht,
'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever. 90

Iphigeneia. What spake my father to the Gods above?
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer?
If, on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblest;
But, O my faultless father! why should you?
And shun so my embraces?

Am I wild
And wandering in my fondness?

We are shades!!
Groan not thus deeply; blight not thus the season 100
Of full-orb'd gladness! Shades we are indeed,
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.

68 walked] walkt 1847, 1859.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Look on me; smile with me at my illusion . .
 You are so like what you have ever been
 (Except in sorrow!) I might well forget
 I could not win you as I used to do.
 It was the first embrace since my descent
 I ever aim'd at: those who love me live,
 Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.

110

Agamemnon. We want not, O Iphigeneia, we
 Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart
 With purity, nor words that more and more
 Teach what we know, from those we know, and sink
 Often most deeply where they fall most light.
 Time was when for the faintest breath of thine
 Kingdom and life were little.

Iphigeneia. Value them
 As little now.

Agamemnon. Were life and kingdom all!

Iphigeneia. Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.
 They will be happy too.

120

Cheer! king of men!
 Cheer! there are voices, songs . . Cheer! arms advance.

Agamemnon. Come to me, soul of peace! These, these alone,
 These are not false embraces.

Iphigeneia. Both are happy!

Agamemnon. Freshness breathes round me from some breeze above.
 What are ye, winged ones! with golden urns?

THE HOURS.

(*Descending.*)

The Hours . . To each an urn we bring.

Earth's purest gold

Alone can hold

The lymph of the Lethean spring.

130

We, son of Atreus! we divide

The dulcet from the bitter tide

That runs athwart the paths of men.

No more our pinions shalt thou see.

Take comfort! We have done with thee,

And must away to earth agen.

Between ll. 120-1 1846-1859 insert two lines:

The little fond Electra, and Orestes

So childish and so bold! O that mad boy!

136 agen] again 1846-1859.

SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF IPHIGENEIA

(*Ascending.*)

Where thou art, thou
Of braided brow!
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bow'rs!
Where thy sweet voice is heard among 140
The shades that thrill with choral song,
None can regret the parted Hours.

CHORUS OF ARGIVES.

Maiden! be thou the spirit that breathes
Triumph and joy into our song!
Wear and bestow these amaranth-wreatnes,
Iphigeneia! they belong
To none but thee and her who reigns
(Less chaunted) on our bosky plains.

SEMICHORUS.

Iphigeneia! 'tis to thee
Glory we owe and victory. 150
Clash, men of Argos, clash your arms
To martial worth and virgin charms.

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

Ye men of Argos! it was sweet
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet
Whose whispering sound made bravest hearts beat fast.
This we have known at home;
But hither we are come
To crown the king who ruled us first and last.

CHORUS.

Father of Argos! king of men!
We chaunt the hymn of praise to thee. 160
In serried ranks we stand agen,
Our glory safe, our country free.
Clash, clash the arms we bravely bore
Against Scamander's God-defended shore.

SEMICHORUS.

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd
Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming foam;
Blessed o'er all, to have beheld
Wife, children, house avenged, and peaceful home!

145 wreathes] wreaths 1846-1859. 161 agen] again 1846-1859. 165 repell'd]
repell'd 1846-1859. 166 foam;] So in 1846-1859, no stop in 1836.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

We too, thou seest, are now
 Among the happy, though the aged brow 170
 From sorrow for us we could not protect,
 Nor, on the polisht granite of the well
 Folding our arms, of spoils and perils tell.
 Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head erect.

SEMICHORUS.

What whirling wheels are those behind?
 What plumes come flaring through the wind,
 Nearer and nearer? From his car
 He who defied the heaven-born Powers of war
 Pelides springs! But dust are we
 To him, O king, who bends the mailed knee, 180
 Proud only to be first in reverent praise of thee.

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

Clash, clash the arms! None other race
 Shall see such heroes face to face.
 We too have fought; and they have seen
 Nor sea-sand grey nor meadow green
 Where Dardans stood against their men . .
 Clash! Io Pæan! clash agen!
 Repinings for lost days repress . .
 The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

CHORUS.

Hark! from afar more war-steeds neigh, 190
 Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.
 Ajax is yonder! ay, behold
 The radiant arms of Lycian gold!
 Arms from admiring valour won,
 Tydeus! and worthy of thy son.
 'Tis Ajax wears them now; for he
 Rules over Adria's stormy sea.
 He threw them to the friend who lost
 (By the dim judgement of the host)
 Those wet with tears which Thetis gave 200
 The youth most beauteous of the brave.

179 But dust] Dust, dust 1846-1859. 180 mailed] om. 1846-1859. 187 agen]
 again 1846-1859. 199 judgement] judgment 1846-1859.

SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF IPHIGENEIA

In vain! the insatiate soul would go
For comfort to his peers below.
Clash! ere we leave them all the plain,
Clash! Io Pæan! once again!

[2]

THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

[Printed privately in *Friendly Contributions*, 1836, and Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in *Pentalogia* 1837; reprinted 1847, 1859; incorporated in *Pericles and Aspasia* (2nd ed.) 1846 and so reprinted 1876. Text *Pentalogia* 1837.]

Electra. Pass on, my brother! she awaits the wretch,
Dishonorer, despoiler, murderer. . . .
None other name shall name him. . . . she awaits
As would a lover . .

Heavenly Gods! what poison
O'erflows my lips!

Adulteress! husband-slayer!
Strike her, the tigress!

Think upon our father . .
Give the sword scope . . think what a man was he,
How fond of her! how kind to all about,
That he might gladden and teach us . . how proud
Of thee, Orestes! tossing thee above
His joyous head and calling thee his crown.
Ah! boys remember not what melts our hearts
And marks them evermore!

10

Bite not thy lip,
Nor tramp as an unsteady colt the ground,
Nor stare against the wall, but think again
How better than all fathers was our father.
Go . .

Orestes. Loose me, then! for this white hand, *Electra*,
Hath fastened upon mine with fiercer grasp
Than mine can grasp the sword.

Electra. Go, sweet Orestes!

Title. The not in 1836. Ablett and 1859 have ORESTES AND ELECTRA as title.
Sub-title. not in 1836 which has: By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 1859 has THE
MADNESS OF ORESTES, THE PRAYER OF ORESTES, PRIESTESS OF APOLLO, THE DEATH
OF ORESTES as sectional titles. 2 Dishonorer] Dishonourer, 1836, Ablett. 10 thee
. . . thee] you . . . you 1836. 11 thee] you 1836. 12, 16 our] our Ablett. 13 thy]
your 1836. 14 unsteady] unsteady 1836, 1846, 1859.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

I knew not I was holding thee . . . Avenge him!

20

(*Alone.*) How he sprang from me!

. . . Sure, he now has reacht

The room before the bath . . .

The bath-door creaks!

. . . It hath creakt thus since he . . . since thou, O father!

Ever since thou didst loosen its strong valves,

Either with all thy dying weight, or strength

Agonized with her stabs . . .

What plunge was that?

Ah me!

. . . What groans are those?

Orestes (returning).

They sound through hell

Rejoicing the Eumenides.*

She slew

Our father; she made thee the scorn of slaves;

Me (son of him who ruled this land and more)

30

She made an outcast . . .

Would I had been so

For ever! ere such vengeance. . . .

Electra.

O that Zeus

Had let thy arm fall sooner at thy side

Without those drops! list! they are audible . .

For they are many . . . from the sword's point falling,

And down from the mid blade!

Too rash Orestes!

Couldst thou not then have spared our wretched mother?

Orestes. The Gods could not.

Electra.

She was not theirs, Orestes!

Orestes. And didst not thou . . .

Electra.

'Twas I, 'twas I, who did it;

Of our unhappiest house the most unhappy!

40

* An ancient scholiast has recorded that the name of Eumenides was given to these Goddesses after the expiation of Orestes. But Catullus (called the *learned* by his countrymen) represents Ariadne invoking them by this appellation long before the Trojan war. The verses are the most majestic in the Roman language.

Eumenides! quarum anguineis [quibus anguine] redimita capillis [capillo]

Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,

Huc, huc adventate! &c. [L.]

[See Catullus, *lxiv.* 193. For the scholiast see Sophocles, *Schol. ad Œdipus Col.* 42.—W.]

20 thee] you 1836. after him! 1836 has (*Orestes rushes out.*). 21 (*Alone.*)] not
in 1836 or Ablett. 22 creaks] opens 1836, Ablett. creaks 1846–1859. 27 return-
ing] re-entering 1836, entering Ablett. 32 O] Oh 1836, Ablett. 40 unhappiest]
unhappy 1836.

THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA

Under this roof, by every God accurst,
There is no grief, there is no guilt, but mine.

Orestes. Electra! no!

'Tis now my time to suffer . .

Mine be, with all its pangs, the righteous deed.

44

43 time] turn 1836.

THE MADNESS OF ORESTES

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

[Printed privately in Ablett's *Literary Hours* 1837 [A]; published in *The Tribute* [T] and in *Pentalogia* 1837; reprinted 1847, 1859; incorporated in *Pericles and Aspasia* (2nd ed.) 1846, and so reprinted 1876. A portion printed from a MS. in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes* [NW]. Text, *Pentalogia* 1837.]

Orestes. Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,
Have dragged me from myself.

Is this Mycenai?

Are we are all who should be in our house?

Living? unhurt? our father here? our mother?

Why that deep gasp? for 'twas not sigh nor groan.

She then 'twas she who fell! when? how? beware!

No, no, speak out at once, that my full heart

May meet it, and may share with thee in all . .

In all . . . but that one thing.

It was a dream.

We may share all.

They live: both live:

O say it!

10

Electra. The Gods have placed them from us, and there rolls
Between us that dark river.

Orestes.

Blood! blood! blood!

I see it roll; I see the hand above it,

Imploring; I see *her*.

Hiss me not back

Ye snake-hair'd maids! I will look on; I will

Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,

And catch that hand . . that hand . . which slew my father!

It cannot be how could it slay my father?

Death to the slave who spoke it! . . . slay my father!

Title. Orestes Maddened A; Orestes and Electra, Last Scenes. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. T. *Sub-title.* *om.* 1859. 2 dragged] drag'd A, NW. 3 our] the T. 6 beware] reply not A, NW. 7 No, no] Yea, yea A, NW. 10 say it] say that A, say so NW. 19 spoke] said A, NW.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

It tost me up to him to earn a smile, 20
 And was a smile then such a precious boon,
 And royal state and proud affection nothing?
 Ay, and thee too, Electra, she once taught
 To take the sceptre from him at the door . .
 Not the bath-door, not the bath-door, mind that! . .
 And place it in the vestibule, against
 The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.
 Where is it now? methinks I missed it there.
 How we have trembled to be seen to move it!
 Both looking up, lest that stern face should frown, 30
 Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite.
 Oh! could but one tear more fall from my eyes,
 It would shake off those horrid visages,
 And melt them into air.

I am not your's,
 Fell Goddesses! A just and generous Power,
 A bright-hair'd God, directed me.

And thus
 Abased is he whom such a God inspired!
(After a pause.)
 Into whose kingdom went they? did they go
 Together?

Electra. Oh! they were not long apart.

Orestes. I know why thou art pale; I know whose head 40
 Thy flowerlike hands have garlanded; I know
 For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.
 He well deserves it he shall have it all.
 Glory and love shall crown thee, my brave sister!

Electra. I am not she of Sparta. Let me live
 (If live I must, Orestes!) not unnamed
 Nor named too often. Speak no more of love,
 Ill-omen'd and opprobrious in this house . .
 A mother should have had, a father had it,
 O may a brother let it dwell with him, 50
 Unchangeable, unquestioned, solitary,
 Strengthened and hallowed in the depths of grief!

Between ll. 20-1 A inserts one line:

Didst thou not tell me, thou who must remember,
 23 thee] you T, A, NW. 24 sceptre] scepter A. l. 25 not in NW. 26 vestibule]
mispr. veste 1837. 28 missed it there] saw it not A, NW. 30 stern] grave A.
 31 on] at A. l. 44 not in A. ll. 44-65 not in T or NW. 48 Ill-omen'd] *mispr.*
 Ill-open'd 1837.

THE MADNESS OF ORESTES

Gaze not so angrily . . I dare not see thee,
I dare not look where comfort should be found.

Orestes. I dare and do behold them all day long,
And, were that face away so like my mother's,
I would advance and question and compel them . .
They hear me, and they know it.

Electra. Hear me too,
Ye mighty ones! to me invisible!
And spare him! spare him! for without the Gods
He wrought not what he wrought: And are not ye
Partakers of their counsels and their power?
O spare the son of him whom ye and they
Sent against Ilion, to perform your will
And bid the rulers of the earth be just.

60

Orestes. And dare they frighten thee too? frighten thee!
And bend thee into prayer?

Off, hateful eyes!

Look upon me, not her.

Ay, thus, 'tis well.

Cheer, cheer thee, my Electra!

I am strong,
Stronger than ever . . steel, fire, adamant . .
But cannot bear thy brow upon my neck,
Cannot bear these wild writhings, these loud sobs,
By all the Gods! I think thou art half-mad
I must away follow me not stand there!

70

57 compell] compel 1846, 1859. 62 power] powers A. ll. 66-8 not in A.
69 Cheer] Come A. After Electra A and NW have: (*Electra* [*she* NW] *throws herself on*
[upon NW] *his neck in great agony.*) 70 steel, fire] fire, steel A, T. l. 70 not
in NW. 71 cannot] can not 1847. 72 Cannot] I cannot A, NW. Can
not 1847. wild] not in A or NW.

THE PRAYER OF ORESTES

[Published in 1846 when incorporated in second edition of *Pericles and Aspasia*; reprinted as separate piece 1847, and as final part of "Orestes and Electra" in 1859. Text, 1846.]

HERE is the Prayer of Orestes, in his madness, to Apollo; and there follows, what is not immediately connected with it, the Reply of the Priestess. [*Aspasia to Cleone. Not in 1847, 1859.*]

Orestes. O king Apollo! god Apollo! god
Powerful to smite and powerful to preserve!
If there is blood upon me, as there seems,

Title. Not in 1846; in 1847 as here; as sectional title 1859.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Purify that black stain (thou only canst)
 With every rill that bubbles from these caves
 Audibly; and come willing to the work.
 No; 'tis not they; 'tis blood; 'tis blood again
 That bubbles in my ear, that shakes the shades
 Of thy dark groves, and lets in hateful gleams,
 Bringing me . . what dread sight! what sounds abhorr'd! 10
 What screams! They are my mother's: 'tis her eye
 That through the snakes of those three furies glares,
 And makes them hold their peace that she may speak.
 Has thy voice bidden them all forth? There slink
 Some that would hide away, but must turn back,
 And others like blue lightnings bound along
 From rock to rock; and many hiss at me
 As they draw nearer. Earth, fire, water, all
 Abominate the deed the Gods commanded!
 Alas! I came to pray, not to complain; 20
 And lo! my speech is impious as my deed!

Priestess of Apollo.

Take refuge here amid our Delphian shades,
 O troubled breast!
 Here the most pious of Mycenai's maids
 Shall watch thy rest
 And wave the cooling laurel o'er thy brow,
 Nor insect swarm
 Shall ever break thy slumbers, nor shalt thou
 Start at the alarm
 Of boys infesting (as they do) the street 30
 With mocking songs,
 Stopping and importuning all they meet,
 And heaping wrongs
 Upon thy diadem'd and sacred head,
 Worse than when base
 Egisthus (shudder not!) his toils outspread
 Around thy race.
 Altho' even in this fane the fitful blast
 Thou may'st hear roar,
 Thy name among our highest rocks shall last 40
 For evermore.

20 came] come 1847.
Clytemnestra's paramour.
 has: THE DEATH OF ORESTES. as sectional title.

36 [Egisthus] mispr. in all edd. for Egisthus (*Αἰγισθος*)
 outspread] outspread 1847. Between ll. 41-2 1859

THE PRAYER OF ORESTES

Orestes. A calm comes over me: life brings it not
With any of its tides: my end is near.
O Priestess of the purifying God
Receive her!* and when she hath closed mine eyes,
Do thou (weep not, my father's child!) close hers.

* Pointing to his sister. [L.]

[3]

MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

HELEN is pursued by MENELAUS up the steps of the palace: an old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

Menelaus. Out of my way! Off! or my sword may smite thee,*
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,
Fugitive! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair . .
Thou mountest not another, by the Gods! (*She stops: he seizes her.*)
Now take the death thou meritest, the death
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,
And every other god whom thou hast left,
And every other who abandons thee
In this accursed city, sends at last.
Turn, vilest of vile slaves! turn, paramour 10
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,
Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss
It and its odours to the dust and flames.

Helen. Welcome the death thou promisest! Not fear
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.

Menelaus. Duty! false harlot!

Helen. Name too true! severe
Precursor to the blow that is to fall,
It should alone suffice for killing me.

Menelaus. Ay, weep: be not the only one in Troy
Who wails not on this day . . its last . . the day 20
Thou and thy crimes darken with dead on dead.

Helen. Spare! spare! O let the last that falls be me!
There are but young and old.

* The reader must be reminded that this is no translation from a French tragedy: such really and truly were the manners of the Greeks in the time of the Trojan war: they respected age, but disregarded sex. [L. om. 1847-1876.]

Introduction Helen . . . palace: om. 1847-1876. : an]. An 1847, 1859. 1 thee*]
thee without footnote 1847-1859. Between II. 4-5 direction (She . . . her.) om. 1847-1876.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Menelaus.

There are but guilty

Where thou art, and the sword strikes none amiss.
 Hearest thou not the creeping blood buzz near
 Like flies? or wouldst thou rather hear it hiss
 Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown down
 Wherewith the streets are pathless? Ay, but vengeance
 Springs over all; and Nemesis and Atè
 Drove back the flying ashes with both hands.
 I never saw thee weep till now: and now
 There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger
 Leaves not her young athirst for the first milk,
 As thou didst. Thine could scarce have claspt thy knee
 If she had felt thee leave her.

30

Helen.

O my child!

My only one! Thou livest: 'tis enough:
 Hate me, abhor me, curse me . . these are duties . .
 Call me but Mother in the shades of death!
 She now is twelve years old, when the bud swells
 And the first colours of uncertain life
 Begin to tinge it.

40

Menelaus (aside). Can she think of home?

Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermione's!
 Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth, one left,
 For thee, my last of love!

Scorn, righteous scorn

Blows it from me . . but thou mayst . . never, never.
 Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave
 On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd below.

Helen. Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,
 Send me among the captives; so that Zeus
 May see his offspring led in chains away,
 And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword
 At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,
 Cry, "She alone shall never sail for Greece!"

50

Menelaus. Hast thou more words?

Her voice is musical

As the young maids who sing to Artemis:
 How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp
 Seiz'd and let loose! Ah! can then years have past
 Since . . but the children of the Gods, like them,
 Suffer not age.

30 Drove] Drive *MS. emendation.* 56 yellow] auburn *MS. emendation.* 57 then]
 ? mispr. for ten. 58 Since . . but] Since but *mispr. 1847-1876.*

MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY

Helen! speak honestly,
And thus escape my vengeance . . was it force
That bore thee off?

60

Helen. It was some evil God.

Menelaus. Helping that hated man?

Helen. How justly hated!

Menelaus. By thee too?

Helen. Hath he not made *thee* unhappy?

O do not strike.

Menelaus. Wretch!

Helen. Strike, but do not speak.

Menelaus. Lest thou remember me against thy will.

Helen. Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,
Against my will; O! how against my will

They know above, they who perhaps can pity.

Menelaus. They shall not save thee.

Helen. Then indeed they pity.

Menelaus. Prepare for death.

Helen. Not from that hand: 'twould pain
you.

70

Menelaus. Touch not my hand. Easily dost thou drop it!

Helen. Easy are all things, do but thou command.

Menelaus. Look up then.

Helen. To the hardest proof of all

I am now bidden: bid me not look up.

Menelaus. She looks as when I led her on behind
The torch and fife, and when the blush o'erspread
Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
On the first step before the wreathed gate.
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

Helen. The hand

That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.

80

I dare no longer see the light of heaven,

Nor thine . . alas! the light of heaven to me.

Menelaus. Follow me.

She holds out both arms . . and now
Drops them again . . She comes . . Why stoppest thou?

Helen. O Menelaus! could thy heart know mine,
As once it did . . for then did they converse,
Generous the one, the other not unworthy . .
Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even than guilt.

Menelaus. And must I lead her by the hand again?

76 o'erspread] o'ersprad 1847, 1859.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws back . . . 90
 The true alone and loving sob like her . .

Come, Helen! [*He takes her hand.*]

Helen. Oh! let never Greek see this!
 Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,
 Hide me from all.

Menelaus. Thy anguish is too strong
 For me to strive with.

Helen. Leave it all to me.

Menelaus. Peace! peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

[4]

DEDICATION OF AN ANCIENT IDYL

TO ROSE.

EUROPA CARRIED OFF.

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; not reprinted.]

FRIEND of my age! to thee belong
 The plaintive and the playful song,
 And every charm unites in thee
 Of wisdom, wit, and modesty;
 Taught hast thou been from early youth
 To tread the unswerving path of truth,
 And guided to trip lightly o'er
 The amaranth fields of ancient lore,
 Turn thou not hastily aside
 From her who stems the Asian tide,
 For shores henceforth to bear her name . .
 Thine, thine shall be a better fame;
 Lands yet more distant shall it reach
 Than yonder Hellespontic beach,
 Or where the bravest blood now flows
 Before perfidious Delhi, Rose!
 From boyhood have I loved old times
 And loitered under warmer climes.
 I never dream such dreams as there . .
 Voices how sweet, and forms how fair!
 The Nymphs and Graces there I find,
 The Muses too, and thee behind,
 All chiding thee, all asking why
 Thou whom they cherish art so shy;

10

20

Sub-title. Rose [Mrs. afterwards Lady Graves Sawle.—W.]

DEDICATION OF AN ANCIENT IDYL

They will not listen when I say,
Thou hast some dearer ones than they.
"Ungrateful!" cry they, "can it be?
We have no dearer one than she."

THE ANCIENT IDYL

EUROPA AND HER MOTHER.

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1859, 1876.]

Mother. Daughter! why roamest thou again so late
Along the damp and solitary shore?

Europa. I know not. I am tired of distaf, woof,
Everything.

Mother. Yet thou culledst flowers all morn,
And idledst in the woods, mocking shrill birds,
Or clapping hands at limping hares, who stamp
Angrily, and scour'd off.

Europa. I am grown tired
Of hares and birds. O mother! had you seen
That lovely creature! It was not a cow,
And, if it was an ox,* it was unlike
My father's oxen with the hair rubb'd off
Their necks.

10

Mother. A cow it was.

Europa. Cow it might be . .
And yet . . and yet . . I saw no calf, no font
Of milk: I wish I had; how pleasant 'twere
To draw it and to drink!

Mother. Europa! child!
Have we no maiden for such offices?
No whistling boy? Kings' daughters may cull flowers,
To place them on the altar of the Gods
And wear them at their festivals. Who knows
But some one of these very Gods may deign
To woo thee? maidens they have wooed less fair.

20

Europa. The Gods are very gracious: some of them
Not very constant.

Mother. Hush!

Europa. Nay, Zeus himself
Hath wandered, and deluded more than one.

* Bulls are never at large in those countries; Europa could not have seen one. [L.]

Title. THE . . . IDYL *om.* 1859-1876 which have EUROPA AND HER MOTHER as title.
20 one] *wrongly om.* 1876.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Mother. Fables! profanest fables!

Europa.

Let us hope so.

But I should be afraid of him, and run

As lapwings do when we approach the nest.

Mother. None can escape the Gods when they pursue.

Europa. They know my mind, and will not follow me.

Mother. Consider: some are stars whom they have loved, 30
Others, the very least of them, are flowers.

Europa. I would not be a star in winter nights,
In summer days I would not be a flower;
Flowers seldom live thro' half their time, torn off,
Twirl'd round, and indolently cast aside.
Now, mother, can you tell me what became
Of those who were no flowers, but bent their heads
As pliantly as flowers do?

Mother. They are gone
To Hades.

Europa. And left there by Gods they loved
And were beloved by! Be not such my doom! 40
Cruel are men, but crueler are Gods.

Mother. Peace! peace! Some royal, some heroic, youth
May ask thy father for thy dower and thee.

Europa. I know not any such, if such there live;
Royal there may be, but heroic . . . where?
O mother! look! look! look!

Mother. Thou turnest pale;
What ails thee?

Europa. Who in all the house hath dared
To winde those garlands round that grand white brow?
So mild, so loving! Mother! let me run
And tear them off him: let me gather more 50
And sweeter.

Mother. Truly 'tis a noble beast.
See! he comes forward! see, he rips them off,
Himself!

Europa. He should not wear them if he would.
Stay there, thou noble creature! Woe is me!
There are but sandrose, tyme, and snapdragon
Along the shore as far as I can see.
O mother! help me on his back; he licks
My foot. Ah! what sweet breath! Now on his side
He lies on purpose for it. Help me up.

Mother. Well, child! Indeed he is gentle. Gods above! 60

EUROPA AND HER MOTHER

He takes the water! Hold him tight, Europa!
'Tis well that thou canst swim.

Leap off, mad girl!

She laughs! He lows so loud she hears not me . .
But she looks sadder, or my sight is dim . .
Against his nostril fondly hangs her hand
While his eye glistens over it, fondly too.
It will be night, dark night, ere she returns.
And that new scarf! the spray will ruin it.

[5]

ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA

[Published in 1858. Not reprinted in this form. For a longer version, published in 1859, reprinted 1876, see notes at end of the volume.]

Helena. Stranger! who art thou? why approachest thou
To break my sacred slumber? such it was,
For she who brought me all my joy and grief
Hath brought me hither.

Thou appallest me,
For thou art stern and godlike; and no crook
Nor needful staff of upland wayfarer
Is that thou bearest. O that cruel spear!
Comest thou . . yes, thou comest . . speak . . to slay me?

Achilles. Helena! fear me not . . I am the son
Of Peleus.

Helena. Fear thee not! O hide awhile
The glittering point before it strike me dead.

Achilles. Behold it fixt into the glebe.

Helena. It casts

A slitting shadow half across the down.

Achilles. Now seat thee (but why risen?) as before.

Helena. Be thou too seated: first look round about;
For there are lions on these lonely hills,
Beside the tamer which are yoked before
The Mother of the Gods, upon whose head
Are towers and cities in one awful crown.
And thou hast come alone.

Achilles. Alcides slew
His lion, and Alcides was alone.

Helena. O son of Peleus! didst thou ever see
My two brave brothers?

13 slitting [? mispr. for fitting. cf. Pope, *Odyssey*, x. 587, "a fitting shade."—W.]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Achilles.

In my father's house

I saw them once.

Helena.

And were they not like thee?

Dear Kastor! Polydeukes dearer stil!

Kastor would lift me on his fiercest horse

And laugh at me: but Polydeukes placed

One kindly hand beneath my sinking chin

Upon the swift Eurotas, with the other

Buoying my feet, for I was then a child.

30

But tell me, who conducted thee away

From those beleaguered walls into this wild?

Achilles. Thetis, my mother: she around me threw

A cloud, not dark within, but dark without,

As clouds may be wherein the Gods rejoice.

But what, more wonderful, impel'd thy feet

Hither? so delicate, so like to hers

Who bore me, which are radiant thro' the depth

Of dimmest ocean.

Helena.

All I know is this,

A voice, and it was Aphrodite's voice,

40

Call'd me: I would have risen at the call,

But wings were over me and underneath,

And, until thou appearedst, left me not;

Nor did sleep leave me.

O how fresh the flowers

Are breathing round us in this tepid air!

I do love flowers; they look into my eyes

And seem to say fond things to me, in breath

Sweeter than infants.

O Hermione!

Sweet even as thine. Where art thou, lovely babe?

Who tends thee? who caresses thee? all must;

50

All but one wretch who left thee in thy sleep.

Achilles. Sorrow is not unseemly in the breast

Of women: men too (shame on them) have grieved,

Have wept, and not the tears of rage alone.

Helena. Blame not my weakness then: no rage is mine,

I never felt it. Flowers are comforters

At dawn and sunset on the terraced roof:

Few are they; but the dearest are the few.

Achilles. Flowers! Inconsiderate! Thinkest thou of flowers

While nations shed their blood, their lives, for thee?

60

Helena. They are so fragrant and so beautiful!

ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA

And what profusion! what variety!
In my own country I have known by name
More than my fingers of both hands could count
Twice over: there was mint and drosera
And serpolet, just as you see are here:
How can I then but love to talk of them?

Achilles. O Helena! let children love to talk
Thus idly.

Helena. Ah! that I were yet a child!
But how wilt thou return before the walls?

70

Achilles. The Gods will care for that: they too who brought
Thee hither will provide for thy return.

Helena. Couldst not thou?

Achilles. Helena! I come to warn thee
Against the rancour of a man incenst:
I hate him; I shall hate him worse if wrath
Urge him to vengeance on thee; for the twins
(Then boys) thy brothers were my father's guests,
And much I loved to hear of them, and hoped
One day to share their glory, sung on earth
For me; for them along the placid waves
There where my mother oft repeats the song.

80

Helena. I loved songs too.

Achilles. Sweetest are those to me
Which Keiron taught me; songs which bring again
To life, and fresher life, the brave of old.
Zeus! grant me but few years, grant only one,
And he who wrongs me, he when such men sing,
The king of Argos shall stand far behind.

Helena. Ah! thou art strong and irresistible.
But spare . .

Achilles. Spare whom?

Helena. Alas! I dare not name him.
No fault was his; no fault was mine: the Gods
Decreed it. She to whom he gave her prize
Perform'd a promise . . how imperfectly!
And gave him . . O pernicious gift, me! me!
Pity thou him whom even my brothers might
Have pardon'd; him as beautiful as themselves
Or thee, almost.

90

Achilles. In this arm lies my beauty,
Smiter in vengeance of the guilty head.

Helena. Why springest thou upon thy feet, alert

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

As grasshopper, without a hand to rest
Upon the turf beneath?

Achilles. I must be gone.

100

Helena. And without me?

Achilles. It hath not been forbidden,
No; nor commanded.

If the Gods so will

Come thou with me.

Helena. I dare not. They who led
My way to Ida will direct me hence.

And yet I tremble.

Achilles. Take thou heart.

Helena. It fails.

For there are other Deities who hate
Me and my guilt. The Mother of the Gods
Inhabits here, and here her temple stands;
Here sound the tymbrels and the cymbals struck
By priests infuriate.

Achilles. Fear them not: thy sire
Zeus and his daughter will watch over thee.

110

Helena. Farewell, O son of Peleus! born to rule
O'er happier realms.

Achilles. O Helena! 'tis here,
Far from my birthplace, from my father's tomb,
I die.

So sang the three who sing but truth.

Helena. Wretched, thrice wretched me! in this alone
Are we alike. Thou art less stern, more calm,
In speaking of that last sad hour.

No word

Of comfort hast thou for me?

Achilles. I shall bring
Comfort to those who bore thee truer love
Than thou hast borne to others.

120

Helena. Spare me! spare me!
To whom that comfort?

Achilles. To thy brethren: they
Have heard my name among the Blest above,
Or they shall hear it.

I will tell them age
And royalty have loved and pitied thee,
That Priam held thee dearer to his heart
Than his own daughters, that thy tears have washt

ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA

Thy stains away; then, that Achilles turn'd
His face aside ashamed of grief for thee.

Helena. Stay, stay one instant.

Is this too a dream?

130

Who lifts my feet from earth and whirls me round?

Children! O fan me with your wings again;

I sink; I fall! help! Aphrodite! help!

[6]

HERCULES, PLUTO, ALCESTIS, ADMETOS

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

Hercules. Weepst thou? Weep thou mayst; but not for long.

Alcestis. Certainly not for long, O Heracles!

So let me weep: this day, if not this night,

Will join me to Admetos.

Hercules.

Say, what voice

Hath told thee so?

Alcestis.

The voice within my breast.

Hercules. It shall be true as was thy heart to him . .

Alcestis. Who now lies without hope for one hour more
Upon this earth.

Hercules. No power have I o'er fate.

Alcestis. Thou canst not, I can, save him.

Hercules.

Tell me how.

10

Alcestis. I dare not utter my design to thee,

For vows are sacred, so conditions are,

And both are, or will soon be, ratified.

The God who rules below will cast him down

Before my steps can reach those horrid realms,

If those are horrid where the faithful meet

To love eternally.

Hercules.

But wouldst thou not

Rather return with him to the early scenes

Of your betrothal, of your happier hours?

Alcestis. Alas! alas! not Hades, not Elysion,

Not heaven itself, could ever soothe my soul

20

As those have done . . but when he goes I go . .

O could it but be first!

Hercules.

The Gods may grant

This wish at thy entreaty.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Alcestis. They have heard
Already every prayer my heart could frame.

Hercules. On me they have bestow'd some power to calm
Thy breast, Alcestis!

Alcestis. Save with his, mine never.

Hercules. Be calmer, cheer thee. Every God above
Hath been propitious to me; he below
Shall hear me: not another day shall see
Such faithful hearts apart.

Alcestis. No word of thine
Was ever false, but how can this be true?

30

Hercules. Question me not.

I have been told ere now
That heavy grief brings also heavy sleep,
Lighter be thine! but confidently close
Those eyes half-closed already by the weight
That overhangs them.

Alcestis. Can I? Do I dream?

Hercules. No, but thou shalt when Love hath had his way.

Pluto. Who comes among the Shades and is no Shade?

Hercules. Thy elder brother's offspring, Heracles.

Pluto. And sent thee hither he?

Hercules. His will it was.

40

Pluto. And what thy errand?

Hercules. Rescue.

Pluto. Rescue hence?

There never was, nor shall be.

Hercules. Say not so,
Brother of him the mighty and the just.

Pluto. Just callest thou the brother who usurpt
His father's throne, and thrust these realms on me?
Peopled are mine, 'tis true, far more than his
Or than Poseidon's, with his singing Nymphs
And blowing Tritons in loud choruses
On conchs, and songless speechless multitudes;
Callest thou him the just? mighty he may be
On earth, or over earth, but never here.
And thou, who art but mortal, darest come
Invader, to my very throne!

50

Hercules. I came
Speedily as I could, but was outrun
By one who hurried to recall from hence
Him whom ere this she haply hath embraced,

HERCULES, PLUTO, ALCESTIS, ADMETOS

Admetos; her own life she gives for his;
And this condition every God approves.

Pluto. Every? and am not I one? My consent
Neither those gods nor thou shall gain. Return . .
For what is she to thee, audacious man?

60

Hercules. Alcestis is the daughter of my friend.

Pluto. If truth has reacht me here (and oftener truth
Is found below than among those on earth)
Many have been the daughters thou hast there
Rescued from spousal and parental bonds.

Hercules. I bear no shaft of wit so keen as thine,
Nor would confront thee: only give me up
The virtuous bride, then will I reäscend.

Pluto. What if thy calculation be amiss?
The bride I give not up: thou mayest go,
With my goodwill, but must leave her behind.

70

Hercules. I would not wrestle with thee.

Pluto. Art thou mad?

Wrestle with an Immortal!

Hercules. If compell'd,
And grow myself Immortal by that strife.

Pluto. Cerberos! seize him.

Hercules. 'Twas not long ago
He lickt the instep of Eurydice
And only growl'd at her deliverer.

Brave dogs are fellow-creatures of brave men,
Not one of his three heads would bark at me.

80

Pluto. (*Alcestis rushing forward.*) Woman! whence comest? whither
rusest thou?

Alcestis. (*Not minding him.*) O Heracles! and art thou also doom'd
To bless earth never more?

Hercules. To bless once more
Earth with thy presence come I, nor will go
Until I lead thee back.

Pluto. Styx! Phlegethon!
Surround him.

Hercules. I will cast thee into them,
God as thou art, if any hurt befalls
Alcestis.

Alcestis. Leave me, leave me, Heracles!
Never from my Admetos will I part.

Persephone (*entering*). Nor shalt thou.

60 shall] shalt 1876.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Pluto. And thou, too, refractory? 90
Even thou, Persephone!

Persephone. Thou once didst love me,
O Pluto! love me now; remit, remit
Thy rigid laws . . . give me these two. Advance,
Admetos! (*whispers*)

He may change his mind . . . go, go.

Admetos (ascending). I feel afresh the air of heaven; thy kiss
Breath'd it, and do my steps touch earth again?

Hercules. Yea, firm as mine do.

But thou stil art faint,

Alcestis! If my shoulder is too high
For thee to lean on, let this arm help his.

I had no time or thought to look beyond,
And I saw nothing of Elysian fields;
If there be any thou shalt find them all
Among those pastures where Apollo fed
Thy herds, Admetos! where another God
(Thou knowest who) Alcestis! drew thee forth
And placed thee on that fond and faithful breast
Whereon thou, undivided, shalt repose.

100

Alcestis. Shall we be never, never, parted more?

Admetos. Let us, my own Alcestis, leave behind
(Since one day both must die) a proof that love
May be as happy, if as true, as thine.
Age is before us, be it long before,
And Death not wait for either!

110

Hercules. Haste ye home,

And there hold fitter than such grave discourse.
Remember, Hymen is come back again
And follows close, for Hymen hates delay.
Admetos! I was fancying that thy brood
Of gallant coursers, boast of Thessaly,
Will not awaken you tomorrow-morn,
With all their neighings at the palace-gate,
To greet ye coming safe and sound again.
Let me forbid the maidens to entwine,
Whatever they may gather in the dew,
Flowers till past noontide: they are ever apt
To speed on such occasions, and to break
The spell descending from the silent moon,
A spell which binds together strong and weak.
They shall sing merrily for honied cates,

120

HERCULES, PLUTO, ALCESTIS, ADMETOS

A guerdon and a symbol not unmeet:
I too would sing among them, but no song 130
Could Orpheus teach me, nor would let me touch
His harp; my fingers, said he, were unfit;
Nor was my voice melodious, tho less harsh
Than when ye heard it in yon place below.

CHORUS OF MATRONS AT MORNING.

Come, little girls who catch the laughter
And know not what the laughter means,
But who shall know it well hereafter
Amid less grand and gaudy scenes.
Come, maidens, ye almost as young,
Ye too whose cheeks are full in bloom, 140
Lay by your wreathes, and sing a song
To her whose love hath burst the tomb.
Then to the praises of the bold,
Then of the tender and the true,
A pair whom Hades could not hold . .
And may such heroes wed with you!

GIRLS' REPLY.

We are too young to think of men,
Few of us yet are seventeen;
Better to trim the wreath, and then
To look and see how looks the queen. 150

[7]

PELEUS AND THETIS

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876. A prose version, printed as a separate piece in *Imaginary Conversations* 1829, was incorporated in the *Conversation* "Epicurus, Leontion, Ternissa" published 1846, reprinted 1853, 1876.]

Thetis. O Peleus! whom the Gods have given me
For all my happiness on earth, a bliss
I thought too great. . .

Peleus. Why sighest thou? why shed
Those tears? why sudden silence? our last tears
Should then have fallen when the Fates divided us,
Saying, earth is not thine; that he who rules
The waters call'd thee. Bitter those that flow
Between the loved and loving when they part,
And ought to be; woe to the inhuman wretch
Who wishes they were not: but such as fall 10
At the returning light of blessed feet
Should be refreshing and divine as morn.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Thetis. Support me, O support me in thy arms
 Once more, once only. Lower not thy cheek
 In sadness; let me look into thine eyes;
 Tho the heavens frown on us, they, now serene,
 Threaten us no fresh sorrow . . us? ah me!
 The word of Zeus is spoken: our Achilles
 Discovered, borne away in the Argive ships
 To Aulis, froward youth! his fearless heart
 Had bounded faster than those ships to Troy.
 Ah! surely there are some among the Gods
 Or Goddesses who might have, knowing all,
 Forewarn'd thee.

20

Were there neither auguries
 Nor dreams to shake off thy security,
 No priest to prophecy, no soothsayer?
 And yet what pastures are more plentiful
 Than round Larissa? victim's where more stately?
 Come, touch the altar with me.

Pious man,
 Doth not thy finger even now impress
 The embers of an incense often burnt
 For him, for thee?

30

The lowing of the herds
 Are audible, whose leaders lead them forth
 For sacrifice from where Apidanos
 Rises, to where Enipeus widens, lost
 In the sea-beach: and these may yet avail.

Peleus. Alas! alas! priests may foretell calamity
 But not avert it: all that they can give
 Are threats and promises and hopes and fears.
 Despond not, long-lost Thetis! hath no God
 Now sent thee back to me? why not believe
 He will preserve our son? which of them all
 Hath he offended?

40

Thetis. Yet uncertainties,
 Worse than uncertainties, oppress my heart,
 And overwhelm me.

Peleus. Thetis! in the midst
 Of all uncertainties some comfort lies,
 Save those which even perplex the Gods on high
 And which confound men the most godlike . . love,
 Despond not so. Long may Achilles live

28 victim's] victims 1876.

32 lowing] *rectius* lowings *prose version.*

PELEUS AND THETIS

Past our old-age . . *ours*? had I then forgot, 50
Dazed by thy beauty, thy divinity?

Thetis. Immortal is thy love, immutable.

Peleus. Time without grief might not have greatly changed me.

Thetis. There is a loveliness which wants not youth,
And which the Gods may want, and sometimes do.
The soft voice of compassion is unheard
Above; no shell of ocean is attuned
To that voice there; no tear hath ever dropt
Upon Olympos.

Fondly now as ever
Thou lookest, but more pensively; hath grief 60
Done this, and grief alone? tell me at once,
Say have no freshly fond anxieties . . .

Peleus. Smile thus, smile thus anew. Ages shall fly
Over my tomb while thou art flourishing
In youth eternal, the desire of Gods,
The light of Ocean to its lowest deep,
The inspirer and sustainer here on earth
Of ever-flowing song.

Thetis. I bless thy words
And in my heart will hold them; Gods who see
Within it may desire me, but they know 70
I have loved Peleus. When we were so happy
They parted us, and, more unmerciful,
Again unite us in eternal woe.

Peleus. Powerfuller than the elements their will,
And swifter than the light, they may relent,
For they are mutable, and thou mayst see
Achilles every day and every hour.

Thetis. Alas! how few! . . I see him in the dust,
In agony, in death, I see his blood
Along the flints, his yellow hair I see 80
Darken'd, and flapping a red stream, his hand
Unable to remove it from the eyes.
I hear his voice . . his voice that calls on *me*.
I could not save him; and he would have left
The grotts of Nereus, would have left the groves
And meadows of Elysium, bent on war.

Peleus. Yet Mars may spare him. Troy hath once been won.

Thetis. Perish he must, perish at Troy, and now.

Peleus. The *now* of Gods is more than life's duration;

85 grotts of Nereus] caverns of Ocean *prose version*.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Other Gods, other worlds, are form'd within it. 90
 If he indeed must perish, and at Troy,
 His ashes will lie softly upon hers,
 Thus fall our beauteous boy, thus fall Achilles.
 Songs such as Keiron's harp could never reach
 Shall sound his praises, and his spear shall shine
 Over far lands, when even our Gods are mute.

Thetis. Over his head nine years had not yet past
 When in the halls of Tethys these were words
 Reiterated oftenest . . . *O thou brave*
Golden-hair'd son of Peleus! What a heap 100
 Of shells were broken by impatient Nymphs
 Because of hoarseness rendering them unfit
 For their high symphonies! and what reproofs
 Against some Tritons from their brotherhood
 For breaking by too loud a blast the slumber
 Of those who, thinking of him, never slept.
 To me appear'd the first light of his eyes,
 The dayspring of the world; such eyes were thine
 At our first meeting on the warm sea-shore.

Why should youth linger with me? why not come 110
 Age, and then death? The beast of Kalydon
 Made his impetuous rush against this arm
 No longer fit for war nor for defence
 Of thy own people; is the day come too
 When it no longer can sustain thy Thetis?
 Protend it not toward the skies, invoke not,
 Name not, a Deity; I dread them all.
 No; lift me not above thy head, in vain
 Reproving them with such an awful look,
 A look of beauty which they will not pity, 120
 And of reproaches which they may not brook.

Peleus. Doth not my hand now, Thetis, clasp that foot
 Which seen the Powers of ocean cease to rage,
 Indignant when the brood of Æolus
 Disturbs their rest? If that refreshing breath
 Which now comes over my unquiet head
 Be not the breath of immortality,
 If Zeus hath any thunderbolt for it,
 Let this, beloved Thetis, be the hour!

ll. 110-115 spoken by Peleus in prose version.
124 Æolus] so in errata 1859; Æolus text 1859.

115 thy] my prose version.

PENELOPE AND PHEIDO

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

Pheido. Ha! what strange stories these old people tell!
 Will you believe me, gracious lady queen?
 Yesterday-eve behind this figtree sate
 Melantheus and that idler Iros, he
 Who breaks more bread than the best workman earns,
 And seem'd contending which should lie the most.

Penelope. What did they talk about?

Pheido.

Why, they discourst

About our lord, be sure, as all men do.
 Iros, who scratcht his shoulder, said he tried
 To shirk the ships that were afloat for Troy.
 I could well-nigh have smitten him, but thought
 So wise a man, with such a queen for wife,
 So beautiful, so provident of corn
 And oil and wine, must suddenly have lost
 His wits, by sun-stroke, or magician's wand
 Or witches charm, to leave her willingly.

10

Penelope. Willingly not, but duteously; the Gods
 Urged him, and he obey'd: the chiefs of Greece
 Knew that they wanted much his prudent mind,
 Kings tho they were, to counsel them aright.
 There was no folly in their thinking so.
 Brave as he was, he would have staid at home,
 But Hellas rose in arms to punish fraud
 And rapine. When he left me, tears he shed,
 Which he had never done but on that day
 When on his mother's breast he cried for milk
 And milk was there no longer. He was born
 For glory.

20

Pheido. O sweet mistress! what is that?

Penelope. To carry arms, and quell thereby the proud.

Pheido. Here are no robbers in these blessed realms,
 Here in our Ithaca no boars, no wolves
 No dragons: glory then is gone abroad,
 Unless it may be found in cestuses.

30

Penelope. But there are monarks, far across the sea,
 Proud monarks, and they boast of sons as proud,
 Who steal the wives of those who trusted them,
 And purple robes therewith and treasured gold
 And silver.

4 Melantheus . . . Iros [cf. Ovid, *Heroid.* i. 95. Iros . . . Melanthius.—W.]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Pheido. May the Gods guide safely home
Our master! Will he bring back purple robes,
Silver, and gold? he should have more than half. 40
But O those purple robes! how they will suit
The lovely shoulders of our gracious queen.
Do thou, Poseidon, let them come unhurt
Upon our shores; for thy salt waves might wash
The colour out; chide them, forbid them thou!
Pray to him, O sweet lady! for your prayers
Will reach him sooner than your handmaid's could;
Beside, the wealthy always can prevail
With gifts; and upon Neritos are kids
And goats in plenty, easy to be caught 50
If they know Gods are waiting.

Penelope. We will think
About this matter; but Laertes first
Must be consulted: he knows every kid
And goat upon the rocks there.

Now lay by
The yarn, and leave this figtree for yon vines,
Where I can trust thee better than the rest
Of all my maidens; for thy truthful tongue
Never laid blame upon the wasp when gaps
I found among the bunches; go, and cull
The ripest; thou shalt have two figs for each. 60

Pheido. All the blue figs lie slit upon the wall
For winter use, and little lizards keep,
With never-closing eye and panting heart,
Watch and ward over them against the flies
And ants, and hold those fast with viscous tongue,
Sharp-pointed, swiftly out and swiftly in.
The green and yellow are ungathered yet
Mostly. Telemakos is tall enough
To help me up with hand below my heel,
And shoulder close against the trunk applied. 70

Penelope. Telemakos plies other work; he mends
The nets to catch those busy birds that hang
Tail downward and inflict sad wounds on fig.

Away! but come back soon, and then for woof.
Idleness ill befits a royal house:
The husbandman, who labors hard, may rest
In the midday, and thereby shorten night.

PINDAR AND HIERO

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

Hiero. Pindar! no few are there among my guests
Who lift up eyebrows archt and rounded eyes
To hear thee talk as they do. Poets grin
And whisper,

*He is one of us, not more,
Tho' higher in . . I think they also add
Our foolish king's esteem.*

Pindar. In verse I sing
Not always dithyrambics. I may lift
A mortal over an admiring crowd,
And I may hear and heed not their applause,
A part whereof is given to him who fed
The steeds, a part to him who drove, a part
At last to me.

10

Hiero. My friend! the steeds are gone,
The charrioteers will follow: Death pursues
And overtakes the fleetest of them all:
He may pant on until his ribs are crackt,
He never shall reach thee. Believe one word
A king hath spoken . . Ages shall sweep off
All lighter things, but leave thy name behind.

Pindar. I was amused at hearing the discourse
Of our wise judges, when their maws were fill'd,
About some poets of the present day.

20

Hiero. I did not hear it. I would not surcharge
Thy memory, 'twere unfriendly; but perchance
A tittle of the tattle may adhere
Stil to thy memory, as on amber hairs
That some loose wench hath combed into the street:
If so, pray let me have it.

Pindar. An old friend
Of mine had represented the grave sire

Title [Pindar visited Hiero I, Tyrant of Syracuse, c. 470 B.C.—W.]
text 1859, 1876 has:

6 before verse

We do not feed
On race-horse flesh, nor drive the charriot [chariot 1876] -wheels
Upon the table. Even in

We . . . Even *deleted in corrigenda 1859 but retained 1876.*
1859. Weak text 1859, 1876.

8 A] so in corrigenda

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Of poets, in the ile of Ithaca,
Conversing with Laertes.

Hiero. He was wrong.
Homer lived some time after him.

30

Pindar. Who knows?
Howbeit, the worst complaint was that a king
Spoke of stale bread, and offered it his guest.

Hiero. Ithaca is not Sicily: the rocks
Of that poor iland bear no crops of wheat;
Laertes might not every day have spared
The scanty brushwood for the oaten cake.
Wine, I will wager, your old friend hath jogg'd
The generous host to lay upon the board.

Pindar. And both converst as other men converse.
The poet is no poet at all hours,
The hero is no hero with a friend.

40

Hiero. The virtuous, the valiant, and the wise,
Have ever been thy friends, and they alone.

Pindar. Few have I found, and fewer have I sought.
Apart I chose to stand. The purest air
Breathes o'er high downs on solitary men.
Thou smilest, O king Hiero, at my words,
Who seest me in thy court.

Hiero. No, no, my friend!

Pindar. We must not penetrate the smile of kings,
There may be secrets in it.

50

Hiero. Open mine;
There is but one for thee; and it is this;
'Tis written on no scroll, but on my heart;
Command I dare not call it, though I would . .
Pindar is Pindar, Hiero is but king.

Pindar. Embolden'd when I ought to be abasht,
I venture now to question thee.

Hiero. Obey.

Sprinkle a drop of Lethe on the fount
Of sparkling Dirce, nor remember Thebes,
Or him alone remember, him whose harp
Rais'd up her walls, which harp thou strikest now
With hand more potent than Amphion's was.
Here shalt thou dwell in honor, long thy due,
And sing to us thy even-song of life.

60

PTOLEMY AND THEOCRITOS

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

Ptolemy. Pleasant art thou, Theocritos! The pair
 Thou broughtest forward to our festival
 Of yesterday, Praxinoë and Gorgo,
 Are worthy pair for Aristophanes,
 Had he been living, to have brought on stage:
 Even grave Menander, wittiest of the wise,
 Had smiled and caught thee by the hand for this.

Theocritos. Ah! to be witty is hard work sometimes.
 'Tis easier to lie down along the grass,
 Where there is any, grass there none is here.

10

Ptolemy. But here are couches where we may repose
 And dream as easily. Thy dreams were all
 For Sicily, about the Nymphs and swains.

Theocritos. It seems an easier matter to compose
 Idyls of shepherds and of little Gods
 Than great heroic men.

Ptolemy. Thou hast done both.

Theocritos. Neither is easy. Grass in Sicily
 Is slippery, scant the turf and hard to tread.
 The sheep oft wonder, and crowd close, at sight
 Of venturous shepherd, putting pipe to lip
 And, ere he blow it, sprawling heels in air.
 I have sung hymns; but hymns with fuller breath
 Are chaunted by my friend Kallimakos.

20

Ptolemy. Friend! O strange man! poet call poet *friend!*
 If my good genius brought thee hither, thanks
 We both may pay him.

Theocritos. Well indeed may I.

Ptolemy. What! for disturbing dreams of Nymphs and swains,
 And whispering leaves of platan and of pine?
 Sweet whispers! but with sweeter underneath.

Theocritos. No; but for banishing far different ones,
 Such as were facts in our fair Sicily.
 Had kings like Ptolemy been living then,
 However far removed this empire lies,

30

3 Praxinoë . . . Gorgo [see Theocritus, Idyl. xv, written between 277 B.C., when Ptolemy Philadelphus is said to have married Arsinoë, and 270 B.C. when she died.—W.]
 23 Kallimakos [Poet, grammarian, and librarian at Alexandria.—W.]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Phalaris never had shut up within
His brazen bull the bravest and the best.

Ptolemy. Kings have their duties: it concerns them all
To take good heed that none betray their trust,
Lest odious be the name, and they themselves
Fall thro the crime of one: the crowns they wear
Make some hot-headed, nearly all weak-eyed.

40

'Tis written how this bull went close behind,
Bellowing his thunders, belching smoke and flame,
Wherever that king went.

Theocritus. No fiction, sire,
Of poets, or historians, who feign more.

Ptolemy. Plesanter in our Ægypt be thy dreams!
Come, let me hear the latest; speak it out.

Theocritus. Last night, beneath the shadow of a sphynx
I fancied I was lying, and I dream'd
Only of placid Gods and generous kings.

Ptolemy. Knave! knave! on neither shall thy dream be vain.

50

[11]

ÆSCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

Sophocles. Thou goest then, and leavest none behind
Worthy to rival thee!

Æschylos. Nay, say not so.
Whose is the hand that now is pressing mine?
A hand I may not ever press again!
What glorious forms hath it brought boldly forth
From Pluto's realm! The blind old Œdipos
Was led on one side by Antigone,
Sophocles propt the other.

Sophocles. Sophocles
Sooth'd not Prometheus chain'd upon his rock,
Keeping the vultures and the Gods away;
Sophocles is not greater than the chief
Who conquered Ilion, nor could he revenge
His murder, or stamp everlasting brand
Upon the brow of that adulterous wife.

10

Æschylos. Live, and do more.
Thine is the Lemnian ile,
And thou hast placed the arrows in the hand

ÆSCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES

Of Philoctetes, hast assuaged his wounds
And given his aid without which Greece had fail'd.

Sophocles. I did indeed drive off the pest of flies;
We also have our pest of them which buz
About our honey, darken it, and sting;
We laugh at them, for under hands like ours,
Without the wing that Philoctetes shook,
One single feather crushes the whole swarm.

20

I must be grave.

Hath Sicily such charms
Above our Athens? Many charms hath she,
But she hath kings. Accursed be the race!

Æschylos. But where kings honor better men than they
Let kings be honored too.

The laurel crown
Surmounts the golden; wear it, and farewell.

30

[12]

MARCUS AURELIUS AND LUCIAN

[Published in 1859; recast and expanded 1863, and so reprinted 1876. Text 1859.]

Marcus Aurelius. Lucian! in one thing thou art ill-advised.

Lucian. And in one only? tell me which is that.

Marcus Aurelius. In scoffing, as thou hast done openly,
At all religions: there is truth in all.

Lucian. Ah! could we see it! but the well is deep.

Each mortal calls his God inscrutable;
And this at least is true: why not stop there?
Some subdivide him; others hold him close,
Forcing the subdivisions to unite.

The worshiper of Mithras lifts his eyes

10

To hail his early rising, for he knows
Who gives the fruits of earth to nourish him;

1 one] *one* 1863. 7 why . . . there] then why not stop 1863. 8 subdivide]
subsidize 1863. hold . . . close.] split him down 1863. Between II. 8-9 1863 has
one line:

From nape to navel, others bandage him,
Between II. 9-10 1863 has six lines:

These should have lived in Saturn's day, his son
Methinks had found them easier work to do.

Eclectic are we Romans, yet we run
(Pardon me, Pontifex!) from bad to worse.

Those which Fear palsies and which Fraud sustains,
Not the erect and strenuous, I deride.

10 Mithras] Mothras *text* 1863, Mithras *in corrigenda.* 12 gives . . . earth] ripens
all the grain 1863.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Olympus and the Alps are hills alike
To him, and goats their best inhabitants.

Did Epictetus take our rotten staves
To walk with uprightly? did Cicero
Kneel down before our urban deities?
He carried in his mouth a Jupiter
Ready for Senates when he would harangue,
Then wiped him clean and laid him down again.

20

Marcus Aurelius. Religions, true or false, may lend support
To man's right conduct: some deterr from ill
Thro' fear, and others lead by gentleness,
Benevolence in thought, beneficence
In action, and at times to patriotism
And gallant struggles for their native land.

Lucian. So much the worse for these. Did Julius spare
The Druid in his grove? no; he wrenched off
The golden sickle from the misleto,
And burnt the wicker basket ere it held
Aloft on sacred oak the wretch within.

30

Marcus Aurelius. I doubt it: he knew well the use of priests.
Scoffing was not his fault, ambition was;
Yet clemency could over-rule ambition.

Lucian. This of all vices is the very worst
Where the best men are made the sacrifice.

Marcus Aurelius. I am accused, I hear, of wanting it.

Lucian. Yet thou too, Marcus, art ambitious; thou
Wouldst conquer worlds . . . with kindness, wouldst instruct
The unwise, controll the violent, and divert
From battle-field to corn-field.

40

Marcus Aurelius. This I would,
But never irritate weak intellects
Clinging to a religion learnt by heart
From nurse and mother, thence most justly dear.

Lucian. Founded on falsehood are not all religions,
All copies, more or less, from older ones?

19 harangue] harang 1863. Between ll. 20-1 1863 has forty-six lines, for which see
notes at end of vol. 22 deterr] deter 1863. ill] evil 1863. 23 Thro'] By 1863.
25-6 at . . . land] 1863 substitutes:

from these springs gratitude,
Which often widens into patriotism
Whereby men struggle for their native land.

27 these] them 1863. 28 no . . . off] our Divus wrencht 1863. 29 misleto]
mistletoe 1863. 31 Aloft on] Upon the 1863. 32 he knew well] well he knew
1863. 33-44 For these twelve lines 1863 substitutes twenty-three lines, for which see
notes at end of vol. 46 All copies,] And copied 1863.

MARCUS AURELIUS AND LUCIAN

Some by transfusion purified, and some
Weaken'd, and pour'd again upon the dregs,
Until they first ferment and then turn sour.

Marcus Aurelius. Yet, Lucian, there is truth in one religion, 50
Truth in that one which rises from a heart
With sweet and silent gratitude o'erflowing.

Lucian. Weakest of orders is the composite,
Such is the fabric folks walk under here,
Already we have seen part after part
Crack off, and terrify bare scalps below.

Marcus Aurelius. Leave Rome her quiet Gods.

Lucian. Not Saturn though.

Who would have eaten every God ere teetht,
But his first-born disabled him, and made
The little Venus laugh at granpapa. 60

Marcus Aurelius. We are not going up so far as him.

Lucian. Fain would I stop at Venus and her son;
It were ungrateful in me to malign
Such gentle Deities; to laugh at them
They now, alas! have left me little power;
Juno has helpt in my discomfiture.

Marcus Aurelius. Into your Lares I will not intrude:

Temples I enter rarely; not a God
Minds me above those atoms of the earth
Whereof we, low and lofty, are composed. 70
Such is the surest doctrine to uphold,
But to divulge even this may be unsafe.
Have not we known the Sage of Palestine
Derided, persecuted, crucified?

Have we not seen his simple followers
Slaughter'd in this our city, this our Rome,
Some burnt alive, some thrown among wild beasts?

Lucian. Woefully true! and thieves and murderers
Have sprung up from the ground whereon they bled;
No wicker-basket men, men calling Heaven 80
To help them in their vengeance on a foe
Who puts the left leg where he should the right,
And will not draw it back, but walk strait on.

50-67 For these eighteen lines 1863 substitutes fourteen lines, for which see notes at end of vol. 68 enter rarely] seldom enter 1863. 69 those] the 1863. 70 low and lofty] great and little 1863. 71 surest] purest 1863. 73 the Sage] a sage 1863. 77 burnt . . . beasts] thrown among wild beasts, some burnt alive 1863. 1. 80 om. 1863. 81-3 altered in 1863 and transferred elsewhere: see notes at end of vol.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Marcus Aurelius. Woefully true this also, but unwise,
Because unsafe, to utter.

Lucian. Truth is more
Unsafe than falsehood, and was ever so.

Marcus Aurelius. Well, I would not exasperate by wit's
Sharp point the robb'd and bleeding; stoop thou rather
To heal them.

Lucian. They would kick me in the face
If for such office I bend over them.

90

Better to strip the sophists of their rings
And trailing trappings, chaunting boys before,
Waving fat incense up against their beards
Ere they parade in them through every street,
And at the end of Via Sacra halt
To choose an Emperor of their own.

Marcus Aurelius. Friend Lucian! thou art more jocose than ever.
Why not imagine they may take my horse
From under me, then round men's shoulders strap
The curule chair and hoist a priest thereon?

100

Lucian. Thy depth of wisdom, Marcus, long I knew,
But never knew thee poet til this hour.
Homer feign'd Polypheme, Calypso, Circe,
Imagination left him on the strand
With these; he never saw, even in a dream,
So strange a rider mount a curule chair.

The sentiments of M. Aurelius and of Lucian are here exhibited. That Lucian was an honest man (if such a scoffer as he and Rabelais, and Cervantes and Dean Swift, are allowed to be) is probable by so sagacious and virtuous a prince as M. Aurelius appointing him to an important office in Egypt. There is more of banter than of wit in his Dialogues. In wit he is far inferior to Molière, Voltaire, Congreve, Swift, Hood, and some now living. [L. According to some writers it was the Emperor Commodus who appointed Lucian to be a procurator in Egypt. W.]

85-6 Truth . . . ever so.] In 1863 spoken by M. Aurelius. 87-9 Well . . . them.]
1863 substitutes [M. Aurelius still speaking]:

Do not exasperate by pointed wit
The proud and the morose, but rather stoop
To raise them up from their infirmities.

89 They would] Poor creatures! they will 1863. 90 for] at 1863. 92, chaunting boys
before] femininely loose 1863. Between ll. 92-3 1863 has:

With chanting boys in marshal'd troops before,

94 om. 1863. 95 And . . . Sacra] Soon at the Via Sacra they may 1863, 1876.

96 To] And 1863. After l. 100 LUCIAN om. 1863. 101 depth of] wit and
1863. Marcus . . . knew] Lucian, long I've known 1863. 102 knew . . .

hour] found thee poet until now 1863. 103 Polypheme . . . Circe] Polyphemus
and Calyps 1863. 105 these;] those: 1863. 106 mount . . . chair.] on a

seat so strange: 1863. After strange: 1863 adds one line:

Give him my purple, make the scene complete.

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA

[First published in complete form in 1863; so reprinted 1876. Shorter version with other variants published in 1859. For variants from 1859 see notes at end of volume. Text 1863.]

Homer. Is this Laertes who embraces me
Ere a word spoken? his the hand I grasp?

Laertes. Zeus help thee, and restore to thee thy sight,
My guest of old! I am of years as many,
And of calamities, as thou thyself,
I, wretched man! who have outlived my son
Odysseus, him thou knewest in this house,
A stripling fond of quoits and archery,
Thence to be call'd for counsel mid the chiefs
Who storm'd that city past the farther sea,
Built by two Gods, by more than two defended.

10

Homer. He rests, and to the many toils endur'd
There was not added the worse weight of age.

Laertes. He would be growing old had he remain'd
Until this day, tho' scarcely three-score years
Had he completed; old I seem'd to him
For youth is fanciful, yet here am I,
Stout, a full twenty summers after him:
But one of the three sisters snapt that thread
Which was the shortest, and my boy went down
When no light shines upon the dreary way.

20

Homer. Hither I came to visit thee, and sing
His wanderings and his wisdom, tho' my voice
Be not the voice it was; yet thoughts come up,
And words to thoughts, which others may recite
When I am mute, and deaf as is my grave,
If any grave in any land be mine.

Laertes. Men will contend for it in after times,
And cities claim it as the ground whereon
A temple stood, and worshippers yet stand.
Long hast thou travell'd since we met, and far.

30

Homer. I have seen many cities, and the best
And wisest of the men who dwelt therein,
The children and *their* children now adult,
Nor childless they. Some have I chided, some

ll. 12-21 printed among INSERTIONS, 1863; here and in 1876 placed in text as directed.
21 When] ? mispr. for Where. [W.]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Would soothe, who, mounted on the higher sod,
Wept as the pebbles tinkled, dropping o'er
A form outstretcht below; they would not hear
Story of mine, which told them there were fields
Fresher, and brighter skies, but slapping me,
Cried worse, and ran away.

40

Laertes. Here sits aside thee
A child grey-headed who will hear thee out.
Here shalt thou arm my son again, in mail
No enemy, no time, can strip from him,
But first I counsel thee to try the strength
Of my old prisoner in the cave below:
The wine will sparkle at the sight of thee,
If there be any virtue left in it.

Bread there is, fitter for young teeth than ours,
But wine can soften its obduracy.

50

At hand is honey in the honeycomb,
And melon, and those blushing pouting buds
That fain would hide them under crisped leaves.
Soon the blue dove and particolor'd hen
Shall quit the stable-rafter, caught at roost,
And goat shall miss her suckling in the morn;
Supper will want them ere the day decline.

Homer. So be it: I sing best when hearty cheer
Refreshes me, and hearty friend beside.

Laertes. Voyagers, who have heard thee, carried home
Strange stories; whether all be thy device
I know not: surely thou hadst been afraid
Some God or Goddess would have twitcht thine ear.

60

Homer. They often came about me while I slept,
And brought me dreams, and never lookt morose.
They loved thy son and for his sake loved me.

Laertes. Apollo, I well know, was much thy friend.

Homer. He never harried me as Marsyas
Was harried by him; lest he should, I sang
His praise in my best hymn: the Gods love praise.

70

Laertes. I should have thought the Gods would more approve
Good works than glossy words, for well they know
All we can tell them of themselves or us.
Have they enricht thee? for I see thy cloak
Is ragged.

Homer. Ragged cloak is songster's garb.

Laertes. I have two better; one of them for thee.

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. I

Penelope, who died five years ago,
Spun it, her husband wore it only once,
And 'twas upon the anniversary
Of their espousal.

Homer. Wear it I will not,
But I will hang it on the brightest nail
Of the first temple where Apollo sits,
Golden hair'd, in his glory.

80

Laertes. So thou shalt
If so it please thee: yet we first will quaff
The gifts of Bakkos, for methinks his gifts
Are quite as welcome to the sons of song
And cheer them oftener.

[AGATHA enters with a cup of wine.]

Maiden! come thou nigh,
And seat thee there, and thou shalt hear him sing,
After a while, what Gods might listen to:
But place that cup upon the board, and wait
Until the stranger hath assuaged his thirst,
For songmen, grasshoppers, and nightingales
Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist.

90

Homer. I sang to maidens in my prime; again,
But not before the morrow, will I sing;
Let me repose this noontide, since in sooth
Wine, a sweet solacer of weariness,
Helps to unload the burden.

Laertes. Lie then down
Along yon mat bestrown with rosemary,
Basil, and mint, and thyme.

100

She knows them all
And has her names for them, some strange enough.
Sound and refreshing then be thy repose!
Well may weak mortal seek the balm of sleep
When even the Gods require it, when the stars
Droop in their courses, and the Sun himself
Sinks on the swelling bosom of the sea.

Take heed there be no knot on any sprig;
After, bring store of rushes and long leaves
Of cane sweet-smelling from the inland bank
Of yon wide-wandering river over-sea
Famed for its swans; then open and take out
From the black chest the linen, never used
These many years, which thou (or one before)

110

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Spreadst for the Sun to bleach it; and be sure,
Be sure, thou smoothen with both hands his couch
Who has the power to make both young and old
Live throughout ages.

Agatha. And look well through all?

Laertes. Aye, and look better than they lookt before.

Agatha. I wish he would make me so, and without
My going for it anywhere below.

120

I am content to stay in Ithaca,
Where the dogs know me, and the ferryman
Asks nothing from me, and the rills are full
After the rain, and flowers grow everywhere,
And bees grudge not their honey, and the grape
Grows within reach, and figs, blue, yellow, green,
Without my climbing; boys, too, come at call;
And, if they hide the ripest, I know where
To find it, twist and struggle as they may;
Impudent boys! to make me bring it out,
Saying I shall not have it if I don't!

130

Laertes. How the child babbles! pardon her! behold
Her strength and stature have outgrown her wits!
In fourteen years thou thyself wast not wise.

Homer. My heart is freshen'd by a fount so pure
At its springhead; let it run on in light.
Most girls are wing'd with wishes, and can ill
Keep on their feet against the early gale
That blows impetuous on unguarded breast;
But this young maiden, I can prophecy,
Will be thy staff when other staff hath fail'd.

140

Agatha. May the Gods grant it! but not grant it yet!
Blessings upon thy head!

Homer. May they bestow
Their choicest upon thine! may they preserve
Thy comeliness of virtue many years
For him whose hand thy master joins to thine!

Agatha. O might I smoothen that mild wrinkled brow
With but one kiss!

Laertes. Take it. Now leave us, child,
And bid our good Metampos to prepare
That brazen bath wherein my rampant boy
Each morning lay full-length, struggling at first,
Then laughing as he splasht the water up

150

140 Metampos] ? mispr. for Melampos.

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. I

Against his mother's face bent over him.

Is this the Odysseus first at quoit and bar?

Is this the Odysseus call'd to counsel kings,

He whose name sounds beyond our narrow sea?

Agatha. O how I always love to hear that name!

Laertes. But linger not; pursue the task at hand:

Bethink thee 'tis for one who has the power

To give thee many days beyond old-age.

160

Agatha. O tell him not to do it if he can:

He cannot make youth stay: the swallows come

And go, youth goes, but never comes again.

Laertes. He can make heroes greater than they were.

Agatha. By making them lay by the wicked sword?

How I shall love him when he has done that!

Laertes. No, but he gives them strength by magic song.

Agatha. The strength of constancy to love but one?

As did Odysseus while he lived on earth,

And when he waited for her in the shades.

170

Laertes. The little jay! go, chatterer.

Agatha to Homer.

Do not think

O stranger, he is wroth; he never is

With Agatha, albeit he stamps and frowns

And shakes three fingers at her, and forbears

To do the like to any one beside.

Hark! the brass sounds, the bath is now prepared.

Laertes. More than the water shall her hand assuage

Thy weary feet, and lead thee back, now late.

178 now] nor MS. *emendation.*

HOMER. LAERTES. AGATHA.

In the Morning.

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

Homer. Whose is the soft and pulpy hand that lies

Athwart the ridges of my craggy one

Out of the bed? can it be Agatha's?

Agatha. I come to bring thee, while yet warm and frothy,

A draught of milk. Rise now, rise just half-up,

And drink it. Hark! the birds, two at a time,

Are singing in the terebinth. Our king

Hath taken down his staff and gone afield

To see the men begin their daily work.

Sub-title. Above In . . . morning 1876 has: SECOND DAY.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Homer. Go thou to thine: I will arise. How sweet
Was that goat's milk! 10

Agatha. We have eleven below,
All milchers. Wouldst thou now the tepid bath?

Homer. Rather when thou hast laid on the left-hand
My sandals within reach; bring colder lymph
To freshen more the frame-work of mine eyes,
For eyes there are, altho their orbs be dark.

Agatha. 'Tis here; let me apply it.

Homer. Bravely done!
Why standest thou so still and taciturn?

Agatha. The king my master hath forbidden me
Ever to ask a question: if I might, 20
And were not disobedience such a sin,
I would ask *thee*, so gentle and so wise,
Whether the story of that bad Calypso
Can be all true, for it would grieve me sorely
To think thou wouldst repeat it were it false,
And some ill-natured God (such Gods there are)
Would punish thee, already too afflicted.

Homer. My child! the Muses sang the tale I told,
And they know more about that wanton Nymph
Than they have uttered into mortal ear. 30
I do rejoice to find thee fond of truth.

Agatha. I was not always truthful. I have smarted
For falsehood, under Queen Penelope,
When I was little. I should hate to hear
More of that wicked creature who detain'd
Her lord from her, and tried to win his love.
I knew 'twas very wrong of me to listen.

Homer. A pardonable fault: we wish for listeners
Whether we speak or sing, the young and old
Alike are weak in this, unwise and wise, 40
Cheerful and sorrowful.

Agatha. O! look up yonder!
Why dost thou smile? everything makes thee smile
At silly Agatha, but why just now?

Homer. What was the sight?

Agatha. O inconsiderate
O worse than inconsiderate! cruel! cruel!

Homer. Tell me, what was it? I can see thro' speech.

Agatha. A tawny bird above; he prowls for hours,
Sailing on wilful wings that never flag

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. II

Until they drop headlong to seize the prey.
The hinds shout after him and make him soar
Eastward: our little birds are safe from kites
And idler boys. 50

'Tis said (can it be true?)
In other parts men catch the nightingale
To make it food.

Homer. Nay, men eat men.

Agatha. Ye Gods!

But men hurt one another, nightingales
Console the weary with unwearied song,
Until soft slumber on the couch descends.
The king my master and Penelope
Forbade the slaughter or captivity
Of the poor innocents who trusted them,
Nor robbed them even of the tiniest grain. 60

Homer. Generous and tender is thy master's heart,
Warm as the summer, open as the sky.

Agatha. How true! how I do love thee for these words!
Stranger, didst thou not hear him wail aloud,
Groan after groan, broken, but ill suppress,
When thou recitedst in that plaintive tone
How Anticleia met her son again
Amid the shades below?

Thou shouldst have stopt
Before that tale was told by thee; that one
At least was true, if none were true before. 70
In vain, O how in vain, I smote my breast
To keep more quiet what would beat within!
Never were words so sweet, so sad, as those.
I sobb'd apart, I could not check my tears:
Laertes too, tho' stronger, could not his,
They glistened in their channels and would run,
Nor could he stop them with both hands: he heard
My sobs, and call'd me little fool for them;
Then did he catch and hold me to his bosom, 80
And bid me never do the like again.

Homer. The rains in their due season will descend,
And so will tears; they sink into the heart
To soften, not to hurt it. The best men
Have most to weep for, whether foren lands
Receive them (or stil worse!) a home estranged.

Agatha. Listen. I hear the merry yelp of dogs,

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

And now the ferrel'd staff drops in the hall,
And now the master's short and hurried step
Advances: here he is: turn round, turn round.

90

Laertes. Hast thou slept well, Mæonides?

Homer.

I slept

Three hours ere sunrise, 'tis my wont, at night
I lie awake for nearly twice as long.

Laertes. Ay; singing birds wake early, shake their plumes,
And carol ere they feed. Sound was thy sleep?

Homer. I felt again, but felt it undisturb'd,
The pelting of the little curly waves,
The slow and heavy stretch of rising billows,
And the rapidity of their descent.

100

I thought I heard a Triton's shell, a song
Of sylvian Nymph, and laughter from behind
Trees not too close for voices to come thro',
Or beauty, if Nymph will'd it, to be seen;
And then a graver and a grander sound
Came from the sky, and last a long applause.

Laertes. Marvellous things are dreams! methinks we live
An age in one of them, we traverse lands
A lifetime could not reach, bring from the grave
Inhabitants who never met before,
And vow we will not leave an absent friend
We long have left, and who leaves *us* ere morn.

110

Homer. Dreams are among the blessings Heaven bestows
On weary mortals; nor are they least
Altho' they disappoint us and are gone
When we awake! 'Tis pleasant to have caught
The clap of hands below us from the many,
Amid the kisses of the envious few.
There is a pride thou knowest not, *Laertes*,
In carrying the best strung and loudest harp.

Laertes. Apollo, who deprived thee of thy light
When youth was fresh and nature bloom'd around,
Bestowed on thee gifts never dim with age,
And rarely granted to impatient youth.
The crown thou wearest reddens not the brow
Of him who wears it worthily; but some

120

91 Mæonides] Misonides mispr. 1863. ll. 100-5 printed in INSERTIONS 186.
in text 1876. ll. 112-19 printed in INSERTIONS 1863, in text 1876. After l. 11
Landor wished to insert: That vibrates to deserving hearts alone. *This addition we*
sent too late.

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. II

Are snatcht by violence, some purloin'd by fraud,
Some dripping blood, not by the Gods unseen.

To thee, O wise Mæonides, to thee

Worthless is all that glitters and attracts

The buzzing insects of a summer hour.

130

The Gods have given thee what themselves enjoy,

And they alone, glory through endless days.

The Lydian king Sarpedon never swayed

Such sceptre, nor did Glaucos his compeer,

Nor Priam. Priam was about my age,

He had more sorrows than I ever had;

I lost one son, some fifty Priam lost;

This is a comfort, I may rub my palms

Thinking of this, and bless the Powers above.

Homer. One wicked son brought down their vengeance on him, 140

And his wide realms invited numerous foes.

Laertes. Alas! alas! are there not cares enow

In ruling nearly those five thousand heads,

Men, women, children; arbitrating right

And wrong, and hearing maids and mothers wail

For flax blown off the cliff when almost bleacht,

And curlew tamed in vain and fled away,

Albeit one wing was shortened; then approach

To royal ear the whisper that the bird

Might peradventure have alighted nigh,

150

And hist upon the charcoal, skinn'd and split.

Bounteous as are the Gods, where is the wealth

To stop these lamentations with a gift

Adequate to such losses? words are light,

And words come opposite, with heavy groans.

Homer. The pastor of the people may keep watch,

Yet cares as wakeful creep into the fold.

Laertes. Beside these city griefs, what mortal knows

The anxieties about my scattered sheep?

Some bleating for lost offspring, some for food,

160

Scanty in winter, scantier in the drought

Of Sirius; then again the shrubs in spring;

Cropt close, ere barely budded, by the goats.

Methinks these animals are over-nice

About their food, else might they pick sea-weeds,

But these foresooth they trample on, nor deign

133 Lydian] Lycian MS. *emendation.* 145 wail] *mispr. wail; 1863.* 166 fore-
sooth] *forsooth 1876.*

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

To taste even samphire, which their betters cull.
There also are some less solitudes
About those rocks, when plunderers from abroad
Would pilfer eggs and nestlings; my own folk
Are abstinent, without their king's decree.

170

Homer. To help thee in such troubles, and in worse,
Where is thy brave Telemakos?

Laertes. That youth
Is gone to rule Dulikeon, where the soil
Tho' fitter than our Ithaca for tilth,
Bears only turbulence and idleness.
He with his gentle voice and his strong arm,
Will bring into due train the restive race.

Homer. Few will contend with gentleness and youth,
Even of those who strive against the Laws,
But some subvert them who could best defend,
And in whose hands the Gods have placed the sword.
On the mainland there are, unless report
Belie them, princes who, possessing realms
Wider than sight from mountain-head can reach,
Would yet invade a neighbour's stony croft,
Pretending danger to their citadels
From fishermen ashore, and shepherd boys
Who work for daily and but scanty bread,
And wax the reeds to pipe at festivals,
Where the dogs snarl at them above the bones.

180

190

Laertes. What! would the cloth'd in purple, as are some,
Rip off the selvage from a ragged coat?
Accursed be the wretch, and whosoe'er
Upholds him, or connives at his misdeeds.
Away with thoughts that sadden even this hour.

Homer. I would indeed away with 'em, but wrath
Rings on the lyre and swells above the song.
It shall be heard by those who stand on high,
But shall not rouse the lowlier, long oppress,
Who might be madden'd at his broken sleep,
And wrenching out the timbers of his gate
Batter the prince's down.

200

Laertes. Ye Gods forbid!
Thou makest the skin creep upon my flesh,
Albeit the danger lies from me afar.
Now surely this is but a songman's tale,
Yet songman never here discourst like thee,

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. II

Or whispered in low voice what thou hast sung,
Striking the lyre so that the strings all trembled.
Are people anywhere grown thus unruly?

210

Homer. More are they who would rule than would be ruled,
Yet one must govern, else all run astray.
The strongest are the calm and equitable,
And kings at best are men, nor always that.

Laertes. I have known many who have call'd me friend,
Yet would not warn me tho' they saw ten skiffs
Grating the strand with three score thieves in each.

Curse on that chief across the narrow sea,
Who drives whole herds and flocks innumerable,
And whose huge presses groan with oil and wine
Year after year, yet fain would carry off
The crying kid, and strangle it for crying.
Alas, Mæonides, the weakest find
Strength enough to inflict deep injuries.
Much have I borne, but 'twas from those below;
Thou knowest not the gross indignities
From goat-herd and from swine-herd I endur'd
When my Odysseus had gone far away;
How they consumed my substance, how the proud
Divided my fat kine in this my house,
And wooed before mine eyes Penelope,
Reluctant and absconding til return'd
Her lawful lord, true, chaste, as she herself.

220

230

Homer. I know it, and remotest men shall know.
If we must suffer wrong, 'tis from the vile
The least intolerable.

Laertes. True, my son
Avenged me: more than one God aided him,
But one above the rest; the Deity
Of wisdom, stronger even than him of war,
Guided the wanderer back, and gave the arms
And will and prowess to subdue our foes,
And their own dogs lapt up the lustful blood
Of the proud suitors. Sweet, sweet is revenge;
Her very shadow, running on before,
Quickens our pace until we hold her fast.

240

Homer. Rather would I sit quiet than pursue.

Laertes. Now art thou not, from such long talk, athirst?

ll. 223-46 printed in INSERTIONS 1863, in text 1876.
Mæonides 1863.

223 Mæonides] mispr.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Split this pomegranate then, and stoop the jar.
Hold! I can stoop it: take this cup . . 'tis fill'd.

Homer. Zeus! God of hospitality! vouchsafe
To hear my prayer, as thou hast often done,
That, when thy lightnings spring athwart the sea,
And when thy thunders shake from brow to base
The Acrokerauneans, thy right hand protect
This Ithaca, this people, and this king!*

250

* It has been doubted and denied that Homer and Laertes were contemporary. [L.]

LAERTES. HOMER. AGATHA.

THIRD DAY.

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

Laertes. And now, Mæonides, the sun hath risen
These many spans above the awaken'd earth,
Sing me that hymn, which thou hast call'd thy best,
In glory to the God who gives it light.

First I will call the child to hear thee sing,
For girls remember well and soon repeat
What they have heard of sacred more or less.
I must forbear to join in it, although
That blessed God hath helpt to rear my grain
High as my knee, and made it green and strong.
Alas! I cackle when I aim to sing,
Which I have sometimes done at festivals,
But, ere a word were out, methought I felt
A beard of barley sticking in my throat.

10

(*Agatha enters.*)

Now, with a trail of honey down the cup
(*Agatha, drop it in*), commence thy chaunt.

(*About the 500th verse Laertes falls asleep: awakening he finds Agatha in the same state, and chides her.*)

Hast thou no reverence for a song inspired?

Agatha (in a whisper). Hush! O my king and lord, or he may hear.
You were asleep the first: I kept my eyes
Wide open, opener than they ever were,
While I do think I could have counted more
Than half a thousand of those words divine,
Had both my hands not dropt upon my lap.

20

Laertes. Another time beware of drowsiness

Sub-title. *Wrongly placed above title in 1863.*
an error here corrected.

1. *Laertes.*] *Homer 1863, 1876,*

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. III

When reverend men discourse about the Gods.
Now lead him forth into the cooler porch,
Entreating him that he will soon renew
His praises of Apollo.

Agatha. I will bear
Your words to him; he might care less for mine,
And, sooth to say, I would much rather hear
Some other story, where more men than Gods
Shine on the field.

30

Laertes. Of men thou know'st enough.

Agatha. Too much: then why show Gods almost as bad?
They can not be . . . least of all Artemis;
'Twas she directed and preserved Odysseus.

Laertes. Blessings upon thee! While thou wast a babe
He fondled thee, nor saw when thou couldst walk.
Few love so early or so long: We say
We love the Gods: we lie; the seen alone
We love, to those unseen we may be grateful.

40

Agatha. But when they are no more before our eyes . . .

Laertes. That never is, altho' earth come between.
Perplex not thou thy simple little head
With what the wise were wiser to let be.

Agatha. I go, and will not be again perplexed.

(*Aside.*)

He has been dozing while we have conversed.

Mæonides! rise and take this arm
To lead thee where is freshness in the porch.
My master tells me thou another time
Wilt finish that grand hymn about Apollo.
Hast thou no shorter one for Artemis?

50

Homer. Such thou shalt have for her, but not to-day.

Agatha. O, I can wait, so (I am sure) can she.

Homer. Faint are the breezes here, less faint above;
Gladly then would I mount that central peak
Which overlooks the whole of Ithaca,
That peak I well remember I once clomb
(What few could do) without the help of beast.

Agatha. Here are sure-footed ones, who weed our thistles,
And give us milk, grey dappled as the dawn:
Their large and placid eyes well know that path,
And they will safely bring us to the top
And back again, treading more warily
Than up the ascent.

60

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

I will call forth two boys
To lead them, without switches in the fist.
These two can lift thee up; I at thy side
Require no help, and can whisk off the flies.

Homer. I know not what impels me to retrace
Scenes I can see no more: but so it is
Thro' life.

If thou art able, lead me forth,
And let none follow; we are best alone.

70

Agatha. Come forward ye.
Now lift up carefully
The noblest guest that ever king received
And the Gods favor most.

Well done! now rest,
Nor sing nor whistle til we all return,
And reach the chesnut and enjoy the shade.

Homer (at the summit). I think we must be near the highest point,
For now the creatures stop, who struggled hard,
And the boys neither cheer 'em, nor upbraid.
'Tis somewhat to have mounted up so high,
Profitless as it is, nor without toil.

80

Agatha. Dost thou feel weary?

Homer. Short as was the way
It shook my aged bones at every step;
My shoulders ache, my head whirls round and round.

Agatha. Lean on my shoulder, place thy head on mine,
'Tis low enough.

What were those words? . . I heard
Imperfectly . . . shame on me! Dost thou smile?

Homer. Child! hast thou ever seen an old man die?

Agatha. The Gods defend me from so sad a sight!

Homer. Sad if he die in agony, but blest
If friend be nigh him, only one true friend.

90

Agatha. Tho' most of thine be absent, one remains;
Is not Laertes worthy of the name?

Homer. And Agatha, who tends me to the last.

Agatha. I will, I will indeed, when comes that hour.

Homer. That hour is come.

Let me lay down my head
On the cool turf; there I am sure to rest.

Agatha (after a pause). How softly old men sigh! Sleep, gentle soul!
He turns his face to me. Ah how composed!
Surely he sleeps already . . . hand and cheek

100

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. III

Are colder than such feeble breeze could make 'em.
Mæonides! hearest thou Agatha?
He hears me not . . . Can it . . . can it be . . . death?
Impossible . . . 'tis death . . . 'tis death indeed . . .
Then, O ye Gods of heaven! who would not die,
If thus to rest eternal, he descend?

O, my dear lord! how shall I comfort thee?
How look unto thy face and tell my tale,
And kneeling clasp thy knee? to be repulst
Were hard, but harder to behold thy grief.*

110

*This poem could not come in time for its proper place. The following note was subjoined:

Homer's age is uncertain. He may have been, or may not, the contemporary of Laertes. Chronology and poesy are not twins. Two heavy volumes might never have befallen us if their author had consulted *Pericles and Aspasia*. Among the hymns attributed to Homer is one to Apollo, which may well have made an old man and a young girl somnolent. [L. In 1876 ed. Forster added within brackets: The "two heavy volumes" were the first two volumes of Mr. Gladstone's work on Homer. "Whatever", said Lander, "is worth noting in them may be found in *Pericles and Aspasia*."—W.]

[14]

THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

Hippolyta. Eternal hatred I have sworn against
The persecutor of my sisterhood;
In vain, proud son of Ægeus, hast thou snapt
Their arrows and derided them; in vain
Leadest thou me a captive; I can die,
And die I will.

Theseus. Nay; many are the years
Of youth and beauty for Hippolyta.

Hippolyta. I scorn my youth, I hate my beauty. Go!
Monster! of all the monsters in these wilds
Most frightful and most odious to my sight.

10

Theseus. I boast not that I saved thee from the bow
Of Scythian.

Hippolyta. And for what? to die disgraced.
Strong as thou art, yet thou art not so strong
As Death is, when we call him for support.

Theseus. Him too will I ward off; he strikes me first,
Hippolyta long after, when these eyes
Are closed, and when the knee that supplicates
Can bend no more.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Hippolyta. Is the man mad?

Theseus. He is.

Hippolyta. So, thou canst tell one truth, however false
In other things.

Theseus. What other? Thou dost pause, 20
And thine eyes wander over the smooth turf
As if some gem (but gem thou wearest not)
Had fallen from the remnant of thy hair.

Hippolyta! speak plainly, answer me,
What have I done to raise thy fear or hate?

Hippolyta. Fear I despise, perfidy I abhor.
Unworthy man! did Heracles delude
The maids who trusted him?

Theseus. Did ever I?
Whether he did or not, they never told me:
I would have chided him.

Hippolyta. Thou chide him! thou! 30
The Spartan mothers well remember thee.

Theseus. Scorn adds no beauty to the beautiful.
Heracles was beloved by Omphalè,
He never parted from her, but obey'd
Her slightest wish, as Theseus will Hippolyta's.

Hippolyta. Then leave me, leave me instantly; I know
The way to my own country.

Theseus. This command,
And only this, my heart must disobey.
My country shall be thine, and there thy state
Regal.

Hippolyta. Am I a child? give me my own, 40
And keep for weaker heads thy diadems.
Thermodon I shall never see again,
Brightest of rivers, into whose clear depth
My mother plunged me from her warmer breast,
And taught me early to divide the waves
With arms each day more strong, and soon to chase
And overtake the father swan, nor heed
His hoarser voice or his uplifted wing.

Where are my sisters? Are there any left?

Theseus. I hope it.

Hippolyta. And I fear it: theirs may be 50
A fate like mine; which, O ye Gods, forbid!

Theseus. I pity thee, and would assuage thy grief.

Hippolyta. Pity me not; thy anger I could bear.

THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA

Theseus. There is no place for anger where thou art.
Commiseration even men may feel
For those who want it: even the fiercer beasts
Lick the sore-wounded of a kindred race,
Hearing their cry, albeit they may not help.

Hippolyta. This is no falsehood: and can he be false
Who speaks it?

I remember not the time
When I have wept, it was so long ago.
Thou forcest tears from me, because . . because . .
I can not hate thee as I ought to do.

60

[15]

HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

[PROEM.]

Hippomenes and Atalanta strove
To win a race: he lov'd her; but she shunn'd
All lovers, and her royal sire had sworn
That none should marry her unless the one
Swifter of foot, believing none could match
His girl in fleetness, and decreed that all
Should surely die who fail'd in such attempt.
Courageously came forth Hippomenes.
She once beheld him, and she pitied him,
For she had made a vow to Artemis
That she would never violate a word
Her father had exacted.

10

Now the hour
Had come to prove her faith; the venturous youth
Stood now before her. Down she cast her eyes,
And cried in broken words, "Rash youth! depart,
The Fates (thou seest them not) are close behind;
Seven brave youths, hardly less brave than thou,
Have fallen for contending in the race
With wretched Atalanta . . . Go."

Hippomenes. To live
For Atalanta is the first of glory,
To die for her the next: this they enjoyed
In death, the better they bequeathe to me.

20

Atalanta. Pity I gave them, do not ask for more,

22 bequeathe] bequeath 1876.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Nor for such cause; let me not weep again,
Let that be the last time.

Hippomenes. So may it be!
So shall it; for the Gods have given me strength
And confidence: one name for victory.
Certain I am to win.

Atalanta. No, thou rash boy!
If thou must try such hazard . . if thou must . . .
Must? what impels thee? madness! There is time 30
Yet to turn back; I do implore thee . . go.
Artemis sees me.

Hippomenes. Aphrodite sees
Me, and smiles on me, and instructs me how . .
Atalanta. Cease, cease, this instant: I abhor the name;
My Goddess hates her, should not I? I do.

Hippomenes. I love all Goddesses, the kindest most,
And I beseech her now to make me grateful.
Atalanta. All I can hope for is thy swift escape;
Be prompt: I see white sails below the cliff;
My father soon shall know 'twas my command, 40
He wills obedience, he shall value thine,
And send thee gifts.

Hippomenes. I want but one, which one
The king shall give me.

Atalanta. What is that?

Hippomenes. This hand.

Atalanta. And snatchest thou my hand? audacious creature!
No man hath dared to touch it until now,
Nor I conversed with any half so long.

Hippomenes. Not half so long have any loved as I.

Atalanta. Insane! it was but yesterday we met.

Hippomenes. In yesterday, its day and night, lay years.

Atalanta. I never was dissembler. I will pass 50
Unyoked thro' life.

Hippomenes. O Atalanta! love
No yoke imposes, he removes the heaviest
The Destinies would throw around the neck
Of youth, who wearies in the dismal way
Of lonely life.

Atalanta. I do not comprehend
Those flighty words, they sound like idle song.

Hippomenes. Scoff not, add not another to the seven,
Without a race for it; my breath is failing.

HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA

Atalanta. O perfidy! to make me weep again!
Others too may have loved.

Hippomenes. But not like me; 60
Else would the Gods have rais'd them to themselves,
Ay, and above themselves, in happiness,
Crowning the best of them with amaranth.

Atalanta. Zeus holds the scales of weal and woe.

Hippomenes. Zeus holds them,
But little Eros with light finger stoops
The balance-bowl: Zeus shakes his head and smiles.

Atalanta. What wouldst thou?

Hippomenes. Thee; thee only; no rich ile,
No far dominion over land and sea.

Atalanta. Easier to win than what thou seekest here.

Remember last year's fruit; it lies beneath 70
The seven hillocks of yon turf, ill-squared
And disunited yet, on the left hand.
Shame! thus to weaken me in my resolve,
And break my father's heart! no, thou shalt not.

Hippomenes. I blame not tears for those who bravely fell.

Atalanta. I never did shed tears, and never will.
Come, let us lose no time, if strive we must.
The sword is level here and sound and soft;
Throw off thy sandals, I will throw off mine.
Start.

[EPILOGUE.]

They both started; he, by one stride, first, 80
For she half pitied him so beautiful,
Running to meet his death, yet was resolved
To conquer: soon she near'd him, and he felt
The rapid and repeated gush of breath
Behind his shoulder.

From his hand now dropt
A golden apple: she lookt down and saw
A glitter on the grass, yet on she ran.
He dropt a second; now she seem'd to stoop:
He dropt a third; and now she stoopt indeed: 90
Yet, swifter than a wren picks up a grain
Of millet, rais'd her head: it was too late,
Only one step, only one breath, too late.
Hippomenes had toucht the maple goal
With but two fingers, leaning pronely forth.
She stood in mute despair; the prize was won.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Now each walkt slowly forward, both so tired,
And both alike breathed hard, and stopt at times.
When he turn'd round to her, she lowered her face
Cover'd with blushes, and held out her hand,
The golden apple in it.

"Leave me now,"
Said she, "I must walk homeward."

100

He did take
The apple and the hand.

"Both I detain,"
Said he, "the other two I dedicate
To the two Powers that soften virgin hearts,
Eros and Aphroditè; and this one
To her who ratifies the nuptial vow."

She would have wept to see her father weep;
But some God pitied her, and purple wings
(What God's were they?) hovered and interposed.

[16]

SAPPHO, ALCÆUS, ANACREON, PHAON

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

Sappho. I wonder at the malice of the herd
Against us poets. O what calumnies
Do those invent who can invent nought else!
'Tis said, Alcæus, thou hast run away
From battle.

Alcæus. Idlers show no idleness
In picking up and spreading false reports.
Nay, 'tis said also (thing incredible)
That women carry them from house to house,
And twirl and sniff them as they would a rose.
Nothing is lighter than an empty tale,
Or carried farther on with fresh relays;
No ball do children leap at with more glee,
Catch, and look more triumphant, than do men
At lies: such men, day after day, come here:
Yet, Sappho, which among the worst can say
I love thee not?

10

Sappho. Well, well!

Alcæus. To be beloved
By Sappho raises mortal nigh the Gods
In bliss and glory; not to love her sinks
The proudest head below the beasts that perish.

SAPPHO, ALCÆUS, ANACREON, PHAON

They who look down from heaven into our hearts 20
See truth, how deep! in mine.

Sappho. They know the true,
They know the brave, and value them alike.

Anacreon. Pick up thy shield, man! There was no delay
Upon that meadow, soft to run upon,
Where even the tenderest grass seem'd strong enough
To impede thee like a barrier, every reed
A pointed spear, and every twittering bird
Sounded like trumpet, when two lifted hands
Shielded two ears upright as leveret's.

Sappho. I never thought Anacreon was so fierce, 30
But even doves are vicious now and then.

Alcæus. I burn to smite him on the mouth for this.

Sappho. Sit down, Alcæus; none are angry here.
Do wise men rear and start at sparks of wit?

Alcæus. Sparks fly up, drop, and die; pure incense burns
Without them.

Sappho. Incense usually begins
In smoke, and ends in ashes.

Alcæus. Not so mine.

Sappho. I wish thy voice attuned to notes less grave.

Alcæus. Ah! can it ever be attuned to thine?
Love checks it.

Anacreon. Love, it seems, may check thy tongue, 40
But not thy feet. I wish my verses ran
On feet as light as those which left their soles
Behind them at the clarion's nearer blasts;
The lightest lyre would have been heavy there.

Sappho. (*Phaon entering.*) Be calm, Alcæus! be less petulant,
Anacreon! Thy persuasive voice, my Phaon,
May harmonize these wranglers.

Phaon. Ah! what voice
Could ever harmonize like thine the chords
Of the most rigid breast! a ray of thine
Awakes to song, as the bright Morn awakes 50
Upon the desert sand her Memnon's lyre.

Anacreon. By Zeus! he beats us both. Sing, sing away,
Alcæus! I will try another time.

(*To Sappho.*)

Already this brave warrior hath confest
His voice defective in the praise of thee.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Alcæus. I did confess it, and will prove it now.

(*Sings.*)

Glory of Lesbos! where Apollo's hand
Led thee among us mortals, nor withdrew
When Aphroditè claim'd thee for her own,
Over what distant ages shalt thou pass, 60
And thro' what distant regions men shall hear
The song of Sappho, and her praise in all.

Phaon (to Sappho). I hate such sing-song from my very soul;
'Tis only proper for hard-fisted girls
Who, crouching on low tressel, milk the goat.
As for that tippler on the other side,
I often hear his verses in the street;
There children stagger, imitating him,
And he runs sidelong after them, and trips.

Sappho. Why lookest thou so gloomily? say, speak. 70
Surely thou art not jealous, like a poet.

Phaon. Jealous I am not; but can ill endure
To see a rival wear a gift of thine.

Sappho. I would not give it hadst thou not been by.

Phaon. Songsters are ever most importunate.

Sappho. We like a bird to sing to us sometimes.

Phaon. Some birds would put their beaks on softer ones.

Sappho. I have known maidens let their sparrow do it,
Holding the wing on purpose.

Thou art cold

And peevish: be what thou hast been till now. 80
Whenever Phaon came, all went away,
As those have done.

Phaon. But thou hast given my gift,
If mine it was.

Sappho. O cruelest of words!
Were it not thine, and worn till it was dead,
The kitten had been tearing it for play;
I wore it only for thy coming, sure
To have a fresher, so now give it me,
Or lay it on the table: if not, take
Some trouble with it in a fitter place,
Where thou hast often spent much time and tried 90
Contrivances, and tried again, to bend
A riotous curl obedient to thy will.

Phaon. Forgive me, Sappho. Let me twine it round
Thy sudden'd brow: how hot it is! Had love

SAPPHO, ALCÆUS, ANACREON, PHAON

And not vexation caus'd it, even then
I might almost have griev'd. Yes! any pain
Thou feelest, I feel more.

Sappho. Of love?

Phaon. That worst.

Until thy breath wafted it all away.

Sappho. When thy love perishes, I shall believe
The Gods have perisht too, one only left,
And he to laugh and taunt me.

Phaon. Truth herself

Shall first leave earth and heaven. Now wipe thine eyes.

Sappho. Thou shalt then lower thy lips,

Phaon. And crush that smile?

103 smile?] so in errata 1863: smile. in text 1863, 1876.

[17]

THE TRIAL OF ÆSCHYLOS

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

Judge. Bring into court the culprit, him accused
Of having, and deliberately, betray'd
The mysteries of Eleusis.

Æschylos. Here I stand,
No culprit, and no jailer brings me forth.

Judge. Hast thou not, Æschylos, divulged the rites
Taught by Demeter?

Æschylos. What have I divulged
Beside the truths the Gods to men impart,
And none beside the worthy do they trust.
The human breast they open and they close,
And who can steal their secrets? who shall dare
Infringe their laws, or who arraign their will?
Ye men of Athens! before *you* I stand,
Known to ye long ago, nor only here,
But on the plain of Marathon: who flincht
In that fierce fray? did I? and shall I now?
The brave man venerates, the base man fears,
I scorn to supplicate, or even to plead,
For well I know there is a higher court,
A court of last appeal.

Judge. We know it not;
Where is it situated?

Æschylos. In man's heart.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

In life it may be barr'd, so dark that none
See into it, not he himself; Death comes,
And then the Furies leave their grove and strike.

Citizen. He spake no wiser words upon the stage,
Where all men speak their wisest and their best.

Another Citizen. I wish he had not said a word about
Those Furies; Death is bad enough.

First Citizen. Hush! hush!

The Arkon rises up and waves his hand.

Judge. What say ye, men of Athens, to the charge
Ye heard denounced this morning? Are ye mute?

30

Sadness I see in some, in others wrath,
Wrath ill becomes the seat I occupy;
And even sadness I would fain suppress.
But who can bear irreverence to his Gods?
Their profanation (by your laws) is death.

Amyntos. (*Rushes forward and bares his brother's scars.*) What have
these merited? These wounds he won
From Persia, nothing else. Let others show
The purple vestures, stript from satraps slain,
He slew them, and left those for weaker hands
To gather up, and to adorn their wives.

40

(*To Æschylos.*)

Æschylos. Amyntos is my brother, so are ye,
But why display my ragged white-faced scar?
Why show the place where one arm *was*, if one
Keeps yet its own? this left can wield the sword.

Amyntos. Fling not thy cloak about thee, nor turn round,
Nay, brother, thou shalt not conceal the scars
With that one hand yet left thee.

Citizens!

Behold the man, that impious man, who smote
Those who defiled the altars of your Gods.
Look up: is Pallas standing on yon hill?
She would not have been standing there unless
Men like the man before ye had well fought
At Marathon, not braver than some here
Who fought with him and bound his shattered limb.
If Æschylos your comrade had profaned
Her mysteries, would Demeter since have blest

50

36 *Amyntos*] *rectius* Ameinias younger brother of Æschylos: error repeated throughout the scene. 40 (*To Æschylos.*)] *rightly om.* 1876. 56 *since*] in errata 1863, not in text 1863, 1876.

THE TRIAL OF ÆSCHYLOS

Your fields with what we call the staff of life,
To give ye strength and courage to protect
Your country, wives, and friends.

Ye want him not,
But ye may miss him in the hour of need.
If irreligious wretch hath violated
What all hold sacred, Æschylos not least,
To death condemn him.

60

Weep not thou, whoe'er
Thou art, nor stamp thou other, no, nor shout,
Impatient men! impatient as for battle.
If there be any here who deem him guilty,
To death condemn him, or to worse than death,
Drive him from Athens, bid him raise no more
Your hearts and souls, for he no more can fight
To save our country, nor call heroes down
To stand before ye, not more brave than he,
Alas! alas! nor more unfortunate.

70

Citizen. Truth, by the Gods! thou speakest.

Judge.

Speak ye too,

Judges who sit beside me.

Judges.

Thou art absolved

By all the people; we confirm the voice.

Æschylos, go in peace.

Citizen.

In glory go.

Are there no clarions nigh, to waft him home
With their strong blast? no harp to ring before?

Another Citizen. No olive? none there had been but for him
In all this land.

80

Another Citizen. At least we can raise up
Our voices to the hymn they have begun,
And call our children to come forth and kiss
The threshold that our Æschylos hath crost.*

* The trial of Æschylos for *δοσιπεία* is said to have taken place 468 B.C., after his defeat by Sophocles in a tragic contest. [W.]

[18]

DAMOCLES AND HIERA

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

Hiera. A kiss, indeed! was ever boy so bold?
Who taught you such bad manners? Run away,
Or presently I may be very angry:

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Stay; beg my pardon first. You look ashamed,
And shame becomes the guilty. Kiss, indeed!
Did ever maid or mortal hear the like!
How many summers have you seen above
Twelve at the most? I a whole twelvemonth more.
Learn to revere your elders in your youth.

Damocles. Shake not my arm, it makes me feel so strange. 10
I do ask pardon, lovely Hiera.

Hiera. Gods give me power to grant it! I am weak
From such a sudden and severe a blow.

Damocles. I am not; though I should be: 'twas so wrong.

Hiera. The Gods take pity on the penitent.

Damocles. Do maidens never? can they do amiss
In doing what the Gods do?

Hiera. You perplex me;
To question so the deeds of those above
Is impious.

Damocles. I would pray, but first to you,
For you are like them in all other things, 20
Why not in this?

Hiera. You talk beyond your years:
Only rude men talk so.

Damocles. Give but one sign
Of pardon.

Hiera. And what sign?

Damocles. Dare I repeat
What I implored?

Hiera. What was it? I forget.

Damocles. One kiss; I ask but one.

Hiera. You foolish boy!
Well: take it: I don't give it, mind you that.

[EPILOGUE.]

He gave the one; she added twenty more
For his obedience; and he never sued
After that eventide.

A swain averr'd
That he descried in the deep wood a cheek 30
At first aslant, then lower, then eclips'd.
Another said it was not in the wood,
But in the grotto near the water-fall,
And he alone had seen it.

The dispute
Ran high; a third declared that both were wrong.

A MODERN GREEK IDYL

[Published in *The Athenæum*, April 22, 1854; reprinted by Thomas J. Wise for private circulation, 1917. See notes at end of volume.]

[INTRODUCTION.]

In the *Household Words*, a publication which I think will have imparted more of pure pleasure and of useful knowledge than any since the invention of letters, I find the rudiments of a story on which this Idyl is founded. [L.]

Mother, Gregorios, Nikolaos, Demetrios.

Mother. Moping for ever, in the house or out,
I hate the sight of thee, but gladly go
To see thee station'd in a fitter place,
Among yon rocks and brambles, with wild beasts.

Gregorios. Mother! sweet mother! what hath Mitri done
That he should leave us, leave his home and friends,
And never visit more his father's grave?

Mother. Silence! Gregorios! Thou rebellest too?

Gregorios. Speak, Nikolaos! none can hear unmoved
Thy thrilling voice or cross thy winning way.

10

Nikolaos. O let my tears . .

Mother. Child! girl! and tears for *him*?
Knuckling thy knees too? Seest a saint? thou fool!

Nikolaos. In a son's eyes a mother is a saint,
And saints, O mother! saints are merciful.

Mother. Shame, shame upon thee! this is blasphemy.
I have been alway, mother, wife, or maid,
A just and virtuous woman, yet no saint.
Hereafter . . maybe . . ah! 'twere sin to say . .
I never hoped it, never thought it I . .
Humility is all I have to boast.

20

Nikolaos to Demetrios. I can not leave thee mid such tangled brakes,
Such wolf-like haunts, such pining solitudes,
As those before us: he will tend our mother.

Demetrios. Enter not this dark gorge: here let us part
Where there is sunshine.

Kind it is in you,
My brothers (but ye always have been kind)
To come so far: we might have said farewell
At the house-door.

'Tis kinder stil in you
O mother, who had never come one step
With me these many years, nor spoken word

30

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Of gentleness, but wisht me far away.

Ah! far is he away who never sees

A parent's face, nor hopes to see it more.

Gregorios. Hearest thou? hearest thou thro those thick sobs
The struggling voice in manly pangs emmewed?

Recall him . . there is time, swift as he goes.

Nikolaos. Recall him, and beyond the lonely porch.

Mother. He chose it for himself in sun or snow;

He chooses now . . may he enjoy . . the woods.

Demetrios. Woods, mountains, oceans, separate not hearts; 40

One word, one look, one waft of kindred hand,

One moment's silence in reply, divides

What would cling close, cling ever. But, alas,

When the strong ivy hath been stript away,

And traild along the ground, and trampled on,

How shall it ever climb the wall again?

Mother! I must have given you much grief

For you to give me what I suffer now.

Mother! we part for ever; may both griefs

Be mine alone henceforth, all mine, all mine, 50

Even to the bitterest dregs that choak the soul

Faint with long suffering.

Brothers! ye have loved

Your Mitri; ye have fondled him and cheer'd

In childhood; and it made you feel like men,

When Laos was not stronger much than I.

Nikolaos. God ever strengthens the protecting arm
And blesses him who rears it o'er the weak.

Demetrios. Until this day our worst of angry words
Were when we played, and one in play excel'd.

Gregorios. Ay, then the two held down the conqueror 60
Struggling with kisses til he could escape.

Demetrios. I have borne all but this: this who can bear
With tearless eyes? tears never fell from mine
Before a second til this saddest hour.

Farewell, my brothers! Think of me sometimes:

Cherish our mother: she will want your aid

When age comes on, which will not come on me

Ever, nor soon on you.

She looks less stern

On him she loved too little: his warm love

Burst forth perennial over stony ground,

And could not wake one blossom from a plant 70

A MODERN GREEK IDYL

That grew so nigh . . . Yet burst for ever forth
Such wayward love.

O mother! doth my sight
Deceive me? do my hopes? or lookest thou
With kindlier look at parting? 'Tis enough:
I could have wisht for more some years ago,
But frowns reproved those wishes; they would rise
Day after day . . . day after day cast down.

Mother. Faintness comes over me. My sons! turn back;
Leave me among these rocks . . . but take *him* home. 80
My knees are gone from under me; my sight
Is taken from me, never to return.

Where are ye all? where my Demetrios?
The earth reels round . . . Oh! is he safe? is *he*?

Demetrios. Rise, mother! mother, rise! look up, look up;
Thou hast three children now. We will all strive
Which most shall love thee.

Mother. Pardon, gracious God!
The worst of sins, the severance of a bond
Drawn by thy own right-hand across the breast
Of every mother. God! most merciful! 90
Even me thou pardonest . . . I feel, I feel
Thy bond restored.

Demetrios. O brothers! this one morn
Yield me the place I coveted so long.
Mother! while thou couldst guide my steps thou didst;
Come, let me now, fond as of old, guide thine.

Chorus of maidens to Demetrios at home.

We sing the song we could not sing,
Demetri! when you went away;
On breaking hearts the coild-up string,
Heavy with tears, in darkness lay;
Its lyre, that long had ceast to ring, 100
Sob'd only what despair would say.
Turn! turn . . . no . . . round thy mother cling . . .
O gloomiest morn! O brightest day!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

[20]

PYTHAGORAS AND A PRIEST OF ISIS

[Published by Forster in 1869; reprinted 1876.]

Pythagoras. Thou hast inquired of me, and thou hast heard
All I could tell thee of our Deities;
With patience bear me yet awhile, nor deem me
Irreverent, if I ask to know of yours
Which are around me on these sacred walls.

Priest. Willingly granted; hesitate no more;
Speak.

Pythagoras. Yonder is an ape, and there a dog,
And there a cat.

Priest. Think not we worship these,
But, what is holier even than worshipping,
Gratitude, mindful thro' obscuring years,
Urgeth us to look up to them.

10

O guest!
Now tell me what indweller of a town
But shares his substance, nor unwillingly,
With his protectress from invader mouse;
What child but fondles her and is carest;
What aged dame but sees her likeness there
More strikingly than in her dearest child?

Now to another of these images.
None are such friends as dogs; they never leave
The side of those who only stroke the head
Or speak a kindly word to them.

20

Pythagoras. 'Tis true.
But may I ask of thee without offence,
What good do apes to any, young or old,
What service render they, what fondness show?
Thou smilest; I rejoice to see that smile.
I wish all teachers could bear questioning
So quietly. Religious men bear least.

Priest. Pythagoras, they rightly call thee wise,
Yet, like thy countrymen, thou knowest not
Thy origin and theirs, and all on earth.
Some of you think, nor quite absurdly so,
That, when the deluge drown'd all creatures else,
One only woman was there left alive,
And she took up two stones and cast behind

30

PYTHAGORAS AND A PRIEST OF ISIS

Her back those two, whence men and women sprang.
Scraps of the stones seem clinging to the heart
Of that primordial pair.

We priests of Isis
Acknowledge duly our progenitor,
Whose moral features still remain unchanged
In many, thro' all times.

Did ever ape,
As kindred nations have been doing since,
Tear limb from limb the brother, grin to see
His native bush and his blue babes enwrapt
In flames about the crib for winding-sheet?

40

There live in other lands, from ours remote,
The intolerant and ferocious who insist
That all shall worship what themselves indite;
We never urge this stiff conformity.
Forms ever present are our monitors,
Nor need they flesh and blood, nor spill they any.
We leave each man his choice, the pictured plank
Or hammer'd block, nor quarrel over ours.

50

[21]

ENDYMION AND SELENE

(An old discontented love-affair.)

[Published by Forster in 1869; reprinted 1876.]

Selene. Endymion! sleepest thou, with heels upright
And listless arms athwart a vacant breast?
Endymion! thou art drowsier than thy sheep,
And heedest me as now thou heedest them.
I come to visit thee, and leave a home
Where all is cheerful, and I find a face
If not averted, yet almost as bad.
Rise; none are here to steal away thy reeds.

Endymion. Thou art immortal; mortal is Endymion,
Nor sleeping but thro' weariness and pain.

10

Selene. What pains thee?

Endymion. Love, the bitterest of pains.

Selene. Hast thou not mine? ungrateful?

Endymion. Thine I have,

O how less warm than what a shepherdess
Gives to a shepherd!

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Selene. Cease thy plaint, rash boy;
I give no warmer to the Blest above,
Yet even the brightest every day pursues
My path, and often listens to my praise,
And takes up his own harp and aids the song.
Few are the youths whose finger never trill'd
An early oat or later lyre for me.
Haply thou too, Endymion, shalt be sung
Afar from Latmos if thou meritest,
Nor thy name sever'd, as 'tis here, from mine.
Silence is sweeter at the present hour
Than voice or pipe, or sleep; so pay my due
Ere Morn come on, for Morn is apt to blush
When she sees kisses; let her not see ours.

20

HELLENICS

PART I: POEMS COLLECTED IN 1846

THE HAMADRYAD

[Published in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October, 1842; reprinted 1846, 1847, 1859, 1876. See notes at end of volume. Text 1842.]

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom
 Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
 And small are the white-crested that play near
 And smaller onward are the purple waves.
 Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
 With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
 If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
 Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
 Then olive was intertwined with violets
 Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large. 10
 For various men wore various coronals;
 But one was their devotion: 'twas to her
 Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
 The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
 And whom in his chill caves the mutable
 Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
 And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
 To turn in pity the averted cheek
 Of her he bore away; with promises,
 Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself, 20
 To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
 Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
 At the long trains that hasten'd to the town
 From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
 Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
 And thought it hard he might not also go
 And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
 He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
 And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
 Long enough I have lived to find them so." 30
 And, ere he ended, sigh'd; as old men do
 Always, to think how idle such games are.

9 intertwined] entwined 1847. 32 ere . . . sigh'd;] here he ended, sighing . . 1847.

HELLENICS

"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.

"Suppose thou go and help
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went;

For thence he could see farther, and see more 40
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall:
He held it upright. "There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear, 50
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said, "Echion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow; for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near." Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd 60
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemonies about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.

"What dost thou here?" Echion half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gaspt, drew in
His breath, and would have turned it into words,
But could not into one.

"O send away 70
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went

34 yet,] so in 1846, 1859; yet 1847; yet. *mispr.* 1842 is now corrected. 36, 42, 53,
64 Echion] Echeion 1859. 62 anemonies] anemones 1846-1859.

THE HAMADRYAD

Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

Hamadryad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? no vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white, or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn, or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

80

Hamadryad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?

Rhaicos. Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birth-day since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutyclus.

90

Hamadryad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it; 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough:
It shows such kindness! If 'twere possible,
We, at the moment, think she would indeed.

100

Hamadryad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?

Rhaicos. I have seen lovers, and have learnt to love.

Hamadryad. But wilt thou spare the tree?

Rhaicos. My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.

HELLENICS

Hamadryad. Awhile! thy father numbers then my days!

110

Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?

Hamadryad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?

Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here 's none. Another day
Trust me: till then let me sit opposite.

120

Hamadryad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.

130

Rhaicos. O sight for gods! Ye men below! adore
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below?
Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

Hamadryad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay . .
Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not:
No, *Rhaicos*, no! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.

140

Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O *Aphrodite*!
O *Herè*! let my vow be ratified!
But wilt thou come into my father's house?

Hamadryad. Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.

Rhaicos. Where is it?

Hamadryad. In this oak.

110 Awhile! . . . days!] Awhile? . . . days? 1847. 129 till] til 1859. 134 heights]
hights, 1846, highth 1859. 135 Hellespont] misprinted Hellespent 1859.

THE HAMADRYAD

Rhaicos.

Ay; now begins

The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through.

Hamadryad. Pray of thy father never to cut down

My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,

150

That every year he shall receive from me

More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,

More wax than he will burn to all the gods!

Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn

May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!

Rhaicos. For shame I cannot rise. Oh, pity me!

I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate!

Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,

But many days: let me love on . . unloved!

I aim'd too high: on my own head the bolt

160

Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

Hamadryad. Go . . rather go, than make me say I love.

Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,

(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)

I am immortal too: my vow is heard:

Hark! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now,

I claim my kiss.

Hamadryad. Do men take first, then claim?

Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

Her lips were seal'd; her head sank on his breast.

'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:

170

But who should hear them? and whose laughs? and why?

Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,

Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram,

Basil and mint and thyme and rosemary,

Were sprinkled on the kid's well-roasted length,

Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,

Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,

With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.

"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,

Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark

180

Must have been tough, with little sap between;

It ought to run; but it and I are old."

Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread

Increase by chewing, and the meat grew cold

And tasteless to his palate, took a draught

Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,

156 cannot] can not 1847.

HELLENICS

He thought not of until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid,
It was religion.

190

“has promised this, and may do more.
Thou hast not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best: if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn.”

200

210

220

THE HAMADRYAD

When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
 He dared complain; for those who most are loved
 Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
 "O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law
 Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
 Oh, let me know henceforward when to hope
 The fruit of love that grows for me but here."
 He spake; and pluckt it from its pliant stem.

230

Hamadryad. Impatient Rhaicos! why thus intercept
 The answer I would give? There is a bee
 Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
 And executes my wishes: I will send
 That messenger. If ever thou art false,
 Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
 My bee away: then shall I know my fate,
 And, for thou must be wretched, weep at thine.
 But often as my heart persuades to lay
 Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
 Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
 Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

240

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
 And season after season: years had past,
 Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love
 Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
 Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
 Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
 The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
 Among their woods; one did, alas! She called
 Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should sleep,
 And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
 To bring that light which never wintry blast
 Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
 The light that shines from loving eyes upon
 Eyes that love back until they see no more.

250

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
 Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
 With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
 Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
 The draft-board was expanded; at which game

260

Between ll. 230-1 Hamadryad om. 1846-1859.
 257 until they see] till they can see 1846-1859.

235 messenger] messenger 1847.
 259 o'erspread] o'erspred 1847.

HELLENICS

Triumphant sat old Thallinos: the son
Was puzzled, vexed, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.

270

At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper soothed his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing: but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.
Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

280

THE PRAYER OF THE BEES FOR ALCIPHRON

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[Published in *Hood's Magazine*, April 1845; reprinted 1846, 1859. See note at end of volume. Text 1845.]

There was a spinner in the days of old,
So proud, so bold,
She thought it neither shame nor sin
To challenge Pallas to come down and spin.
The goddess won, and forc'd the crone to hide her
Ugly old head, and shrink into a spider.
The bees were frighten'd, for they knew
Within their prudent breasts that few
Had so much skill as they;
And she who gave the olive might
Be angry, if they show'd that light
As pure and bright
Could shine on mortals any other way.

10

Title The prayer . . . for] Prayer . . . to 1846, 1859.

PRAYER OF THE BEES FOR ALCIPHRON

So not a syllable said they of wax,
But cover'd it with honey, lest a tax
Be laid upon it by the Powers above.
Another goddess, no less mighty
Than Pallas, men call Aphroditè,
The queen of love.

Honey she likes and all things sweet,
And, when she came among the swarms,
They said, "O thou whence love hath all its charms!
Grant him who saved us what we now entreat.

20

"'Tis one whom we
Are used to see
Among our thyme and ivy flowers
Throughout the matin and the vesper hours,
Fonder of silence than of talk:
Yet him we heard one morning say,
'Gardener! do not sweep away
The citron blossoms from the gravel-walk:
It might disturb or wound my bees;
So lay aside that besom, if you please.'
"He for whose weal we supplicate is one
Thou haply mayst remember, Alciphron.
We know that Pallas has look'd down
Sometimes on him without a frown,
Yet must confess we're less afraid
Of you than that Hymettian maid.
Give him, O goddess, we implore,
Not honey (we can that) but more.
We are poor bees, and cannot tell
If there be aught he loves as well;
But we do think we heard him say
There is—and something in your way.

30

40

"Our stories tell us, when your pretty child,
Who drives (they say) so many mortals wild,
Vexed one of our great-aunts until she stung,
Away he flew, and wrung,
Stamping, his five loose fingers at the smart,
You chided him, and took our part.
May the cross Year, fresh-wakened, blow sharp dust
Into their eyes who say thou art unjust."

50

HELLENICS

THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

Who will away to Athens with me? who
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as Gods have lived with, and have led.

10

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? what pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropian port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

20

"Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if love,
If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, "didst not thou, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"

30

"Ay, before all the Gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Hera,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!

THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE

Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."

The sword was up,
And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seeth'd slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus:
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Pisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have askt thyself
This question ere the sail first flapt the mast."

40

"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.

50

Piræos they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men: he led her forth, nor spake;
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht
The mansion of Pisistratos her sire.

60

Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they,
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Pisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunöe, my daughter?"

70

"Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,

45, 60, 69 Pisistratos] Peisistratos 1847.

52 Piræos] Piræeus 1847.

HELLENICS

But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is, when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people and before the Goddess
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness,
To poverty and exile, this my child."
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim'd,
"I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Pisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people,
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Pisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

80

90

87, 93 Pisistratos] Peisistratos 1847.

ICARIOS AND ERIGONÈ

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

Improvident were once the Attic youths,
As (if we may believe the credulous
And testy) various youths have been elsewhere.
But truly such was their improvidence,
Ere Pallas in compassion was their guide,
They never stowed away the fruits of earth
For winter use; nor knew they how to press
Olive or grape: yet hospitality
Sate at the hearth, and there was mirth and song.
Wealthy and generous in the Attic land,
Icarios! wert thou; and Erigonè,
Thy daughter, gave with hearty glee the milk,
Buzzing in froth beneath unsteady goat,
To many who stopt near her; some for thirst,
And some to see upon its back that hand
So white and small and taper, and await
Until she should arise and show her face.

10

13 unsteady] unsteddy 1847-1859.

ICARIOS AND ERIGONE

The father wisht her not to leave his house,
Nor she to leave her father; yet there sued
From all the country round both brave and rich. 20
Some, nor the wealthier of her wooers, drove
Full fifty slant-brow'd kingly-hearted swine,
Reluctant ever to be led aright,
Race autocratical, autochthon race,
Lords of the woods, fed by the tree of Jove.
Some had three ploughs; some had eight oxen; some
Had vines, on oak, on maple, and on elm,
In long and strait and gleamy avenues,
Which would have tired you had you reacht the end
Without the unshapen steps that led beyond 30
Up the steep hill to where they leaned on poles.
Yet kind the father was, and kind the maid.
And now when winter blew the chaff about,
And hens pursued the grain into the house,
Quarrelsome and indignant at repulse,
And rushing back again with ruffled neck,
They and their brood; and kids blinkt at the brand,
And bee-nosed oxen, with damp nostrils lowered
Against the threshold, stamp't the dogs away;
Icarios, viewing these with thoughtful mind, 40
Said to Erigonè, "Not scantily
The Gods have given us these birds and these
Short-bleating kids, and these loose-hided steers.
The Gods have given: to them will we devote
A portion of their benefits, and bid
The youths who love and honour us partake:
So shall their hearts, and so shall ours, rejoice."
The youths were bidden to the feast: the flesh
Of kid and crested bird was plentiful:
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd 50
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates;
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks
Through nets wide-mesht, work of Erigonè
When night was long and lamp yet unsupplied.
Choice grapes Icarios had; and these, alone
Of all men in the country, he preserved
For festive days; nor better day than this
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatcht roof.
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,

28 strait] straight 1847.

HELLENICS

And soon was heard he, breathing hard: he now 60
Descended, holding in both arms a cask,
Fictile, capacious, bulging: cork-tree bark
Secured the treasure; wax above the mouth,
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by.
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark,
A hum was heard. "What! are there bees within?"
Euphorbas cried. "They came then with the grapes,"
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon. 70
"The ghosts of grapes!" cried Phanor, fond of jokes
Within the house, but ever abstinent
Of such as that, in woodland and alone,
Where any sylvan God might overhear.
No few were sadden'd at the ill-omen'd word,
But sniffing the sweet odour, bent their heads,
Tasted, sipt, drank, ingurgitated: fear
Flew from them all, joy rusht to every breast,
Friendship grew warmer, hands were join'd, vows sworn. 80
From cups of every size, from cups two-ear'd,
From ivy-twisted and from smooth alike,
They dash the water; they pour in the wine;
(For wine it was,) until that hour unseen.
They emptied the whole cask; and they alone;
For both the father and the daughter sate
Enjoying their delight. But when they saw
Flusht faces, and when angry words arose
As one more fondly glanced against the cheek
Of the fair maiden on her seat apart,
And she lookt down, or lookt another way 90
Where other eyes caught hers, and did the like,
Sadly the sire, the daughter fearfully,
Upon each other fixt wide-open eyes.
This did the men remark, and, bearing signs
Different, as were their tempers, of the wine,
But feeling each the floor reel under him,
Each raging, with more thirst at every draught,
Acastor first (sidelong his step) arose,
Then Phanor, then Antyllos:
"Zeus above
Confound thee, cursed wretch!" aloud they cried, 100
"Is this thy hospitality? must all

ICARIOS AND ERIGONE

Who loved thy daughter perish at a blow?
 Not at a blow, but like the flies and wasps."
 Madness had seiz'd them all. Erigonè
 Ran out for help: what help? Before her sprang
 Mœra, and howl'd and barked, and then return'd
 Presaging. They had dragg'd the old man out
 And murdered him. Again flew Mœra forth,
 Faithful, compassionate, and seized her vest,
 And drew her where the body lay, unclosed
 The eyes, and rais'd toward the stars of heaven.

110

Raise thine, for thou hast heard enough, raise thine
 And view Bœotes bright among those stars,
 Brighter the Virgin: Mœra too shines there.
 But where were the Eumenides? Repress
 Thy anger. If the clear calm stars above
 Appease it not, and blood must flow for blood,
 Listen, and hear the sequel of the tale.
 Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down; as mortals knew
 By the woods bending under his dark eye,
 And huge towers shuddering on the mountain tops,
 And stillness in the valley, in the wold,
 And over the deep waters all round earth.
 He lifted up his arm, but struck them not
 In their abasement: by each other's blow
 They fell; some suddenly; but more beneath
 The desperate gasp of long-enduring wounds.

120

102 loved] love 1847.

Between ll. 111-12 1859 inserts:

Thou who hast listened, and stil ponderest,

118 Listen] Harken 1859.

121 mountain tops] mountain-top 1847.

DRIMACOS

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

In Crete reign'd Zeus and Minos; and there sprang
 From rocky Chios (but more years between)
 Homer. Ah! who near Homer's side shall stand?
 A slave, a slave shall stand near Homer's side.
 Come from dark ages forth, come, Drimacos!
 O gems of Ocean, shining here and there
 Upon his vest of ever-changeful green,
 Richer are ye than wide-spread continents,

8 wide-spread] wide-spread 1847.

HELLENICS

Richer in thoughtful men and glorious deeds.
 Drimacos was a slave; but Liberty 10
 By him from Slavery sprang, as day from night.
 Intolerable servitude o'erran
 The isle of Chios. They whose sires had heard
 The blind man, and the muse who sat beside,
 Constant, as was the daughter to the king
 Of Thebes, and comforting his sunless way,
 Yea, even these bore stones within their breasts,
 Buying by land or capturing by sea,
 And torturing too limbs fashion'd like their own,
 Limbs like the Gods' they all fell down before. 20
 But Zeus had from Olympus lookt oblique,
 Then breath'd into the breasts of suffering slaves
 Heroic courage and heroic strength,
 And wisdom for their guidance and support.
 Drimacos he appointed to coerce
 The pride of the enslaver, and to free
 All those who laboured and were heavy-laden
 With griefs, not even by the avenging Gods
 Inflicted, wrongs which men alone inflict
 On others, when their vices have scoopt out 30
 A yoke far more opprobrious for themselves.
 From field to field the clang of arms was heard;
 Fires from the rocks and the hill-tops by night
 Collected all the valiant, all the young,
 Female and male, stripling and suckling babe,
 By mother (then most fond) not left behind.
 But many were o'ertaken; many dropt
 Faint by the road; thirst, hunger, terror, seiz'd
 Separate their prey. Among the fugitives,
 In the most crowded and the narrowest path 40
 That led into the thickets on the hill,
 Was Amymonè with her infant boy,
 Eiarinos. She pray'd the Gods, nor pray'd
 Inaudible, although her voice had fail'd.
 On Drimacos she called by name; he heard
 The voice; he turn'd his head, and cried aloud:
 "Comrades! take up yon infant from the arms
 That sink with it; and help the mother on."
 Far in advance was he; all urged amain;

15 daughter [*sc.* Antigone, daughter of Œdipus.—W.] 19 torturing . . . fashion'd]
 torturing limbs fashioned 1847, 1859.

DRIMACOS

All minded their own household, nor obey'd. 50
But he rusht back amid them till he reacht
The mother, who had fallen under-foot,
Trampled, but not relinquishing her hold.
Scarcely was space to stoop in, yet he stoopt
And rais'd what feebly wail'd among men's legs,
And placed it on his head, that the fresh air
Might solace it: soon it began to play,
To pat the hair of some, of some the eyes,
Unconscious that its mother's soul had fled.
The dust rose lower, for the sultry day 60
Was closing, and above shone Hesperus
Alone. On mossy banks within the brake
The men threw down their weapons snatcht in haste,
Impenetrable woods received their flight,
And shelter'd and conceal'd them from pursuit.
There many years they dwelt; nor only there,
But also in the plain and in the towns
Fought they, and overthrew the wealthier race,
And drove their cattle off and reapt their grain.
Drimacos, strong in justice, strong in arms, 70
Prompt, vigilant, was everywhere obey'd.
He proffer'd the proud Chiots, half-subdued,
Repression of invaders, in return
For their repression of invaders too,
And corn and wine and oil enough for all,
And horned victims to avenger Zeus.
But plenteousness and sloth relaxt his hold
Upon a few, men yearning to partake
The vices of a city: murmurs rose
And reacht the ear of Drimacos, and reacht 80
The wealthy towns and their impatient lords.
Rewards were offered for the leader's head,
And askt perhaps ere offered. When he found
Ingratitude so nigh and so alert,
He listened calmly to the chiefs around,
His firm defenders; then replied:

"My friends!

Already in the days of youth ye watcht
Over the common-weal, but now your eyes
And mine too want repose. Fear not for me,
But guard yourselves. The Gods who placed me here 90

HELLENICS

Call *me* away, not you."

They heard, and went,
Sorrowing. Then called he unto him the youth
Eiarinos, who two whole years had fought
Beside him, and fought well.

"Eiarinos!

I may have saved thy life ('tis said I did),
In infancy: it now behoves me, boy,
To give thee substance such as parents give.
Alas! 'tis wanting: nought is in the house
Save arms, as thou well knowest; but those men
Who left me now, had talkt with thee before,
And there are marks along thy cheek which tears
Leave upon maidens' cheeks, not upon men's."

100

Eiarinos spake not, but threw his arms
Around his guardian's neck and shook with grief.
"Thou shalt not be quite destitute, my son!"
Said he, "Thou knowest what reward awaits
Him who shall bring my head within the town.
Here! strike! let never traitor grasp the gold."
Forward he held the hilt and lowered his brow.

110

"Bequeathest thou to parricidal hand,
O father! that accursed gold?" cried he,
And ran against the portal, blind with tears.
But the calm man now caught his arm, and said,
"Delay may bring on both what comes for one.

Inevitable is my death: at least
Promise me this one thing, Eiarinos!
And I release thee: swear that, when I die,
Thou wilt, against all adversaries, bear
My head to those who seek it, pledge of peace."

120

Calmer, but sobbing deep, the youth replied,
"When Zeus the liberator shall appoint
The pastor of the people to depart,
His will be done! if such be his and thine."
He lowered his eyes in reverence to the earth;
And Drimacos then smote into his breast
The unaccepted sword. The pious youth
Fell overpowered with anguish, nor arose
Until the elders, who had gone, return'd.
They comforted the orphan, and implored
He would perform the duty thus enjoined.

130

102 maidens'] maiden's 1847.

DRIMACOS

Nor Muse, nor Memory her mother, knows
The sequel: but upon the highest peak
Of Chios is an altar of square stone
Roughened by time, and some believe they trace
In ancient letters, cubit-long, the words
Drimacos and *Eiarinos* and *Zeus*.

ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

A vision came o'er three young men at once,
A vision of Apollo: each had heard
The same command; each followed it; all three
Assembled on one day before the God
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.
Bright shone the morning; and the birds that build
Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropt
From under them and wheeled athwart the sky,
When, silently and reverently, the youths
Marcht side by side up the long steps that led
Toward the awful God who dwelt within.
Of those three youths fame hath held fast the name
Of one alone; nor would that name survive
Unless Love had sustain'd it, and blown off
With his impatient breath the mists of time.
"Ye come," the God said mildly, "of one will
To people what is desert in the isle
Of Lemnos. But strong men possess its shores;
Nor shall you execute the brave emprise
Unless, on the third day from going forth,
To him who rules the waters ye devote
A virgin, cast into the sea alive."
They heard, and lookt in one another's face,
And then bent piously before the shrine
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,
And, after a short silence, went away,
Taking each other's hand and swearing truth,
Then to the ship in which they came, return'd.
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad;
Sad was Enallos; yet those two by none

10

20

30

18 isle] ile 1859.

19 Lemnos] mistake for Lesbos. (Colvin).

HELLENICS

Were loved; Enallos had already won
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.
By night, by day, in company, alone,
The image of the maiden fill'd his breast
To the heart's brim. Ah! therefore did that heart
So sink within him.

They have sail'd; they reach
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng
The plashing port, to watch the gather'd sail,
And who springs first and farthest upon shore. 40
Enallos came the latest from the deck.
Swift ran the rumour what the God had said,
And fearful were the maidens, who before
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,
That they might give their hands, and have their homes,
And nurse their children; and more thoughts perhaps
Led up to these, and even ran before.
But they persuaded easily their wooers
To sail without them, and return again
When they had seiz'd the virgin on the way. 50
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three
Before their fresh departure, that her own
Enallos had been cast into the deep,
And she had saved him. She alone embarkt
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,
And hid herself before the break of day
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.
But when the noon was come, and the repast
Was call'd for, there they found her. Not quite stern,
But more than sad, Enallos lookt upon her. 60
Forebodings shook him: hopes rais'd *her*, and love
Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray.
Kindly were all to her and dutiful;
And she slept soundly mid the leaves of figs
And vines, and far as far could be apart.
Now the third morn had risen, and the day
Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs
Perplext them: land they saw not yet, nor knew
Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blaz'd,
Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew 70
Howled for the victim. "Seize her, or we sink."

36 therefore] therefor 1859.

60 But . . . sad,] Enallos: when 1859.

59 her. . . . stern,] her; and they call'd 1859.

71 Howled] Howl'd 1847-1859.

ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA

O maid of Pindus! I would linger here
 To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,
 For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,
 Where thou and I, apart from living men,
 And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.
 Ah! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed?
 And thy voice too, Cymodameia! thine
 Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself
 In this extremity. Sad words! sad words! 80
 "O save me! save! Let me not die so young!
 Loving you so! Let me not cease to see you!"
 Thou claspedest the youth who would have died
 To have done less than save thee. Thus he prayed.
 "O God! who givest light to all the world,
 Take not from me what makes that light most blessed!
 Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save
 This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,
 To share with her (and bring no curses up
 From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate!" 90
 They wrung her from his knee; they hurl'd her down
 (Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pitch)
 Into the whitening wave. But her long hair
 Scarcely had risen up again, before
 Another plunge was heard, another form
 Clove the straight line of bubbling foam, direct
 As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all
 Burst, for the roaring sea ingulph'd them both.
 Onward the vessel flew; the skies again
 Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth, 100
 But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.
 Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.
 The shore was won; the fields markt out; and roofs
 Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare;
 And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest
 Of winter, knew the doors: then infant cries
 Were heard within; and lastly, tottering steps
 Pattered along the image-stationed hall.
 Ay, three full years had come and gone again,
 And often, when the flame on windy nights 110

82 you . . . you] thee . . . thee 1859. For ll. 83-4 1859 substitutes:
 Thus prayed Cymodameia.

Thus prayed he.

92 pitch] pich 1859.

96 straight] strait 1847, 1859.

HELLENICS

Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash
Piled high, men pusht almost from under them
The bench on which they talkt about the dead.
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light
Environed them with its eternal green:
And many nymphs sate round: one blew aloud
The spiral shell; one drew bright chords across
Shell more expansive; tenderly a third
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt
At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy;
A fourth took up the lyre and pincht the strings,
Invisible by trembling: many rais'd
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.
I know them all; but all with eyes downcast,
Conscious of loving, have entreated me
I would not utter now their names above.
Behold, among these natives of the sea
There stands but one young man: how fair! how fond!
Ah! were he fond to *them*! It may not be!
Yet did they tend him morn and eve; by night
They also watcht his slumbers: then they heard
His sighs, nor his alone; for there were two
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair
Upward he rais'd his arms, and thus he prayed,
"O Phœbus! on the higher world alone
Showerest thou all thy blessings? Great indeed
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her;
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful
More than herself the Nymphs she sees around,
And asks me 'Are they not more beautiful?'
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,
But not with me! Release her from the sight;
Restore her to a happier home, and dry
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears!"
She saw him in the action of his prayer,
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground,
Ere she had claspt his neck, her feet were borne.
He caught her robe; and its white radiance rose
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,

120

130

140

150

ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA

But spann'd one ancle too. The swift ascent
 Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,
 Invigorating her, nor letting loose
 The lover's arm below; albeit at last
 It closed those eyes intensely fixt thereon,
 And still as fixt in dreaming. Both were cast
 Upon an island till'd by peaceful men
 And few (no port nor road accessible)
 Fruitful and green as the abode they left,
 And warm with summer, warm with love and song.
 'Tis said that some, whom most Apollo loves,
 Have seen that island, guided by his light;
 And others have gone near it, but a fog
 Rose up between them and the lofty rocks;
 Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,
 And shepherd-boys and credulous hinds believe.

160

159 still] stil 1847, 1859.
 pious 1859.

160, 165 island] iland 1859.

169 credulous]

THERON AND ZOE

[Published 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

Zoe. Changed? very true, O Theron, I am changed.

Theron. It would at least have been as merciful

To hold a moment back from me the briar

You let recoil thus sharply on my breast.

Not long ago, not very long, you own'd

With maiden blushes, which became your brow

Better than corn-flower, or that periwinkle

Trained round it by a very careful hand,

A long while trimming it (no doubt) and proud

Of making its blue blossom laugh at me.

10

Zoe. I could laugh too. What did I own? It seems
 (It was so little) you have quite forgot.

Theron. That, since we sate together day by day,

And walkt together, sang together, none

Of earliest, gentlest, fondest, maiden friends

Loved you as formerly. If one remained

Dearer to you than any of the rest,

You could not wish her greater happiness . .

Zoe. Than what?

Theron. I think you never could have said it . .

I must have dreamt it . .

Zoe. Tell me then your dream.

20

HELLENICS

Theron. I thought you said . . nay, I will swear you said . .
More than one heard it . . that you could not wish
The nearest to your heart more perfect joy
Than Theron's love.

Zoe. Did I?

Theron. The Gods in heaven
Are witnesses, no less than woodland Gods,
That you did say it. O how changed! no word,
No look, for Theron now!

Zoe. Girls often say
More than they mean: men always do.

Theron. By Pan!
Who punishes with restless nights the false,
Hurling the sleeper down the precipice
Into the roaring gulph, or letting loose
Hounds, wolves, and tigers after him, his legs
Meanwhile tied not quite close, but just apart,
In withy bands . . by him I swear, my tongue,
Zoe! can never utter half my love.
Retract not one fond word.

30

Zoe. I must retract
The whole of those.

Theron. And leave me most unblest!

Zoe. I know not.

Theron. Heed not, rather say. Farewell.

Zoe. Farewell. I will not call you back again.
Go, Theron! hatred soon will sear your wound.

40

Theron. Falsehood I hate: I can not hate the false.

Zoe. Never? Then scorn her.

Theron. I can scorn myself,
And will; for others are preferr'd to me;
The untried to the tried.

Zoe. You said farewell.

Theron. Again I say it.

Zoe. Now I can believe
That you, repeating it, indeed are gone.
Yet seem you standing where you stood before.
Hath Pan done this? Pan, who doth such strange things.

Theron. Laugh me to scorn: derision I deserve:
But let that smile . . O let it be less sweet!
Sorrowful let me part, but not insane.

50

Zoe. I know some words that charm insanity
Before it can take hold.

THERON AND ZOE

Theron. Speak them; for now
Are they most wanted.

Zoe. I did say, 'tis true,
If on this solid earth friend dear enough
Remain'd to me, that Theron is the youth
I would desire to bless her.

Theron. To avoid
My importunity; to hear no more
The broken words that spoilt our mutual song,
The sobs that choakt my flute, the humidity
(Not from the lip) that gurgled on the stops.

60

Zoe. I would avoid them all; they troubled me.

Theron. Now then, farewell.

Zoe. I will do all the harm
I can to any girl who hopes to love you;
Nor shall you have her.

Theron. Vain and idle threat!

Zoe. So, Theron! you would love then once again?

Theron. Never; were love as possible and easy . . .

Zoe. As what?

Theron. As death.

Zoe. O Theron! once indeed
I said the words which then so flatter'd you,
And now so pain you. Long before my friends
Left me through envy of your fondness for me,
No, not the dearest of them could I bear
To see beloved by you. False words I spake,
Not knowing then how false they were.

70

Theron. Speak now
One that shall drown them all.

Zoe. My voice is gone.
Why did you kiss me, if you wisht to hear it?

DAMÆTAS AND IDA

[Published in 1846; reprinted with variants 1858, and with minor
variants 1860, 1876.]

Damætas is a boy as rude
As ever broke maid's solitude.
He watcht the little Ida going
Where the wood-raspberries were growing,

Title. Damætas] (*rectius* Damostas) Damostus 1858. Ida] Phillis 1858. 3 He . .
Ida] One morning he saw Phillis 1858. 4 wood-raspberries] wild-raspberries 1858

HELLENICS

And, under a pretence of fear
 Lest they might scratch her arms, drew near,
 And, plucking up a stiff grey bent,
 The fruit (scarce touching it,) he sent
 Into both hands: the form they took
 Of a boat's keel upon a brook;
 So not a raspberry fell down
 To splash her foot or stain her gown.
 When it was over, for his pains
 She let his lips do off the stains
 That were upon two fingers; he
 At first kist two, and then kist three,
 And, to be certain every stain
 Had vanisht, kist them o'er again.
 At last the boy, quite shameless, said
 "See! I have taken out the red!
 Now where there's redder richer fruit
 Pray, my sweet Ida, let me do't."
 "Audacious creature!" she cried out,
 "What in the world are you about?"
 He had not taken off the red
 All over; on both cheeks 'twas spread;
 And the two lips that should be white
 With fear, if not with fear, with spite
 At such ill usage, never show'd
 More comely, or more deeply glow'd.
 Damætas fancied he could move
 The girl to listen to his love:
 Not he indeed.

Damætas. For pity's sake!

Ida. Go; never more come nigh this brake.

Damætas. Must I, why must I, press in vain?

12 splash . . . stain] balk her aim or splash 1858. For ll. 15-16 1858 substitutes:
 And lookt down on his head while he
 First kist two fingers, then kist three.

20 See . . . have] I have here 1858. 21 redder] riper 1858. 22 my sweet Ida]
 gentle Phillis 1858. 25 off] out 1858. 26 over; on both] over both her 1858.
 spread] spred 1858-1859. 27 the two] both her 1858. 31 Damætas]
 Damætus 1858. For ll. 33-42 1858 substitutes six lines:

Not he.

She said, "For pity's sake,
 Go; never more come near this brake.
 The boldest thing I ever knew,
 Impudent boy! was done by you.
 And when you are a little older,
 By Dian! you may do a bolder."

DAMÆTAS AND IDA

Ida. Because I hate you.

Damætas. Think again!

Think better of it, cruel maid!

Ida. Well then . . because I am afraid.

Damætas. Look round us: nobody is near.

Ida. All the more reason for my fear.

Damætas. Hatred is overcome by you,
And Fear can be no match for two.

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LYSANDER, ALCANOR, PHANŌE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

Lysander. Art thou grown hoarse by sitting in the sun
Of early spring, when winds come down adrift
To punish them they find asleep at noon?

Alcanor. Hoarse I am not, but I am tired of song,
Therefore do I retire, where, without pipe,
The goat-foot God brought all the nymphs to sit
Half-way up Mænalos. If she I love
Will follow me, I swear to thee by him,
Bitter to those who slight him or forswear,
Thou shalt hear something sweet, do thou but stay.

10

Lysander. Lysander well can stay, do thou but sing.

Alcanor. But not unless a Nymph or Nymph-like maid
Will listen.

Lysander. Here comes Phanœ. Thou art pale.
Sing: Phanœ! bid him sing.

Phanœ. By Artemis!

I bade him never more repeat my name,
And if he disobeys me . . .

Lysander. Hush! 'twere ill
To call down vengeance upon those who love:
And he hath sworn by Pan that he will sing
If thou wilt follow him up Mænalos.

Phanœ. He may snatch off my slipper while I kneel
To Pan, upon the stone so worn aslant
That it is difficult to kneel upon
Without my leaving half a slipper loose.
Little cares he for Pan: he scarcely fears
That other, powerfuller and terribler,
To whom more crowns are offered than to Zeus,

20

Title 1859 has and Phanœ.

HELLENICS

Or any God beside, and oftener changed.
 In spring we garland him with pointed flowers,
 Anemone and crocus and jonquil,
 And tender hyacinth in clustering curls;
 Then with sweet-breathing mountain strawberry,
 Then pear and apple blossom, promising
 (If he is good) to bring the fruit full-ripe,
 Hanging it round about his brow, his nose,
 Down even to his lips. When autumn comes,
 His russet vine-wreath crackles under grapes:
 Some trim his neck with barley, wheat, and oat;
 Some twine his naked waist with them: and last
 His reverend head is seen and worshipt through
 Stiff narrow olive-leaves, that last till spring.
 Say, ought I not to fear so wild a boy,
 Who fears not even *him*! but once has tried
 By force to make me pat him, after prayers?
 How fierce then lookt the God! and from above
 How the club reddened, as athirst for blood!
 Yet, fearing and suspecting the audacious,
 Up Mænalos I must, for there my herd
 Is browsing on the thorn and citisus
 At random.

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40

Lysander. He hath not endured thy frown,
 But hurries off.

Phanœ. And let him.

Lysander. Captious Pan
 On one or other may look evil-eyed.

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Phanœ. I mind my Goddess, let him mind his God.

. . Away she went, and as she went she sang.
 Brief cries were heard ere long, faint and more faint.
 Pan! was it thou? was it thou, Artemis?
 Frolicsome kids and hard goats glassy-eyed
 Alone could tell the story, had they speech.
 The maiden came not back: but, after rites
 Due to the goat-foot God, the pious youth
 Piped shrilly forth and shook off all his woe.

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40 till] til 1859.

56 Frolicsome] Frolicksome 1859.

HYPERBION

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

Hyperbion was among the chosen few
Of Phœbus; and men honoured him awhile,
Honouring in him the God. But others sang
As loudly; and the boys as loudly cheer'd.
Hyperbion (more than bard should be) was wroth,
And thus he spake to Phœbus: "Hearest thou,
O Phœbus! the rude rabble from the field,
Who swear that they have known thee ever since
Thou feddest for Admetus his white bull?"
"I hear them," said the God. "Seize thou the first,
And haul him up above the heads of men,
And thou shalt hear them shout for thee as pleas'd."
Headstrong and proud Hyperbion was: the crown
Of laurel on it badly cool'd his brow:
So, when he heard them singing at his gate,
While some with flints cut there the rival's name,
Rushing he seized the songster at their head:
The songster kickt and struggled hard: in vain.
Hyperbion claspt him round with arm robust,
And with the left a hempen rope uncoil'd,
Whereon already was a noose: it held
The calf until its mother's teat was drawn
At morn and eve; and both were now afield.
With all his strength he pull'd the wretch along,
And haul'd him up a pine-tree, where he died.
But one night, not long after, in his sleep
He saw the songster: then did he beseech
Apollo to enlighten him, if perchance
In what he did he had done aught amiss.
"Thou hast done well, Hyperbion!" said the God,
"As I did also to one Marsyas
Some years ere thou wert born: but better 'twere
If thou hadst understood my words aright,
For those around may harm thee, and assign
As reason, that thou wentest past the law.
My meaning was, that thou shouldst hold him up
In the high places of thy mind, and show
Thyself the greater by enduring him."
Downcast Hyperbion stood: but Phœbus said

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3 Honouring] Honoring 1847, 1859. 9 Admetus] Admetos 1859. 22 its] the 1859.

HELLENICS

"Be of good cheer, Hyperbion! if the rope
Is not so frayed but it may hold thy calf,
The greatest harm is, that, by hauling him,
Thou hast chafed, sorely, sorely that old pine;
And pine-tree bark will never close again."

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ALCIPHRON AND LEUCIPPE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1859, 1876.]

An ancient chestnut's blossoms threw
Their heavy odour over two:
Leucippe, it is said, was one,
The other then was Alciphron.

"Come, come! why should we stand beneath
This hollow tree's unwholesome breath,"
Said Alciphron, "here's not a blade
Of grass or moss, and scanty shade.
Come; it is just the hour to rove
In the lone dingle shepherds love,
There, straight and tall, the hazel twig
Divides the crooked rock-held fig,
O'er the blue pebbles where the rill
In winter runs, and may run still.
Come then, while fresh and calm the air,
And while the shepherds are not there."

10

Leucippe. But I would rather go when they
Sit round about and sing and play.
Then why so hurry me? for you
Like play and song and shepherds too.

20

Alciphron. I like the shepherds very well,
And song and play, as you can tell.
But there is play I sadly fear,
And song I would not have you hear.

Leucippe. What can it be? what can it be?

Alciphron. To you may none of them repeat
The play that you have played with me,
The song that made your bosom beat.

Leucippe. Don't keep your arm about my waist.

Alciphron. Might not you stumble?

Leucippe.

Well then, do.

30

But why are we in all this haste?

Alciphron. To sing.

Leucippe.

Alas! and not play too?

14 still] stil 1859.

IPHIGENEIA

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1847, 1859, 1876.]

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right-hand, and said,
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
"O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Altho' she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm'd
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents will'd the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena,* that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"

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* Pallas Athena was the patroness of Argos. [L.]

Title Iphigeneia and Agamemnon 1847, 1859.
23 still] stil 1847, 1859.

6 Old age] Old-age 1847, 1859.

HELLENICS

Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over her's,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turn'd away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shudder'd; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seem'd the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she rais'd her voice.
"O father! if the ships are now detain'd,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now enter'd, and without
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

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42 still] stil 1847, 1859.

PART II. FROM *HELLENICS*, 1847.

["The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor. Enlarged and completed. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXLVII." had on pp. iii-iv the following address to the Pope:]

TO POPE PIUS IX

NEVER UNTIL NOW, MOST HOLY FATHER! DID I HOPE OR DESIRE TO OFFER MY HOMAGE TO ANY POTENTATE ON EARTH; AND NOW I OFFER IT ONLY TO THE HIGHEST OF THEM ALL.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE CULTIVATORS OF LITERATURE WERE PERMITTED AND EXPECTED TO BRING THE FRUIT OF THEIR LABOUR TO THE VATICAN. NOT ONLY WAS INCENSE WELCOME THERE, BUT EVEN THE HUMBLEST PRODUCE OF THE POOREST SOIL.

VERBENAM [Verbenas], PUERI, PONITE THURAEQUE [turaque].

[Horace, *Odes*, i. xix. 14.]

IF THOSE BETTER DAYS ARE RETURNING, WITHOUT WHAT WAS BAD OR EXCEPTIONABLE IN THEM, THE GLORY IS DUE ENTIRELY TO YOUR HOLINESS. YOU HAVE RESTORED TO ITALY HOPE AND HAPPINESS; TO THE REST OF THE WORLD HOPE ONLY. BUT A SINGLE WORD FROM YOUR PROPHETIC LIPS, A SINGLE MOTION OF YOUR EARTH-EMBRACING ARM, WILL OVERTURN THE FIRMEST SEATS OF INIQUITY AND OPPRESSION. THE WORD MUST BE SPOKEN; THE ARM MUST WAVE. WHAT DO WE SEE BEFORE US? IF WE TAKE THE BEST OF RULERS UNDER OUR SURVEY, WE FIND SELFISHNESS AND FRIVOLITY: IF WE EXTEND THE VIEW, INGRATITUDE, DISREGARD OF HONOUR, CONTEMPT OF HONESTY, BREACH

THE CHILDREN OF VENUS

OF PROMISES: ONE STEP YET BEYOND, AND THERE IS COLD-BLOODED IDIOCY, STABBING THE NOBLES AT HOME, SPURNING THE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND VOIDING ITS CORROSIVE SLAVER IN THE FAIR FACE OF ITALY. IT IS BETTER TO LOOK NO FARTHER, ELSE OUR EYES MUST BE RIVETED ON FROZEN SEAS OF BLOOD SUPERFUSED WITH BLOOD FRESH FLOWING. THE SAME FEROCIOUS ANIMAL LEAVES THE IMPRESSION OF ITS BROAD AND HEAVY FOOT ON THE SNOW OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE AND OF THE CAUCASUS. AND IS THIS INDEED ALL THAT EUROPE HAS BROUGHT FORTH, AFTER SUCH LONG AND PAINFUL THROES? HAS SHE ENDURED HER MARATS, HER ROBESPIERRES, HER BUONAPARTES, FOR THIS? GOD INFLICTED ON THE LATTER OF THESE WRETCHES HIS TWO GREATEST CURSES; UNCONTROLLED POWER AND PERVERTED INTELLECT; AND THEY WERE TWISTED TOGETHER TO MAKE A SCOURGE FOR A NATION WHICH REVELLED IN EVERY CRIME, BUT ABOVE ALL IN CRUELTY. IT WAS INSUFFICIENT. SHE IS NOW UNDERGOING FROM A WEAKER HAND A MORE IGNOMINIOUS PUNISHMENT, PURSUED BY THE DERISION OF EUROPE. TO SAVE HER HONOUR, SHE PRETENDED TO ADMIRE THE COURAGE THAT DECIMATED HER CHILDREN: TO SAVE HER HONOUR, SHE NOW PRETENDS TO ADMIRE THE WISDOM THAT IMPRISONS THEM. CUNNING IS NOT WISDOM; PREVARICATION IS NOT POLICY; AND (NOVEL AS THE NOTION IS, IT IS EQUALLY TRUE) ARMIES ARE NOT STRENGTH: ACRE AND WATER-LOO SHOW IT, AND THE FLAMES OF THE KREMLIN AND THE SOLITUDES OF FONTAINEBLEAU. ONE HONEST MAN, ONE WISE MAN, ONE PEACEFUL MAN, COMMANDS A HUNDRED MILLIONS, WITHOUT A BATON AND WITHOUT A CHARGER. HE WANTS NO FORTRESS TO PROTECT HIM: HE STANDS HIGHER THAN ANY CITADEL CAN RAISE HIM, BRIGHTLY CONSPICUOUS TO THE MOST DISTANT NATIONS, GOD'S SERVANT BY ELECTION, GOD'S IMAGE BY BENEFICENCE.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[After the address to the Pope there was a preface, without heading, as follows:]

It is hardly to be expected that ladies and gentlemen will leave on a sudden their daily promenade, skirted by Turks and shepherds and knights and plumes and palfreys, of the finest Tunbridge manufacture, to look at these rude frescoes, delineated on an old wall high up, and sadly weak in coloring. As in duty bound, we can wait. The reader (if there should be one) will remember that Sculpture and Painting have never ceased to be occupied with the scenes and figures which we venture once more to introduce in poetry, it being our belief that what is becoming in two of the Fine Arts is not quite unbecoming in a third, the one which indeed gave birth to them.

THE CHILDREN OF VENUS

[Published in 1847; not reprinted in same form. For later version published in 1859, reprinted 1876, see notes at end of volume. Text 1847.]

Twain are the sons of Venus: one beholds
Our globe in gladness, while his brother's eye
Casts graver glances down, nor cares for woods
Or song, unworthy of the name of Love.

Title. The Boys of Venus, 1859.

HELLENICS

Nothing is sweet to him, as pure and cold
As rain and Eurus.

What dissension thus
Severed the beauteous pair? Ambition did.
With heavy heart the elder bore that he
Whom often with an arrow in his hand
He saw, and whetstone under it, and knew
To spend the day entire in weaving flowers
Or drawing nets, as might be, over birds,
That he should have men's incense, he have shrines,
While only empty honour, silent prayer,
Was offered to himself.

10

On this he goes
And makes Silenus arbiter. The eld
With gentle speech would fain assuage his wrath;
It rises but the higher: he bids him call
The Idalian to his presence, then decide.

With downcast eye, and drooping wing, and cheek
Suffused with shame, the little one advanced,
And "Brother! did you call me? Then at last
The poor Idalian is not quite despised?"

20

The kindly arbiter in vain attempts
To bring together two such potent hands.
"No" said the taller; "I am here for this,
This only, that he learn, and by defeat,
What is my power."

Hereon Silenus, "Go!
Kiss first: then both (but with no enemy)
In power and honour safely may contend."

30

The younger leaps upon the elder's neck
And kisses it and kisses it again:
The austerer could not, tho' he would, resist
Those rapid lips; one kiss he did return,
Whether the influence of the God prevail'd,
Or whether 'tis impossible to stand
Repelling constantly a kindly heart.
But neither his proud words did he remitt
Nor resolution: he began to boast
How with his radiant fire he had reduced
The ancient Chaos; how from heaven he drove
The darkness that surrounded it, and drew
Into their places the reluctant stars,
And made some stand before him, others go

40

THE CHILDREN OF VENUS

Beyond illimitable space; then curb'd
The raging sea and chain'd with rocks around.

"Is not all this enough for you?" exclaimed
The brother; "must my little realm be stript
Of every glory? You will make me proud
In speech, refusing what is justly due.

50

Upon my birth the golden ether smiled.
What Chaos was I know not, I confess;
I would let every star fly where it list,
Nor try to turn it: her who rules them all
I drew behind the Latmian cliffs; she prayed,
She promist ever to perform my will
Would I but once be friendly. 'Twas her first,
'Twas her last vow . . and it was made to *me*.

Now you alike inhabit the same heaven,
And she must know you, yet none other Love
Acknowledges save him whom you despise.
To me what matter are the raging seas,
Curb'd or uncurb'd, in chains or out of chains?
I penetrate the uttermost retreat

60

Of Nereus; I command, and from the deep
Dolphins rise up and give their pliant backs
For harps to grate against and songmen ride;
And, when I will'd it, they have fondly wept
For human creatures human tears, and laid
Their weary lives down on the dry sea-sand.
Desert thou some-one, and he knows it not;
Let me desert him, let me but recede
One footstep, and funereal fire consumes
His inmost heart.

70

"The latest guest above
With basket overturn'd and broken thread
Lay lithe as new-mown grass before the gate
Of Omphale: a fondled whelp tug'd off
The lion-skin, and lept athwart his breast.
Vast things and wonderful are those you boast.
I would say nothing of the higher Powers,
Lest it might chafe you. How the world turns round
I know not, or who tempers the extremes
Of heat and cold and regulates the tides.
I leave them all to you: give me instead
Dances and crowns and garlands; give the lyre,
And softer music of the river-side

80

HELLENICS

Where the stream laps the sallow-leaves, and breaks
The quiet converse of the whispering reeds:
Give me, for I delight in them, the clefts
Of bank o'ergrown by moss'es soft deceit.

90

I wish but to be happy: others say
That I am powerful: whether so or not
Let facts bear witness: in the sun, the shade,
Beneath the setting and the rising stars
Let these speak out; I keep them not in mind."

"Scarce less thy promises" the other cried.
He smiled and own'd it.

"You will soon educe

Bolder assertion of important deeds
Who things terrestrial haughtily despise.
Decline your presence at the blissful couch,
And boast you never make those promises
Which make so many happy, but with eye
Averted from them gaze into the deep,
Yet tell me, tell me, solemn one, that swearest
By that dark river only, *who* compel'd
Pluto to burn amid the deepest shades,
Amid the windings of the Stygian stream
And panting Phlegethon? while barkt the dog
Three-throated, so that all his realm resounds.

100

And *who* (here lies the potency) *who* made
The griesly Pluto please the captive bride?
Mere sport! If graver, better, things you want,
This is the hand, and this the torch it held
(You might have heard each drop the Danaïd
Let fall, Ixion's wheel you might have heard
Creak, as now first without his groans it roll'd)
When the fond husband claspt Eurydice,
And the fond wife the earliest slain at Troy."

110

The arbiter embraced him: more composed
He turn'd toward the other and pronounced
This sentence.

120

"O most worthy of thy sire
The Thunderer! to thy guidance I committ
The stars (if he approve of it) and storms
And seas, and rocks coercing their uproar,
If Amphitrite smile, if Neptune bend.
But, O thou smaller one of lighter wing,
Source of the genial laugh and dulcet smile,

THE CHILDREN OF VENUS

Who makest every sun shed softer rays,
And one sole night outvalue all that shine,
Who holdest back (what Jove could never do)
The flying Hours! thou askest nought beyond;
And this do I award thee. I bestow
On thee alone the gentle hand hand-linkt . .
Thy truest bond . . on thee the flowers, the lyre,
The river's whispers which the reeds increase,
The spring to weave thy trophies, the whole year
To warm and fill it with the balm of spring.
Only do thou" . . he whispered in the ear
Of Love, and blusht in whispering it . . "incline
Ianthe . . touch her gently . . just the point . .
Nor let that other know where thou hast aim'd."

130

140

PAN AND PITYS

[Published in 1847, not reprinted in same form. For later version published in 1859,
reprinted 1876, see notes at end of volume. Text 1847.]

Cease to complain of what the Gods decree,
Whether by death or (harder!) by the hand
Of one prefer'd thy loves be torne away,
For even against the bourn of Arcady
Beats the sad Styx, heaving its wave of tears,
And nought on earth so high but Care flies higher.

A maid was wooed by Boreas and by Pan,
Pitys her name, her haunt the wood and wild;
Boreas she fled from; with more placid eye
Lookt she on Pan; yet chided him, and said . .

10

"Ah why should men or clearer-sighted Gods
Propose to link our hands eternally?

That which o'er raging seas is wildly sought
Perishes and is trampled on in port;

And they where all things are immutable
Beside, even they, the very Gods, are borne
Unsteddily wherever love impels;

Even he who rules Olympus, he himself
Is lighter than the cloud beneath his feet.

Lovers are ever an uncertain race,

20

And they the most so who most loudly sing
Of truth and ardour, anguish and despair,
But thou above them all. Now tell me, Pan,
How thou deceivedst the chaste maid of night,

HELLENICS

Cynthia, thou keeper of the snow-white flock!
 Thy reed had crackled with thy flames, and split
 With torture after torture; thy lament
 Had fill'd the hollow rocks; but when it came
 To touch the sheep-fold, there it paus'd and cool'd.
 Wonderest thou whence the story reacht my ear? 30
 Why open those eyes wider? why assume
 The ignorant, the innocent? prepared
 For refutation, ready to conceal
 The fountain of Selinos, waving here
 On the low water its long even grass,
 And there (thou better may'st remember this)
 Paved with smooth stones, as temples are. The sheep
 Who led the rest, struggled ere yet half-shorn,
 And dragged thee slithering after it: thy knee
 Bore long the leaves of ivy twined around 40
 To hide the scar, and stil the scar is white.
 Dost thou deny the giving half thy flock
 To Cynthia? hiding tho' the better half,
 Then all begrimed producing it, while stood
 Well-washt and fair in puffy wooliness
 The baser breed, and caught the unpracticed eye."
 Pan blusht, and thus retorted.

"Who hath told
 That idle fable of an age long past?
 More just, perhaps more happy, hadst thou been,
 Shunning the false and flighty. Heard I have 50
 Boreas and his rude song, and seen the goats
 Stamp on the rock and lick the affrighted eyes
 Of their young kids; and thee too, then averse,
 I also saw, O Pitys! Is thy heart,
 To what was thy aversion, now inclined?
 Believest thou my foe? the foe of all
 I hold most dear. Had Cynthia been prefer'd
 She would not thus have taunted me: unlike
 Thee, Pitys, she looks down with gentle glance
 On them who suffer; whether they abide 60
 In the low cottage or the lofty tower
 She tends them, and with silent step alike
 And watchful eye their aking vigil soothes.
 I sought not Cynthia; Cynthia lean'd to me.
 Not pleased too easily, unlovely things

U. 25 ff. Cynthia &c [see Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 391-3.—W.]

PAN AND PITYS

She shuns, by lovely (and none else) detain'd.
Sweet, far above all birds, is philomel
To her; above all scenes the Padan glades
And their soft-whispering poplars; sweet to her
The yellow light of box-tree in full bloom
Nodding upon Cytoros. She delights
To wander thro' the twinkling olive-grove
And where in clusters on Lycæan knolls
Redden the berries of the mountain-ash;
In glassy fountain, and grey temple-top,
And smooth sea-wave, when Hesperus hath left
The hall of Tethys, and when liquid sounds
(Uncertain whence) are wafted to the shore . .
Never in Boreas."

70

"What a voice is thine!"
She said, and smiled. "More roughly not himself
Could sound with all his fury his own name.
But come, thou cunning creature! tell me how
Thou couldst inveigle Goddesses without
Thinning thy sheepfold."

80

"What! again" cried he
"Such tart and cruel twitting? She received,
Not as belov'd, but loving me, my gift.
I gave her what she askt, and more had given,
But half the flock was all that she required;
Need therefor was it to divide in twain
The different breeds, that she might make her choice.
One, ever meager, with broad bony front,
Shone white enough, but harder than goat's hair
The wool about it; and loud bleatings fill'd
The plains it battened on . . for only plains
It trod; and smelt . . as all such coarse ones smell.
Avarice urged the Goddess: she sprang forth
And took, which many more have done, the worse.

90

"Why shake thy head? incredulous! Ah why,
When none believe the truth, should I confess?
Why, one who hates and scorns the lover, love?
Once thou reposedst on the words I spake,
And, when I ceast to speak, thou didst not cease
To ponder them, but with thy cool plump palm
Unconsciously didst stroke that lynx-skin down
Which Bacchus gave me, toucht with virgin shame
If any part slipt off and bared my skin.

100

HELLENICS

I then could please thee, could discourse, could pause,
Could look away from that sweet face, could hide
All consciousness that any hand of mine
Had crept where lifted knee would soon unbend. 110
Ah then how pleasant was it to look up
(If thou didst too) from the green glebe supine,
And drink the breath of all sweet herbs, and watch
The last rays run along the level clouds,
Until they kindle into living forms

And sweep with golden net the western sky.
Meanwhile thou notedst the dense troop of crows
Returning on one track and at one hour
In the same darkened intervals of heaven.
Then mutual faith was manifest, but glad 120
Of fresh avowal; then securely lay
Pleasure, reposing on the crop she reapt.

"The oleaster of the cliff; the vine
Of leaf pellucid, clusterless, untamed;
The tufts of cytissus that half-conceal'd
The craggy cavern, narrow, black, profound;
The scantier broom below it, that betray'd
Those two white fawns to us . . . what now are they?
How the pine's whispers, how the simpering brook's,
How the bright vapour trembling o'er the grass 130
Could I enjoy, unless my Pitys took
My hand and show'd me them; unless she blew
My pipe when it was hoarse; and, when my voice
Fail'd me, took up, and so inspired, my song."

Thus he, embracing with brown brawny arm
Her soft white neck, not far from his declined,
And with sharp finger parting her smooth hair.
He paus'd.

"Take now that pipe," said she "and since
Thou findest joyance in things past, run o'er
The race-course of our pleasures: first will I 140
The loves . . . of Boreas I abhor . . . relate.
He his high spirit, his uprooted oaks,
And heaven confused with hailstones, may sing on:
How into thine own realms his breath has blown
The wasting flames, until the woods bow'd low
Their heads with heavy groans, while he alert
Shook his broad pinions and scream'd loud with joy.
He may sing on, of shattered sails, of ships

PAN AND PITYS

Sunk in the depths of ocean, and the sign
Of that wide empire from Jove's brother torn;
And how beneath the rocks of Ismaros
Deluded he with cruel sport the dream
That brought the lost one back again, and heard
The Manes clap their hands at her return.
Always his pastime was it, not to shake
Light dreams away, but change them into forms
Horrific; churl, from peace and truth averse.
What in such rival ever couldst thou fear?"

150

Boreas heard all she spoke, amid the brake
Conceal'd: rage seiz'd him: the whole mountain shook.
"Contemn'd!" said he, and as he said it, split
A rock, and from the summit with his foot
Spurn'd it on Pitys. Ever since, beneath
That rock sits Pan: her name he calls; he waits
Listening, to hear the rock repeat it; wipes
The frequent tear from his hoarse reed, and wears
Henceforth the pine, her pine, upon his brow.

160

153 lost one[=Eurydice, cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 486 ff.—W.].

CUPID AND PAN

[Published in 1847. For shorter version published in 1859, reprinted 1876, see notes at end of volume. Text 1847.]

Cupid saw Pan stretcht at full length asleep.
He snatcht the goatskin from the half-covered limbs,
And, now in *this* place now in *that* twitcht up
A stiff curv'd hair: meanwhile the slumberer
Blew from his ruddy breast all care about
His flock, all care about the snow, that hung
Only where creviced rocks rose bleak and high,
And felt . . what any cork-tree's bark may feel.
His hemlock pipe lay underneath his neck:
But even this the wicked boy stole out,
And unperceived . . save that he twinkled once
His hard sharp ear, and laid it down again.
"Jupiter! is there any God" said Love,
"Sluggish as this prick-ear one! verily
Not thy own wife could stir or waken him."

10

Between his rosy lips he laid the pipe
And blew it shrilly: that loud sound did wake
The sleeper: up sprang then two ears at once

HELLENICS

Above the grass; up sprang the wrathful God
And shook the ground beneath him with his leap. 20
But quite as quickly and much higher sprang
The audacious boy, deriding him outright.
"Down with those arrows, wicked imp! that bow,
Down with it; then what canst thou do?"

"What then,
Pan, I can do, soon shalt thou see . . . There! there!"

He spake, and threw them at Pan's feet: the bow,
The golden bow, sprang up again, and flowers
Cradled the quiver as it struck the earth.
"Twould shame me."

"In my conflicts shame is none,
Even for the vanquish't: check but wrath: come on: 30
Come, modest one! close with me, hand to hand."

Pan rolled his yellow eyes; and suddenly
Snatcht (as a fowler with his net, who fears
To spoil the feathers of some rarer bird)
Love's slender arm, taunting and teasing him
Nearer and nearer. Then, if ne'er before,
The ruddy color left his face; 'tis said
He trembled too, like one whom sudden flakes
Of snow have fallen on, amidst a game
Of quoits or ball in a warm day of spring. 40

"Go! go!" the Arcadian cried "and learn respect
To betters, at due distance, and hold back
Big words, that suit such littleness but ill.
Why, anyone (unless thou wert a God)
Would swear thou hast not yet seen thrice five years
And yet thou urgest . . . nay, thou challengest
Me, even me, quiet, and half-asleep.
Off! or beware the willow-twigh, thy due."

Now shame and anger seized upon the boy;
He raised his stature, and he aim'd a blow 50
Where the broad hairy breast stood quite exposed
Without the goatskin, swifter than the bird
Of Jove, or than the lightning he has borne.
Wary was the Arcadian, and he caught
The coming fist: it burnt as burns the fire
Upon the altar. The wise elder loost
His hold, and blew upon his open palm
From rounded cheeks a long thin breath, and then
Tried to encompass with both arms the neck

CUPID AND PAN

And waist of the boy God: with tremulous pulse 60
 He fain would twist his hard long leg between
 The smoother, and trip up, if trip he might,
 The tenderer foot, and fit and fit again
 The uncertain and insatiate grasp upon
 A yielding marble, dazzling eye and brain.
 He could not wish the battle at an end,
 No, not to conquer; such was the delight;
 But glory, ah deceitful glory, seized
 (Or somewhat did) one born not to obey.
 When Love, unequal to such strength, had nigh 70
 Succumbed, he made one effort more, and caught
 The horn above him: he from Arcady
 Laught as he tost him up on high: nor then
 Forgot the child his cunning. While the foe
 Was crying "Yield thee," and was running o'er
 The provinces of conquest, now with one
 Now with the other hand, their pleasant change,
 Losing and then recovering what they lost,
 Love from his wing drew one short feather forth
 And smote the eyes devouring him. Then rang 80
 The rivers and deep lakes, and groves and vales
 Throughout their windings. Ladon heard the roar
 And broke into the marsh: Alphæus heard
 Stymphalos, Mænalos (Pan's far-off home),
 Cyllene, Pholœ, Parthenos, who stared
 On Tegea's and Lycæosis affright.
 The winged horse who, no long while before,
 Was seen upon Parnassus, bold and proud,
 Is said (it may be true, it may be false)
 To have slunk down before that cry of Pan, 90
 And to have run into a shady cave
 With broken spirit, and there lain for years,
 Nor once have shaken the Castilian rill
 With neigh, or ruffling of that mighty mane.
 "Hail, conqueror!" cried out Love: but Pan cried out
 Sadder, "Ah never shall I see again
 My woodland realm! ah never more behold
 The melting snow borne down and rolled along
 The whirling brook; nor river full and large,
 Nor smooth and purple pebble in the ford, 100
 Nor white round cloud that rolls o'er vernal sky,
 Nor the mild fire that Hesper lights for us

HELLENICS

To sing by, when the sun is gone to rest.
Woe! woe! the blind have but one place on earth,
And blind am I . . blind, wander where I may!
Spare me! now spare me, Cupid! 'Twas not I
Began the contest; 'tis not meet for me
First to ask peace; peace, peace is all I ask;
Victory well may grant this only boon."
Then held he out his hand; but knowing not
Whether he held it opposite his foe,
Huge tears ran down both cheeks. Love grew more mild
At seeing this, and said . .

110

"Cheer up! behold
A remedy; upon one pact applied,
That thou remove not this light monument
Of my success, but leave it there for me."

Amaranth was the flower he chose the first;
'Twas brittle and dropt broken; one white rose
(All roses then were white) he softly prest;
Narcissuses and violets took their turn,
And lofty open-hearted lilies their's,
And lesser ones with modest heads just rais'd
Above the turf, shaking alternate bells.
The slenderest of all myrtle twigs held these
Together, and across both eyes confined.
Smart was the pain they gave him, first applied:
He stampt, he groan'd, he bared his teeth, and heaved
To nostril the broad ridges of his lip.
After a while, however, he was heard
To sing again; and better rested he
Among the strawberries, whose fragrant leaf
Deceives with ruddy hue the searching sight
In its late season: he grew brave enough
To trill in easy song the pliant names
Of half the Dryads; proud enough to deck
His beauty out . . down went at last the band.
Renewed were then his sorrow and his shame.
He hied to Paphos: he must now implore
Again his proud subduer. At the gate
Stood Venus, and spake thus.

120

130

"Why hast thou torn
Our gifts away? No gentle chastisement
Awaits thee now. The bands my son imposed,
He would in time, his own good time, remove.

140

CUPID AND PAN

O goat-foot! he who dares despise our gifts
Rues it at last. Soon, soon another* wreath
Shall bind thy brow, and no such flowers be there."

* After the death of Pitys he wore the pine. [L.]

DRYOPE

[Published in 1847. For later version, published in 1859, reprinted 1876, see notes at end of volume. Text 1847.]

FAMOUS and over famous Cæta reign'd
Dryops: him beauteous Polydora bare
To the river-god Sperchios: but above
Mother and sire, far brighter in renown,
Was Dryope their daughter, the beloved
Of him who guides thro' heaven his golden car.
Showering his light o'er all things, he endues
All things with colour, grace and song gives he,
But never now on any condescends
To lower his shining locks; his roseate lips
Breathe an ambrosial sigh on none but her.
He follows that shy Nymph thro' pathless ways,
Among the willows in their soft grey flowers,
In their peel'd boughs odorous, and amid
The baskets white and humid, incomplete:
He follows her along the river-side,
Soft to the foot and gladdened by the breeze;
He follows where the Nereids watch their fords
While listen the Napæan maids around.
Tending one day her father's sheep, she heard
A flute in the deep valley; then a pipe;
And soon from upright arms the tymbrel trill'd.
Dryads and Hamadryads then appear'd,
And one among them cried to her aloud
"Knowest thou not the day when all should sing
Pæan and *Io Pæan*? Shunnest thou
The lord of all, whom all the earth adores,
Giver of light and gladness, warmth and song?
And wilt thou that Dryops stand above
Admetos? from thy sight thus banishing
And shutting from thy fold the son of Jove."

She, proud and joyous at the gay reproof,
Stood silent. They began the dance and games.
And thus the day went on. When evening came

10

20

30

HELLENICS

They sang the hymn to Delios. Nigh the seat
Of Dryope, among the tufts of grass,
A lyre shone out; whose can it be, they ask;
Each saw the next with her's upon her knee;
Whether Theano's or Autonoe's gift,
Dryope takes it gratefully, and trills 40
The glimmering strings: and now at one she looks,
Now at another, knowingly, and speaks
(As if it heard her) to it, now on lap
And now on bosom fondly laying it.
Behold! a snake, a snake, it glides away.
They shriek: and each one as she sate reclined
Throws her whole body back. Striving to rise,
Autonoe prest upon a fragile reed
Her flattened hand, nor felt it: when she saw
The blood, she suckt the starting globe, and sought 50
The place it sprang from. Hither, thither, run
The maidens. But the strings, and tortoise-shell
That held them at due distance, are instinct
With life, and rush on Dryope, too slow
To celebrate the rites the sires had taught
And Delios had ordain'd. One whom the flight
Left nearest, turn'd her head, stil flying on,
Fearful til pity overcame her fear,
And thus she cried aloud.

“Look back! look back!
See how that creature licks her lips, her eyes, 60
Her bosom! how it seizes! how it binds
In the thick grass her struggles! Where is now,
Where is Apollo proud of Python slain?
Whether she sinn'd thro' silliness or dread,
Poor inexperienced girl! are snakes to teach?
Are they fit bonds for love? can fear persuade?
Phœbus! come hither! aid us! Ah, what now
Would the beast do? how swells his horrid crest?”
Various and manifold the dragon brood.
Some urge their scales along the ground, and some 70
Their wings aloft, some yoked to fiery cars,
And some, tho' hard of body, melt in air.

Callianira now was brave enough
To stop her flight: on the first hill she rais'd
Her eyes above the brambles, just above,
And caught and held Diaule at her side,

DRYOPE

Who, when she stopt her, trembled more and more.
But arguments are ready to allay
Her terror; all strong arguments, like these.

"Are there not many things that may deceive
The sight at first? might not a lizard seem
A dragon? and how pleasant in hot days
To hold a lizard to the breast, and tempt
Its harmless bitings with the finger's end!
Dragon or lizard, rare the species is.

80

What! are they over . . . Dryope's alarms?
She treats it like a sister. Lo! her hand
Upon its neck! and, far as we are off,
Lo! how it shines! as bright as any star.

Vainly exhorts she, first Autonoe,
And then Diaule, to come on; alone

90

She ventures; vainly would they call her back.

And now again the creature is transform'd.

Lizard nor serpent now, nor tortoise-shell
Cheyls, is that which purple flutters round,
And which is whiter here and darker there,
Like violets drifted o'er with shifting hail.
Golden the hair that fluctuates upon neck
None of its own. A bland ethereal glow
Ran over and ran thro' the calmer maid.

100

At last her fellow Nymphs came all around,
And Delios stood before them, manifest
No less to them than to his Dryope:

For with a radiant nod and arm outstretcht
He call'd them back; and they obey'd his call.

He lookt upon them, and with placid smile
Bespake them, drawing close his saffron vest.

Their eyes were lower'd before him as they stept
Into his presence; well they knew what fears

He shook throughout the Dryads, when he gave
His steeds and chariot to his reckless son,

110

When the woods crasht and perisht under him,
And when Eridanos, altho' his stream

Flows down from heaven, saw its last ripple sink.

Well they remembered how Diana fled

Among the woods and wilds, when mightier bow
Than hers was strung, and Python gaspt in death.

Potent of good they knew him, and of ill,
And closed the secret in their prudent hearts.

HELLENICS

At first they would have pitied the hard fate
Of Dryope; but when she answered not
The words of pity, in her face they lookt
Stealthily.

120

Soft the moisture of her brow,
Languid the luster of her eyes; a shame
Rosier and richer than before suffused
Her features, and her lips were tinged with flame
A God inspired, and worthy of that God.

Each had her little question; but she stopt
As tho' she would reprove: at this they ply
Joke after joke, until they bring her home.
All they had known they would make others know,
But they had lookt too near and seen too well,
And had invoked the God with dance and hymn;
Beside, Diana would have sore avenged
Her righteous brother, who deals openly
With mortals, and few facts from them conceals.

130

Dryope soon became Andraemon's wife,
And mother of Amphissos. Every spring
They chaunt her praises; her's, who trill'd so well
The plectron of Apollo; in the vale,
Of her own shady Æta do they sing.

140

140 vale,] *mispr. vale; in 1847 is here corrected.* [W.]

CORESOS AND CALLIRHÖE

[Published in 1847. For a later version published in 1859, reprinted 1876, see notes
at end of volume. Text 1847.]

THE girls of Calydon now celebrate
The feast of Bacchus. Two whirl round and round
A rope entwined with flowers, and make the rest
Run into and leap over it by turns.
A playful one and mischievous pusht on
Her who stood nearest, laughing as her foot
Tript and her hair was tangled in the flowers.

Ah now, Callirhœe! burning shame flew up
Into thy face, nor could thy mother's prayer
Bring thee before the altar: now, 'tis said,
A tear roll'd down thy cheek, not quite exempt
From anger; but thy hand conceal'd thy face.

10

Coresos, rising from his lofty seat,
Came forward, and stood ravisht with her charms:

CORESOS AND CALLIRHÖE

Coresos was it who then ruled the rites,
Beauteous, and skill'd to praise his God in song.
Unhappy youth! to see her in that hour!
In any other had he seen her first,
She might have loved him as he now loved her,
And he, had never he beheld her shame
And tears at falling, might have lived and played
On idle pipe the vacant cares of love.

20

Neither the struggles of devoted goat
Nor the sweet wine they pour upon its horns
Engage his notice; not the God himself,
Giver of joy, gives any joy to him:
Nor after, when short laugh is faintly heard
Among the bushes, and the star of eve,
Eve's star and Love's, alone is overhead,
And shrubs are shaken which no breezes shake,
Gave he his eyes to sleep, his limbs to rest.
Where the long grasses hung with dews malign,
Beneath an ilex sat he quite alone
And meditated much, forgetting all
He fain would say to her; her face itself
Was shaken in his memory by his throbs:
Vainly would he recall it; up there comes
Another, less ingenuous, more in want
Of grace and beauty, not (alas!) of scorn.

30

Many the days he wooed her, and the nights
Many he mourn'd that he had wooed in vain.

40

At last no longer could he see her near.
If barks the dog, she starts; if stranger lift
The door-latch, up she springs; the humid thread
She snatches from her mouth with trembling hand
And holds before her lips, and throws her hair
Back, which had fallen and hung loosely down
While close below the lintal slopes her ear.
If in the court she hears a louder step
She thinks him coming; come, if one less loud.

50

The cane that long has quivered in the wind
Hardens; the maiden thus who long has fear'd:
Callirhœ would not trust her mother once,
No, nor herself; but now would gladly hear,
Alone or with her parent, him who sued;
For she had sharpen'd the bright point of speech
In readiness to pierce his open breast:

HELLENICS

Nor slight is the offender's new offence
Thus to avoid it.

As the coral bends
Beneath the Erythræan sea, but grows 60
Harder and harder when it feels the air,
So did this virgin, soft and flexible
In her first nature. Shyness, which confused
Her features lately, now quite disappear'd.
She minds not what men tattle, nor desires
Their ignorance of what she blusht to know;
She laughs if any whisper in her ear
That *he* is coming, laughs to see him stop
Suddenly, thus (a long way off) observ'd.
Afar she would not wish him, would not wish 70
His folly less, his madness less. She trod,
And knew she trod, upon a sacred flame,
Unscared, contending with the mighty Gods,
And rendering their best gifts of no avail.

Ah! in what region grows a dittany
To heal the wound Love's poison'd barb hath left?
He who with quiet bosom can sit down
With wrongs like these cast into it, loves not;
Nor he who fiercely bursts the bond at once.

Coresos siez'd her hand and threw it back 80
Disdainful, but sigh'd deeply, fixing fast
His looks upon her; then more calmly spake.

"Callirhœe! I no more bemoan to thee
The love thou spurnest: pity ask I none
For such a vain, such an unworthy grief.
Be sure the tear thou now despisest, falls
The last that I shall shed or thou shalt see,
And therefor in the hour of death it falls.
For look around thee how the plague devours
Men's festered limbs! how fly the old to learn 90
The will and oracles of heaven, and how
From the hill-tops look out for their return
Those who have given them the last embrace.
The blameless fall; and shall the guilty stand?

"Contemn'd I was, and I deserv'd contempt.
But never it repents me that in youth
Those arts I cherisht which, if age had come,
Had given grace and dignity to age.
Tis not for me: upon my brow too soon

CORESOS AND CALLIRHŒ

The crown thou placest; and the flowers that deck 100
 An altar near at hand to thee are sweet.
 Worthy I was, Callirhœ! then I sued;
 Unworthy am I now, and now retire,
 Broken in spirit, pierced with arrows, aim'd
 Less by my lurking foes (for these are few)
 Than by the heartless levity of friends.
 Once (let me boast it) I might beat them all
 Where agile strength the wrestler's olive gave,
 Or where the Gods bestow'd the gift of song,
 Or, boon to me more precious! in thy love. 110
 Kings may hold prizes forth: the ores of earth,
 The gems of ocean, may adorn small men
 And make them marvels to more small below;
 The Gods alone on mortal can confer
 Genius and beauty, the pure wealth of heaven.
 Ah! why do they to whom these gifts befall
 Stand so apart? ah why shouldst thou condemn
 To moulder each in barrenness away?
 Beauty we worship in her high career,
 But let her wane, and where the worshiper? 120
 And Genius, mournful Genius, unapproacht,
 Like Saturn from his lofty citadel,
 Looks with an iron light down on a world
 Torn from him."

While he speaks, there now return

The elders, with their temples filleted,
 For mildness, virtue, piety, revered,
 Besought and prone with purer hands to touch
 The altar, and the wrath of heaven avert.

Callirhœ, whom the crowd call'd out by name,
 Beheld them and turn'd pale, presaging ill: 130
 Pale also turn'd Coresos, and endured
 Yet worse his aching breast the ribald words
 Flung by the people on the modest maid.
 Forward he rusht to lead her from a throng
 Madden'd with rage against her. In his flight
 Palæmon stopt him.

"Stay thy steps" cried he,
 "And thou too, wretched maiden! hear the Gods,
 Whose sentence on thy crime I now repeat.
 Against thee shall the nation rise no more,
 No more the dying virgin lift her eyes 140

HELLENICS

Against thee, and no longer shall the torch
Where mothers crowd our funerals, bear thy name."
Coresos sprang to clasp the neck she turn'd,
And cried in loud devotion,

"Hail, O sire
Who fillest with thy deity the groves
Of thy Dodona, and whose look benign
Hath given to the air and earth below
Health and serenity! This maid henceforth
To me alone will be the source of pain.
More than Iacchus whom I serve, and more
Than happiest dream could promise, is thy gift." 150

Troubled in mind, Palæmon shook his head
And thus continued.

"Much art thou deceived
By such bright hopes, O gentle youth! Thyself
Shouldst see the future, favored by thy God;
But thou thyself dost hold before thine eyes
Love's dazzling saffron vesture, and believe
That what is coming can be only Love.

"Step forward, ye young men! for Jupiter
Calls on ye all, and honors thus his son 160
Of Semele begotten. Lead ye forth,
Lead ye, a victim to appease his ire,
Callirhœe."

That loud sound ran thro' her heart,
Ran thro' her limbs, and swept their strength away.
Down fell she. But strong arms had now seiz'd hers
And drag'd her to the temple.

Sense return'd
At the close tramp of those who hurried by,
(Some to see only, some with zeal to pile
The altar), at the smoke of frankincense,
At the cold sprinkling of the sacred lymph 170
Upon her temples, and at (suddenly
Dropt, and resounding on the floor) the sword.

"Take it!" with tremulous voice Palæmon said.
"This is thy office; often on that head
Hast thou call'd down due vengeance from above:
Take, hold it, use it. Dost thou now retract?
'Tis not permitted. To no prayer of thine
Our Gods grant this, but are resolved to show

161 Semele [mother of Bacchus; mispr. Semale is here corrected.—W.]

CORESOS AND CALLIRHÖE

That wrong'd are they when men like thee are wrong'd.
If from the people one came forward, friend, 180
Relative, parent, willing to devote
His life instead of yon unhappy maid's,
Thro' that man's blood the city shall receive
Safety; for Jove thus reconciles his son."

Upon the trembling victim gazed the youth,
And with back-hand swept off a tear.

"Thy sire"

Said he "is dead: and others are content
To have stood higher in thy grace than I.
Look! listen! what light footsteps glide away!
Now with firm breast, Callirhœ! and fixt eye 190
I dare to look on thee. In father's stead,
In lover's stead, I stand; and I perform
The sacred duty by the Gods imposed."

Cries, clamours, groans, rise, spread. They see the limbs
Of young Coresos on the earth; and fear
Seizes them lest they tread that holy blood.
The temple moans aloud; the city swarms
With rumours, and the groves and fields around.
Now 'tis reported that the youth has fallen
By his own hand to save the virgin; now 200
That both were stricken by the fire of heaven.
With its own violence the crowd is swayed
Hither and thither, thickening; as the waves
Conglomerate under the propelling storm.

THE ALTAR OF MODESTY

[Published in 1847; not reprinted in the same form. For a longer version published
in 1859 see notes at end of volume. Text 1847.]

WHERE turns the traveler from Sparta's gate
And looks toward Elisis old citadel,
Where the first ford runs with white rill across,
Close by Eurotas was an altar rais'd
To Modesty. 'Twas hither Leda brought
Helen, whom Theseus lately bore away,
And thus reproved her, where none heard beside.
"O daughter! how couldst thou have left thy home,
Thy parents, thy twin-brothers, bright as stars?
With what persuasion could have toucht thy heart 10
That Theseus? Surely neither bland nor chaste,

HELLENICS

Nor even young. Me one more great allured
Among the swans, in semblance of a swan;
Then did that cruel petulant deride,
And more derided he the more I blusht;
Whom when I chided, he assumed a tone
Of grief, and whined and muttered *Ah poor thing!*
Sad work with Leda! How ashamed was I!
Once I was passing by the wrestler's ring . .
Not very near . . he slanted out his lips 20
Into a beak-like form; another time
He made short twitters from a hollow reed;
Another, down his shoulders he drew wings
And shook (the wretch!) as any swan might shake.
Bad! but how bad grant Heaven thou hast not known!
Come; here the place is proper; tell me all."
Then Helen . . yet some sighs she first breath'd forth . .
"If the false guest who ran away with me
Was very bad, Pirithōus was worse;
For he had talkt and sung of me before, 30
And rais'd me over all our Spartan maids,
And, wild with rapture, shown me to his friend.
O! I will never dance again near him
To celebrate Diana's festival."
"Talk to me now of Theseus, and none else,"
Said Leda. She obeyed, and thus went on.
"Praising the joyous life in Cecrops-land,
And brides and maidens with gold grasshoppers
Among their hair embraided, he preferr'd 40
The simple hair of Helen over gold.
The men are brave at Athens, brave are they
But gentle too: Pallas, however stern,
On them looks never sternly; and each Grace
Chastens their little faults and smiles them down.
Then there are harps and dances that shake off
The olives their white blossom; then are there
Theatricals all autumn, taught by him
Who conquered India, and whose sole command
Was that all mortals upon earth be blest.
Theseus said *he* was wretched; and his voice 50
Proved it . . he pled for pardon; as 'twere he
Who did the harm; as 'twere a crime to grieve.
I was not very cruel, I confess;
Enough to seem a little so; enough

THE ALTAR OF MODESTY

To look unpitying of his sighs and prayers.
Then said I, 'Who would ever try the flame
Of love, when under friendship's cooler shade
He might repose, and there hear all commend
Himself, and one whose courage fixt his choice
To run with, ride, swim, wrestle, and converse. 60
There is Pirithöus now . . young, ardent, prompt
At anything with you: him you may make
Your very counterpart . . more apt than I
For arms, and more compliant to your will.
Such was that youth in beauty who was borne
From Ida by the tawny bird of Jove,
Such he who perisht by Apollo's quoit.
But never can you hope for praise with me,
Never to conquer or compose my fears.'
Then he. 'Not always, Helen, is the ear 70
Inclined to praise; not always is the breast
Vacant to friendship. Often have the maids
Of Sparta turn'd this friendship into blame.
Soon in Pandion's city shalt thou see
How warm the lover when so warm the friend.'
'But they do say, O Theseus, they do say,
That you once left behind you in that ile
Famed for its hundred cities, one you loved.'
And now, sweet mother, hear his own reply
In refutation of that ill report. 80
We know how cruel Minos is, we know
The law imposed on Athens he subdued.
Theseus' mother would have sent him here
To free him from that law; but uncompe'l'd
Sailed Theseus to Jove's birth-place; there he slew
The monster: Ariadne gave the thread
That guided him: he show'd no perfidy
To Ariadne, but his heart was doom'd
For Helen: yes, his last and only care
Should Helen be: by all the Gods above, 90
Ever propitious to him, she alone
The man, who won so many, should possess,
And marble house, and hills of honeycombs.
Ah mother! why say more? My cunning nurse,
Who knows the whole, hath surely told you all;
For when I lay disrobed along the couch,
One knee thrown over it, that creature stoopt

HELLENICS

Peering (she trod on my loose hair) then spat,
And turn'd away, and claspt her hands and cried,
'Jupiter! thou hast saved thine own from shame!

100

A miracle! a miracle! beyond
All miracles! The madman! Hero he?
He kill the Minotaur! I well believe
He left the virgin upon Dia's shore;
What could he else? Degenerate age! to rear
No better man than Hercules and him!'"

The scornful speech of that old crone, retold,
Gladdened the heart of Leda, and sweet tears
Fell from her eyes as the dense cloud dissolved.
"And now" said she "since all turns out less ill
Than might have happened, learn how better far,
While thou wert absent, fared a wiser maid.

110

The sacred torch in order due was borne
Before Ulysses and Penelope.
Icarius, tho' their love he had approved
And call'd his daughter's chosen from his home,
Tho' above all men prudent, and expert
In war by sea and land, and tho' his ile
Rose up securely from the rocks and waves,
Icarius felt how sad and sorrowful
Is the departure of a child we love.

120

While those of his own age were seated by,
The feast was well enough: 'twas not amiss
To link the present and the past with flowers
And cool the brow with ivy: then came sleep
With mild and genial influence over him.
But in the morning, when he sees the wreaths
Hang limber round the cups and from the doors,
And when he hears the neighing of the steeds
That shake them, and remarks the servants run
Hither and thither, grief (til then remote)
Strikes on his temples, and his ears sob loud,
And his knees, tottering under him, give way."

130

"How piteous, poor Icarius!" Helen cried,
"How cruel was Ulysses!"

"One alone

Is crueler," said Leda, "she who leaves
The fondest parent for a stranger's arms;
And but one parent wretcheder than he . .
The parent of that daughter." Then she askt

THE ALTAR OF MODESTY

Why Helen fled: but Helen turn'd aside
The question, and "Heaven grant Penelope
May be a blessing to her father yet!"
At this ambiguous wish did Leda smile,
And with one finger pat that pretty face,
And draw the chin from forth the neck it prest.
Helen then, looking round her, gravely said,
"I will confess the whole, for I perceive
You have no mind to ask me such odd things
As that old woman did; she must be crazed.
Unless she took me for a lion's cub
Would she have whispered, 'didst thou bite the wretch?'
Then nods and winks, and winks and nods again,
Words without meaning, meaning without words.
Such manners, my sweet mother, may become
Poor sister Clytemnæstra, never me:
Never, when any hurt me, did I bite
Or scratch; I only trembled as, when all
The strings of harp or lyre are swept at once,
Water runs trembling to the vase's rim."
Leda had listened with her cheek prest down
Against the turf, dreading to lift her eyes,
And nipt unconsciously the tough grass-blades.
"He did not hurt thee then?" said she.
"Nor wish
To hurt me," said the maiden; "that he swore;
Nay, he protected me with arms and breast."
"Gods! Goddesses!" cried Leda, "what a tale,
O wretched one, is this! go on, go on,
Extinguish fear with anguish . . tell the whole.
Not even the modest are from blame exempt,
But thine, how great is thine! If harsh and stern
Thy sister Clytemnæstra would rebuke
The audacious boys, and swell against their games,
Thou wouldst hear all they said and turn again,
And ask them what they meant; when they had said,
Make them repeat it, and repeat the worst
Thyself, and toss it back to them, and laugh.
Something of sad there may be and severe
In modesty at times, but there is power
To quell it, and the brow whereon it hung
Shows that serenity which shines from heaven."
Urged to confess, the daughter thus went on:

140

150

160

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180

HELLENICS

"A grove there is, not very far away,
But hidden from us by the town and hill,
A gulley runs aside it, which the rains
May fill in winter, but in summer-time
Its course is dark with moss and crumbling mould.
The winds had thrown a rough old tree across
Whose bark and branches form'd an easy road.
He saw it, Theseus did, and lept (and made
Me leap too) from the car: he seated me
Upon the grass: afraid that I might fear,
He tried my bosom with such patient hand
And took such gentle care of me, lest damp
(The herbs were very damp there) or a stone
Or broken stick should hurt me" . .

190

Leda's breath

Wafted more quickly now her daughter's hair
Across the shoulder. "Nemesis will come
Unless thou truly, fully, dost relate
This horrid story."

"To repeat the whole
Is difficult . . the way, the wood . . beside
The seizure, the recovery . . these disturb
My memory; then my brothers, and their steeds,
Shaking the harness that creakt thick with brass.
Angry was Theseus . . gentle just before . .
Rein'd in the horses, bounded from the car,
And call'd down curses on his luckless head,
First to himself, then louder . . bade me go . .
Bade me stop where I was. Now other steeds
Advancing,

200

"'Hush!' he whispered 'Not a word!'

The coursers of the Twins aside of his
Rear'd (pull'd up fiercely close to us) and chafed
The foaming bits. Javelins are level'd! 'Stop!
Stop, robber! we have arms, and thou hast none.'
Then lay they hands upon him, swift as stars
That swell and struggle with a running stream.
Their hands with open hand he turn'd aside,
And 'Boys! what would ye? Think ye me afraid
Of javelin? I respect your tender age,
Your parent's more advanced one I revere.
Take back your sister in her purity;
I know by signs and tokens, to my vows

210

220

THE ALTAR OF MODESTY

Heaven is averse.' He paus'd, and they abstain'd.
Then, rolling here and there his restless eyes,
'And must the youthful Menelaüs wed
Affianced Helen? Beardless boys attract
Wan withering age: but firmer manhood best
Pleases the tenderer and more feeling maid;
Theseus might Helen. Why should fortune thwart?
Why should not Menelaüs take for bride
Tall Clytemnæstra? fair enough, and more
Befitting that wild Argos, that coarse man.'
Then said he, with wet cheek,

230

 "Prometheus! bear
The pouncing bird and bloody rock; endure,
Endure it all; well mayst thou: lightnings strike
Thy sleepless eyes, eternal beaks devour
Thy breast, thy liver, that but heave for them,
Yet thou hast never seen another man
Step to the chamber of thy soul's beloved.'"

It shamed the maiden to relate the first,
The second part it pain'd her to relate,
But every word she told, and every sigh;
Which, lest the mother should remark, she prayed
To hear about Ulyssessis return.

240

Leda thus interwove it with advice.

"Whomever Love hath rightly joined, on those
Life showers down golden days, and every hour
Is bridal. Thou art young, and young the man
Who seeks thee in espousal. Think how far
Chaste love excels unchaster, and become
A new Penelope. Her father ill

250

Endured to lose her; it was grief to say
Farewell; and he had said it: first he turn'd
His face and bent it weeping to the wall,
Then rais'd it; for he heard the feet of steeds
Distinctly . . indistinctly where the road
Was paved no longer and was farther off.

His spirit then broke down; he rusht away,
Weaker with hurry, both in step and sight.
He speeded; he came up to them; for soon
Slackened his pace Ulysses, thus to hear
Better the voice of her he bore away.

260

Icarius, panting heavily, exclaimed,
'Return her to me! I did give . . 'tis true . .

HELLENICS

My treasure to thy prayers . . but then, O then
I was not childless; nor so deaf wert thou.
Many there are who may please *thee*; but one,
One only, is the comfort of my age;
Give, give her back . . or both return with me.'
Ulysses heard, and drew the reins in tight.
Gently the bride received her sire, and wept
Receiving him: her arm embraced his neck,
And tenderest kisses cool'd his throbbing breast.
The bridegroom then bespake him.

270

“Sparta long
Detained me, long and willingly; but home
Now calls me back; I have a father there,
A land, a people; there too I have Gods
Protectors, whom it were a sin to leave.’
“‘If thou art pious,’ cried the father, ‘here
Display thy piety, and yield my child.’
“‘Be hers the choice’ he answered.

“At that word

280

Penelope cast on the ground her eyes;
Her right-hand held his garment; she bent low
To hide the anguish of her sobbing breast.
‘Choose!’ said the father. ‘Think who bore thee! think
Of me thy father! think, and pity me!’
Tortured as was that bosom while he spoke,
Silent for ever as she would remain,
Yet when Ulysses added,

“‘Speak, my own
Penelope!’ she lowered her face, she prest
A closer arm around her father’s neck,
But, covering with her veil her tearful eyes,
Inclined her own upon the lover’s breast.
Happier and prouder was the sire that day;
He entered with firm step his house again,
And other fathers envied him; they rais’d
Amid the chaunting of our youths and maids
(Why wert thou absent, Helen?) rais’d of turf
An altar dedicate to Modesty.”

290

ACON AND RHODOPE; OR, INCONSTANCY

[Published in 1847; not reprinted. A sequel to "The Hamadryad". See p. 151.]

THE Year's twelve daughters had in turn gone by,
Of measured pace tho' varying mien all twelve,
Some froward, some sedater, some adorn'd
For festival, some reckless of attire.

The snow had left the mountain-top; fresh flowers
Had withered in the meadow; fig and prune
Hung wrinkling; the last apple glow'd amid
Its freckled leaves; and weary oxen blinkt
Between the trodden corn and twisted vine,
Under whose bunches stood the empty crate,

10

To creak ere long beneath them carried home.
This was the season when twelve months before,
O gentle Hamadryad, true to love!

Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the wood
Was blasted and laid desolate: but none
Dared violate its precincts, none dared pluck
The moss beneath it, which alone remain'd
Of what was thine.

Old Thallinos sat mute
In solitary sadness. The strange tale
(Not until Rhaicos died, but then the whole)
Echion had related, whom no force
Could ever make look back upon the oaks.
The father said "Echion! thou must weigh,
Carefully, and with steddly hand, enough
(Although no longer comes the store as once!)
Of wax to burn all day and night upon
That hollow stone where milk and honey lie:
So may the Gods, so may the dead, be pleas'd!"
Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,
And lighted it and left it.

20

First of those
Who visited upon this solemn day
The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodope
And Acon; of one age, one hope, one trust.
Graceful was she as was the nymph whose fate
She sorrowed for: he slender, pale, and first
Lapt by the flame of love: his father's lands
Were fertile, herds lowed over them afar.
Now stood the two aside the hollow stone

30

HELLENICS

And lookt with stedfast eyes toward the oak
Shivered and black and bare.

“May never we
Love as they loved!” said Acon. She at this
Smiled, for he said not what he meant to say,
And thought not of its bliss, but of its end.
He caught the flying smile, and blusht, and vow’d
Nor time nor other power, whereto the might
Of love hath yielded and may yield again,
Should alter his.

40

The father of the youth
Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not
Song, that could lift earth’s weight from off his heart,
Discretion, that could guide him thro’ the world,
Innocence, that could clear his way to heaven;
Silver and gold and land, not green before
The ancestral gate, but purple under skies
Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.

50

Fathers have given life, but virgin heart
They never gave; and dare they then controll
Or check it harshly? dare they break a bond
Girt round it by the holiest Power on high?

Acon was grieved, he said, grieved bitterly,
But Acon had complied . . ’twas dutiful!

60

Crush thy own heart, Man! Man! but fear to wound
The gentler, that relies on thee alone,
By thee created, weak or strong by thee;
Touch it not but for worship; watch before
Its sanctuary; nor leave it till are closed
The temple-doors and the last lamp is spent.

Rhodope, in her soul’s waste solitude,
Sate mournful by the dull-resounding sea,
Often not hearing it, and many tears
Had the cold breezes hardened on her cheek.
Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of oaks,
Nor shun’d to look upon the hollow stone
That held the milk and honey, nor to lay
His plighted hand where recently ’twas laid
Opposite hers, when finger playfully
Advanced and pusht back finger, on each side.
He did not think of this, as she would do
If she were there alone.

70

The day was hot;

ACON AND RHODOPE

The moss invited him; it cool'd his cheek,
It cool'd his hands; he thrust them into it 80
And sank to slumber. Never was there dream
Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.
She took him by the arm and led him on
Along a valley, where profusely grew
The smaller lilies with their pendent bells,
And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,
The violet shy of butting cyclamen,
The feathery fern, and, browser of moist banks,
Her offspring round her, the soft strawberry;
The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk, 90
The oleander's light-hair'd progeny
Breathing bright freshness in each other's face,
And graceful rose, bending her brow, with cup
Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for Gods.
The fragrance fill'd his breast with such delight
His senses were bewildered, and he thought
He saw again the face he most had loved.
He stopt: the Hamadryad at his side
Now stood between; then drew him farther off:
He went, compliant as before: but soon 100
Verdure had ceast: altho' the ground was smooth,
Nothing was there delightful. At this change
He would have spoken, but his guide repress
All questioning, and said,

“Weak youth! what brought
Thy footstep to this wood, my native haunt,
My life-long residence? this bank, where first
I sate with him . . the faithful (now I know,
Too late!) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste thee home;
Be happy, if thou canst; but come no more
Where those whom death alone could sever, died.” 110
He started up: the moss whereon he slept
Was dried and withered: deadlier paleness spread
Over his cheek; he sickened: and the sire
Had land enough; it held his only son.

HELLENICS

THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA

[Published in 1847. For a later version published in 1859 see notes at end of volume.
Text 1847.]

"IN Troy, O virgin, shall thy blood remain,
And last beyond Achilles thy espoused."
So sang the Fates together; and their song
Now from Apollo's mouth Polyxena,
Led by her mother to the shrine, received.
The mother chided with long speech her dread,
Opening before her many happy days;
But none of them saw she: grave Hecuba
Wondered that one so pious could despair.

"How, when thus deigns Apollo to confirm
His oracle with omens! What large light
Smiles over heaven! and sweeter breathes the air
Since thy return, sweet as it was before.
Lo! the flowers rise thro' the first dust of spring
As if no enemy had trodden them,
And often by one bramble are two graves
United o'er the slayer and the slain:
Such and so many are the signs of peace."

"I see, I feel it," sighed Polyxena.

"Even that dust which now the tepid breeze
Blows over us, once lived with Trojan blood,
And that blood's moisture fed these very flowers.
O sun! thou shinedst with no other light
When the Achaian keels first scraped our shores,
With light no other when Achilles shook
Our walls with war-cry, car, and clattering arms,
Alas! and with no other when our Gods
Departed, and left Hector maim'd and dead."

Saddened at this, the mother then exclaimed
"Why have I broken silence? On this day
I had ceast weeping for my children slain,
For now Pelides' fierce valour comes
To save us, not to crush us; and dost thou,
Impious! hold back? nor see our Gods return'd?
Ruling o'er kings, with ancient wealth elate,
And hastening to show Asia, won at last,
United to Mycenai, and restore
Helen, in vain by adverse Mars opposed,
Atrides would far rather him for son

THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA

Than all those glories, all that wealth and power. 40
Iphigeneia did not thus refuse
When he was drawn reluctantly to arms,
Intact his shining shield: the goddess-born,
The born to procreate a race of gods
Thou wavest from thee. She pour'd forth her blood
That Troy might fall not, that thy hand might save.
But thou hast gathered up the random words
My poor Cassandra utters: thou hast fears,
And fearest not Achilles!"

Then submit

Replied the daughter.

"If the Gods command 50
My marriage, as indeed they do command,
Or even my slavery, to them I bow;
There is no hardship, there is no disgrace;
But, mother, let me weep; my parent's will,
Since they do not relent, I must obey.
I must be given up to him whose car
Drag'd Hector, drag'd stil breathing, thro' the sands
We tread on, where we promise faith and love,
And praise the Gods for this. Pity my grief;
It never can diminish. Can the Gods 60
Themselves, who see and bid and do such things,
Show me one joy my broken heart may hold?
O tombs! O thou before me, which the last
Of friendship twined with brittle cypress-leaves,
Wither'd and shed, and prest the turf close round!
And all ye others, numberless, that draw
The short thin grass about more recent bones!
Ye are the boundaries of weal and woe.
But we have promist if Apollo wills . .
Ensue but peace from it! . . Enough! my troth 70
Is plighted . . Mother! mother! I comply."

Then Hecuba, and gaspt with grateful tears.
"My last-born child! my life's last, only, hope!
What joy, how intermitted, do thy words
Restore! Believe me, my beloved one,
Not what thou fanciest is thy valiant spouse.
The fates and fortunes of an aged king,
The roof that Gods have dwelt beneath, now touch
His generous bosom, deeper stil thy youth
And beauty: these perhaps, and these alone, 80

HELLENICS

Have made him ask what else he might have seiz'd.
Beside he fear'd (he could not fear that thou
Wouldst be, as was Briseis, unavenged)
He fear'd lest thou by lot shouldst be transfer'd
To that proud tyrant as his lawful prize;
For sure enough his prescient mind foresaw
The fall of Ilion and . . . forgive me, Heaven!
For uttering it . . . Palladium he derides,
And dreads not any God since Hector slain."

Beneath the hill where stand the towers of Troy
The open plain buzzed all the way with crowds,
From the warm channel of the stony brook
Quite to the brakes of Ida; tired of fight,
Yet resolute, if need, to fight again;
But hoping now, from every omen, peace.
Mixt with the Dardans in Apollo's fane
The Achaian chieftains divers thoughts revolved.
One blamed Æacides, Atrides one,
Many the downfall of the town delaid,
Many saw treachery, hid from the unwise,
And some smelt treasure stealthily received
And knew whose tent 'twas under.

90

100

To that fane
Went Priam and the consort of his realm.
There followed these, but followed slow, thro' grief
At many losses in each house, his friends
And kindred, and that progeny erewhile
So numerous and so prodigal of life:
His veil'd stepdaughters closed the stately train,
Led veil'd not long ago for no such hour:
Alone, at home, to while that hour away,
Andromache, oft chided by her child,
Sate, and turn'd slow the spindle, sorrowing.
Meantime how many hearts are throbbing quick
To see so many famous men so nigh,
And know those arms and faces, ill discern'd
Amid the whirl of war. Onward they press
And onward; then halt suddenly; some fear
Lurks with them stil; they call it pious awe,
And, better to dissemble, crouch before
The feet and altar of their placid God.
Polyxena, for whom they all make way,
Grasps, without knowing it, the hand she dreads.

110

120

THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA

Beauteous, more beauteous even than she . . . surpast
By Helen only, in that snow-white brow
And eyes before whose light Apollo's fell,
Rushes with shrill loud shout thro' friend and foe,
Cassandra.

Silent, trembling, stood they all,
As if some God had entered; she alone
Could speak; and thus (words not her own) she spake.

"Hapest thou, sister! sister! happy days
Awaiting thee? Look thou at Troy, behold
The work of Neptune and Apollo, Troy,
Ramparts and towers that Pallas dwells within.

I see them totter under arms and flames,
And Simöis and Xanthus swift with blood.
Behold! the ruin comes when war hath ceast,
And Gods and sons of Gods walk slow with wounds.

O flower! which yonder fierce Thessalian hand
Is plucking, on what altar art thou laid?

Why blaze so the Sigæan shores, the torch
Unkindled yet; those rocks of Tenedos,

Why throw they back again that trailing light?

Fly! let us fly! Citheron, and the towers
Chaonian, the Ceraunian rocks, the strand
Of Achelöus (hear!) reverberate

The clamour, the loud plaint of Ilion.

Behold the monster scale the walls, and champ

The marble manger! hear his voice! his voice

Is human! Why delay? What idle words!

Rise, O my parents! O my kindred, rise!

Turn from the realms of Thrace your sight away!

Whither, O Polydoros, callest thou?

What does that shady cornel show and hide?

Why, as they drop and bound and roll along,

Tinkle the loose stones from that recent tomb?

Ah me, who can not drown such sights in tears

Nor scatter them in madness! Sweet espoused

Sister! who sittest with thine arms unbound

That thy pure bosom may receive the sword,

To me hold forward, while thou canst, those arms,

And give undying love one long embrace.

Save, save her, Pyrrhos! By thy father's shade!

Guiltless is she! Spare! Dying I implore,

And will implore it, in, and after, death."

HELLENICS

Uttering these words, her handmaids closed around
And took her to the cool and quiet gloom
Of her own chamber. In the fane meanwhile
A buz is heard. An arrow slid unseen
Amid the tumult, and so far transfixt
The sinew of Achilles in the heel 170
That the brass barb clankt on the marble floor.
The chiefs around him saw him bend and glare
Terrific; then they saw the shaft, and then
A globe of blood. They seize their spears; they tear
Vervain and olive (now no sign of peace)
From every helm, and throw and stamp them down.
Nor would they now hear Priam, scattering dust
On his thin hair, nor would they mind the spouse,
Sinking as if in death: no, nor did he,
Her wooer, aid, or ask for aid himself. 180
He saw his hour draw nigh, and brought to mind
Predictions, but coerced the rising wrath
Of those around, and gave these last commands.
"Peace! 'tis my will. Let never mortal dare
Avenge Achilles: from this blood hath sprung
One worthy to avenge it, one alone.
Alcimos and Automedon! return
And keep my Myrmidons within the camp,
Lest they should lose obedience and due awe
Of those whose orders bear no dreadful mark. 190
Diomed! Ajax! leave me; leave a frame
Unequal to the weakest thing alive.
No; leave me not: bear me away: let none
Who hate or fear me, see me and rejoice.
Ah! must the flocks and herds of humbled Troy
Tread on my bones and pasture on my tomb?
Cease, whosoe'er thou art, cease thou whose tears
Drop hot upon my shoulder! Fain my eyes
Would look on thee, but they are turn'd to iron,
And may not know again thy friendly face. 200
Fate calls for me. Take from my neck your arms;
They weary me; they weigh me down; worn out,
With heavy languor's deadly bale consumed.
I grieve not that Larissa holds the bones
Of my forefathers in their quiet graves;
I grieve not for my mother in the halls
Of Tethys, from the power of Death exempt;

THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA

I grieve that Ilion should be thus avenged
Without her thousands fallen round me slain.

“Dark art thou, standing o’er my head, O Death! 210

Most bitter is this wound; it smites my heart.
Open the turf afresh, remove the stone
And the black fragments of the boughs above;
The urn that holds Patroclos, now shall hold
Achilles: then push from the shore my barks,
And, if your great Atrides grant you leave,
Bring back from Pthia (now at play perhaps
With some new armour, and in hopes to share
His father’s glory, not to hold his place)
My own brave boy, predestined to bring down 220
That ruin which the Pelian shaft prepared.

“Hear ye my voice? or fall my words in vain
Attempts to reach you? Troubled so my mind,
I do not know what wishes I exprest
Or what I left unuttered. Far from you
Be such oblivion . . of a dying friend!
And now that Orcos hurries me away,
My shade may all the greater shades receive
And all the lesser fear!

“Farewell, farewell,
My far-off Pyrrhos! Ah! what care shall guide 230
Thy youth? in thee what Chiron shall rejoice?
No hand of father to applaud thy lyre,
Thy javelin, or thy chariot, known and hail’d
By all beholders in the foremost dust.”

SILENUS

[Published in “Hellenics”, 1847; not reprinted.]

SILENUS, when he led the Satyrs home,
Young Satyrs, tender-hooft and ruddy-horn’d,
With Bacchus equal-aged, sat down sometimes
Where softer herbs invited, then releast
From fawn-skin pouch a well-compacted pipe,
And sprinkled song with wisdom.

Some admired

The graceful order of unequal reeds;
Others cared little for the melody
Or what the melody’s deep bosom bore,
And thought Silenus might have made them shine. 10

HELLENICS

They whisper'd this: Silenus overheard,
And mildly said "'Twere easy: thus I did
When I was youthful: older, I perceive
No pleasure in the buzzes of the flies,
Which like what *you* like, O my little ones!"

Some fancied he reproved them, and stood still,
Until they saw how grave the Satyr boys
Were looking; then one twicht an upright ear
And one a tail recurv'd, or stroked it down.
Audacious innocence! A bolder cried

20

"Sound us a song of war;" a timider,
"Tell us a story that will last til night."

Silenus smiled on both, and thus replied.
"Chromis hath sung fierce battles, swords of flame,
Etherial arrows wing'd with ostrich-plumes,
Chariots of chrysolite and ruby reins,
And horses champing pearls and quaffing blood.
Mnasylos tells wide stories: day is short,
Night shorter; they thro months and years extend.
When suns are warm, my children, let your hearts
Beat, but not beat for battles; when o'ercast,
Mnasylos and his tepid fogs, avoid.

30

"I hear young voices near us; they are sweet;
Go where they call you; I am fain to rest;
Leave me, and ask for no more song to-day."

ll. 1-6 repeat, at first with minor and then with larger variants, the brief prelude to "Gebir", 1798 (see vol. i, p. 1). Rejected in "Gebir", 1803, but in a Latin form retained in "Gebirus", 1803, this prelude was suggested by Virgil's sixth Eclogue. In a footnote to "Gebirus" the adaptation of a Virgilian setting was acknowledged. After l. 6 of the 1847 poem, save the names of Chromis (l. 24) and Mnasylos (l. 28), Landor borrows little from Virgil, while Silenus becomes far less discursive than he was in the eclogue that often bears his name. [W.]

PART III. FROM *HELLENICS*, 1859, *HEROIC IDYLS*, 1863, and *LANDOR: A BIOGRAPHY*, 1869.

"The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor; comprising Heroic Idyls, &c. new edition, enlarged, Edinburgh: James Nichol, 104 High Street. London: R. Griffin and Co. M.DCCC.LIX" had on p. iii a Dedication to General Sir W. Napier, and on p. v the following:

PREFACE

Prefixing a preface is like keeping an invited friend at the hall-door, instead of conducting him at once into the house.

Little in these pages will gratify the generality of readers. Poetry, in our day, is oftener prismatic than diaphanous: this is not so: they who look into it may see through. If there be anywhere a few small air-bubbles, it yet leaves to the clear vision a wide expanse of varied scenery.

[Some of the poems in the volume, recast from earlier versions, are given elsewhere in the present edition. The following were first printed in 1859.]

[PROEM TO HELLENICS]

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

COME back, ye wandering Muses, come back home,
Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies:
Come, let us walk upon the silent sands
Of Simois, where deep footmarks show long strides;
Thence we may mount perhaps to higher ground,
Where Aphrodité from Athenè won
The golden apple, and from Herè too,
And happy Ares shouted far below.

Or would ye rather choose the grassy vale
Where flows Anapos thro anemones,
Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend
To show their rival beauty in the stream?

Bring with you each her lyre, and each in turn
Temper a graver with a lighter song.

10

MELITON AND LILY

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

There was a time when Flowers could speak more plain
Than Poets now do; and for once again
A Flower shall answer what a Poet said . .
Meliton *he* was, Lily was the maid.
Sit on this garden-bench and hear a song,
Maybe not tiresome, certainly not long.

HELLENICS

MELITON.

Lily! why dost thou shower on me the gold
Off thy white bosom, dazdling to behold?
Must I confess to thee, another Flower
I love stil better at this very hour, 10
And she shall (if not over) place thee nigh
A bosom pure as thine, where never sigh
(I hope) shall shake thee, Lily! now goodbye,
Forgetting not, nor ready to disown
Thy friend of other days, thy Meliton.
Before thee, at an early season, burst
A Rose, and whispered low . . . *You loved me first.*

LILY.

You are inconstant, now I know,
I often heard it long ago
But never thought to tell you so. 20
I need no blush; but every day
She blushes; yes, and well she may.
Pure let her be! well! who should care?
Is she, pray tell me, quite as fair?
You do not answer what I ask.

MELITON.

I dare not; it's too hard a task.

LACON AND DORA

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

Dora (*wakening him*). Feedest thou upon poppies? drowsy drone!

Lacon. Haply my breathing was a little hard,
Hard it is always when I think of thee.

Dora. Do idle shepherds snort like porpuses?
I know what such hard breathing means with men;
We never practise it.

Lacon. Us men ye make
Practise it often.

Dora. Why not keep awake?

Lacon. Too long awake ye keep us.

Dora. When you dance;
But dance makes me sleep sounder.

Title. Acon (not Lacon). Lander's MS. note.

LACON AND DORA

Lacon. You mistake
My meaning?

Dora. Is there any?

Lacon. Day and night
Of all hard breathing ye enforce the worst . .
Unheeded sighs. 10

Dora. Bad! but the worst are those
That burst from nostril; hast thou none beside?

Lacon. I could breathe softer in a patient ear:
Sit by my side and hear the difference.

Dora. Quiet now! wilt not let me seat myself?

Lacon. I would but help thee: soon we both will rise
Together. They who sigh but once have learnt
Imperfect love: beginning, middle, end,
There are in all things; we have barely come
Halfway. 20

Dora. O impudence! is that halfway?
Then when, I wonder, shall we reach the end?

ACON AND KEPOS

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

ACON.

Kepos! what brings thee from the market-place?

KEPOS.

What drove me from it, rather ask.

ACON.

Well, what?

KEPOS.

There was a scramble round about my stall,
And two unlucky boys were fighting hard
Which of them should sweep off the fruit; at last
They overturn'd the board: 'twas time to run.

ACON.

And were the people then indifferent?

KEPOS.

At first they were not; presently they laugh
To see a split pomegranate's slippery fruit

HELLENICS

Drop from the fingers of the foremost two,
With nothing left between them but hard rind
And deeply-dyed and ever-during stain.

10

ACON.

Children of Hellas! learn your lesson here,
Nor touch pomegranate in the market-place.

LEONTION, ON TERNISSA'S DEATH (EPICUROS ALSO DEPARTED)

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

BEHOLD, behold me, whether thou
Art dwelling with the Shades
below

Or with the Gods above;
With thee were even the Gods
more blest . .
I wish I could but share thy rest
As once I shared thy love.

'Twas in this garden where I lean
Against thy tombstone, once the
scene

Of more than mortal bliss,
That loiter'd our Ternissa; sure 10
She left me that her love was pure;
It gave not kiss for kiss.

Faint was the blush that over-
spread
Thro' loosen'd hair her dying head;
One name she utter'd, one
She sigh'd and wept at; so wilt
thou,

If any sorrows reach thee now . .
'Twas not *Leontion*.

Wert thou on earth thou wouldst
not chide
The gush of tears I could not hide
Who ne'er hid aught from
thee. 21

Willing thou wentest on the way
She went . . and am I doom'd to
stay?

No; we soon meet, all three.

The flowers she cherisht I will
tend,
Nor gather, but above them bend
And think they breathe her
breath.

Ah, happy flowers! ye little know
Your youthful nurse lies close
below,
Close as in life in death. 30

Title. See "Imaginary conversation": Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa, 1829.
The poem which follows may also be supposed to have been written by Leontion. [W.]
10 our] so in corrigenda 1859. once in text.

[Published in 1846.]

CLXIV.

TERNISSA! you are fled!
I say not to the dead,
But to the happy ones who rest below:

LEONTION, ON TERNISSA'S DEATH

For, surely, surely, where
Your voice and graces are,
Nothing of death can any feel or know.
Girls who delight to dwell
Where grows most asphodel,
Gather to their calm breasts each word you speak:
The mild Persephone 10
Places you on her knee,
And your cool palm smoothes down stern Pluto's cheek.

HYMN AND OFFERING OF TERPANDER TO JUNO

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

I TOUCH the soil of Samos, where the queen
Of heaven is worshipt, and her priests ordain'd
Accept with gracious hands the gift of poor
And rich alike, and even frame the prayers
Of such as can not make them as beseems.
What priests upon the earth so bountiful?
What land so lovely? not even Rhodes, where Spring
Serenely smiles at Winter's languid wrath,
And where Apollo by the will of Zeus
Reigns the sole God.

Do thou with face benign 10
O Herè! take this votive vest today,
Brought by no hand impure, and well besprent
With lustral water, which the grateful fumes
Of incense rest on, and will rest on long,
Until they reach thee at thy dome above.
Do thou, O Herè, lay before the throne
Of Zeus all my petitions, all my prayers;
For well thou knowest 'twere audacious deed
In me without thy intercession, queen,
To plead before him for offence of mine, 20
Or favor at the Almighty Thunderer's hands.

Stand afar off, ye unbelieving men,
While I with reverence lay before the feet
Of Herè this my offering, from a woof
Which maids of Sidon labored to intwine
With gold and purple. Stand afar, profane,

Title. Terpander's Hymn to Herè. *Landor MS.* Terpander of Lesbos (fl. 700 B.C.),
the father of Greek music. [W.]

HELLENICS

Who doubt if they who on Olympus dwell,
Wear such thin raiment when they take delight
And clap their hands to see a Cloud and Wind
(Eurus or Boreas or Apeliotes)

30

Run races on the summit in the snow.

I, happy in thy worship and thy care,
Seek not to vary this my happiness,
Nor would partake nor would impose a yoke.
I know that Love and Hymen when they meet
Are apt to quarrel; Hymen presses hard,
But Love with lighter wing eludes the grasp.
I shudder when I see a saffron robe
And torch before it. Herè! I am weak;
Direct my steps, direct them to thy fane
As now, and back again as now, alone.

40

30 Apeliotes [*sc.* 'Απeliώτης = east wind.—W.].

SOPHRON'S HYMN TO BAKKOS

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

STAND afar off, irreverent and profane,
While I ascend the temple of a God
Miraculously born; a woman's child,
The nurseling of no woman, but enwrapt
In the soft swatheing of a father's thigh.

Hail, earthborn son of Semele and Zeus!
Earthborn yet more, and in more lands, adored
Than Zeus himself. Grant me the power to sing
Thy praise, thy glorious conquests to rehearse
Beyond the Ganges and Gangetic iles
Numberless, where fierce tigers didst thou quell,
Stripping their skins from off them ere half-dead,
And whirling round thy neck their tawny legs,
And round thy shoulders to thy loins the length
Of their rich spoils: then first did Greece behold
Fangs such as never since hath Calydon
Yielded, when Meleager was avenged.

10

Better than victories are benefits;
And these are thine too; greater none the Gods
Bestow on mortal. By thy hand the chain

20

Title. Sophron of Syracuse (*fl.* c. 480 B.C.). Theocritus modelled two idylls on his poems. [W.] 17 Meleager] *mispr.* Melcager, *here corrected.*

SOPHRON'S HYMN TO BAKKOS

Is loosened on the captive, and holds down
The neck of kings, who toss and toss in vain
And change the pillow, right and left, and start,
Dreaming they hear the heavy scepter drop.

Who praises now Lykourgos? who but shrinks
At that accursed name? 'twas he that spurn'd
Thy precious gift, nor spared the graceful curl
Of lucid tendril, nor pubescent down,
Nor fragrant bloom that waits the later spring.

We hear what nectar is, we hear whose hand
Presents it in her golden cup to Zeus,
Tasting it at his nod and smile; then he
Drinks from the margin which her lips had toucht;
The nectar is not nectar until then:
Thou knowest, Dionysos, thou alone,
Whether it came from his own native Crete,
Or from his daughter's Cypros; both produce
Beverage which Hebe need not blush to bear.

Is there in city, hamlet, woodland, croft,
A festival without thy genial gifts,
Thy presence, tho' unseen? Is there a birth
Of infant but thou gladdenest more the sire,
And the sire's friends, who sing thy praise aloud?

Thou knowest I was ever temperate
And worshipt thee in purity; thou knowest
I loved the Nymphs because they fondled thee
And carried thee an infant in their arms.
Modest as these am I; therefor unblamed
I may invoke thee in the midst of them.
One there is, Dionysos, at whose song
Sorrow hath often fled from me; do thou
Incline thine ear, and haply she may sing,
Altho' her songs were never framed for thee.

Hail, Dionysos, once again, and bless
This hospitable city; bless the sires
Of her brave sons, and them! long may they raise
The ancestral cup, and pass it friend to friend!

25 Lykourgos [king of the Edonians, expelled Dionysos and was punished by the god. See Apollodorus, iii. 5. 1.—W.] 39 in] so in corrigenda 1859, a in text.

HELLENICS

BLESSING ON PYTHAGORAS

BY AN ANCIENT PYTHAGOREAN.

[Published in 1859; not reprinted.]

BLESSED be he who taught us to abstain
From flesh of animal, and bean as bad,
But stated days appointed wherein fish,
Marine or fluvial, scaly or smooth-skin'd,
And pullet eggs, and certain mild legumes
Which rise not up rebellious like the bean.
Were unprohibited. Be blessed he
Who fearless walked upon his golden thigh
Over the sea from Egypt's holy land
Until at length he reacht our Italy,
Pythagoras.

10

We stil keep his commands,
Save only those which rigidly forbid
Bloodshed, of beast not only, but of man:
This the most righteous pray the Gods to grant.

I do confess, and would repent, my sins,
But harder is repentance than confession,
For bovine I have eaten, nor abstain'd
From porcine, and would rather shed such blood
Than blood of fellow man.

"Thou art perverse,"

The righteous say, and deem this abstinence
Capricious.

20

*"Why not slay him if thou slay
Creatures more innocent?"*

Such argument
Baffles reply; therefor I, hastening home,
Lay napkin upon knee and carve my beef.

THE FAMINE IN ETRURIA*

[Published in 1859; reprinted 1876.]

BEYOND the confines of a race cognate,
Pelagic, and their hunger well appeas'd,
Had travel'd the Etrurians: age alone
Would have protected them throughout all lands
When it was widely known they sought the God
At Delphi; now they stood beneath his fane.
But some of them had rashly pluckt the boughs
Of bay in passing; when a voice was heard
In modulated tones; and these the words.
Impious the man who snaps the budding bay,
Or bruises it, thus hastening its decay:
This may be pardon'd in the goats and swine;
Brutes know not what is awful and divine.
Obedient were they all.

10

When they approacht
The temple, one alone received a branch,
And he was bidden to come forth and speak.
Then came he forth and, kneeling, thus spake he.
"The springs are sunk into the earth again,
Thou seest, Apollo, who seest all below,
And, where the fountains bubbled up, the bats
Widen their wings and crouch, nor seek for flies,
For even the flies around are dead with drought,
And the thin knats, now thinner, cease to whirr.

20

Not only the light wanderers of the air,
The very serpents, mother Earth's first-born,
And living in all lands, live not with us.
Python, the glory of thy silver bow,
Would not have rais'd his threatening head, but croucht
At his full length, and panted, not defied.

Piteous it is, if we can pity now
Aught but ourselves, to see the ox's ribs

30

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus records this famine and its consequences, adding the appeal to the oracle, which oracle demanded, in addition to arrears, a tenth of the males. After this their calamity, the Etrurians, who were the Japanese of Europe three thousand years ago, in civility and industry, lost the dominion of Italy, still observing the oracle, and devoting a tenth of their possessions and of their children to their Gods' vicegerent and subordinates. [L.] According to Herodotus it was because of a famine lasting eighteen years that one half of the Lydians left their own country and, after many wanderings, settled in Etruria. Dionysius of Halicarnassus rejected the legend that Etruscans were descended from Lydian colonists. [W.]

HELLENICS

White under him who drove them to the field,
And drying as they drop his bitter tears.
Where now the poppy-crown? where harvest-home?"
Fain would I rest upon a thought so sweet,
If sweet be any thought of happiness
Departed, and hope with it.

Worse remains.

A mother had no heart to kill her babe,
But offered it to one who had: he said
A plumper turnip was too high a price;
And she turn'd back in anger and in scorn . .
But soon (even scorn and anger sank) return'd,
For she had one babe left, and one might live.

40

The God was deaf to every prayer; at length
They sought his oracle with better hopes;
Then said he from his inner shrine,

"'Tis here.

Here only should ye seek me, willful men!
Depart; and sacrifice to me the tenth
Of all that earth may bear to you henceforth.
After due reverence to the priest ordain'd
To take it; he will lustrate you and bless
Your children."

50

Joyous they return'd, such joy
As could find entrance in such shrunk abodes.
They brought the priest his tenth: he scowl'd on them.

"Bring the tenth child," cried he. "The God we serve
Delights in song, and song our God must have."
"Few are now left us" said the weeping sires,
And hunger leaves not even voice behind,
Nor are all fit for it."

"Begone, perverse!"

Cried he . . "but ere ye go I promise ye
We of our temple can bring voices out,
And they shall warble in our sacred choir:
The virgins we will shut from eyes profane."
Sorrowing the Etrurians led their children forth
Devoted to the God of light and song.

60

52 such] so in corrigenda 1859. if in text.
1859. Ever found in text.

53 As could find] so in corrigenda
shrunk] so in corrigenda 1859. lank in text.

FROM *HEROIC IDYLS*, 1863, and *LANDOR*: *A BIOGRAPHY*, 1869.

"Heroic Idyls, with additional poems. By Walter Savage Landor London: T. Cautley Newby, publisher. 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square 1863" had after title the following dedication and preface.

TO EDWARD TWISLETON.

Dedications are often superfluous, and sometimes worse. Forgive my first fault of the kind. Vanity is almost as common to the old as to the young, and I feel it creeping on me when I remember your expression of regret that you had not known me earlier in life than last spring. All my old friends are dead, let their place continue to be supplied by Edward Twisleton.

Florence, August 25th, 1863.

PREFACE.

He who is within two paces of the ninetieth year may sit down and make no excuses; he must be unpopular, he never tried to be much otherwise, he never contended with a contemporary, but walked alone on the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering.

To the Idyls a few slight matters have been appended, as tassels are to a purse. The Greek proper names have Greek terminations, not Latin, or French, or English.

[Some of the poems in the volume, recast from earlier versions or not included in this section, are given elsewhere in the present edition. The following were first printed in 1863:]

NIOBE

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

AMID nine daughters slain by Artemis
Stood Niobe: she rais'd her head above
Those beauteous forms which had brought down the scath
Whence all nine fell, rais'd it, and stood erect,
And thus bespake the Goddess enthroned on high.
"Thou heardest, Artemis, my daily prayer
That thou wouldst guide these children in the pass
Of virtue, through the tangling wilds of youth,
And thou didst ever guide them: was it just
To smite them for a beauty such as thine?
Deserv'd they death because thy grace appear'd
In every modest motion? 'twas thy gift,
The richest gift that youth from heaven receives.

10

1 nine daughters [Homer and Hesiod say there were only six; Sappho that there were nine. In the Uffizi gallery, Florence, statues of Niobe and fourteen children are arranged in a group; but one of the fourteen is duplicated and two others belong, it is thought, to another group.—W.] 5 enthroned] throned *Landor's MS. emendation.* 7 pass] path in two *MSS.*

HEROIC IDYLS

True, I did boldly say they might compare
Even with thyself in virgin purity:
May not a mother in her pride repeat
What every mortal said?

One prayer remains

For me to offer yet.

Thy quiver holds

More than nine arrows: bend thy bow: aim here,
I see, I see it glimmering through a cloud.
Artemis thou at length art merciful.
My children will not hear the fatal twang."

20

Between ll. 20-1 one MS. has:

Blessed, blessed, blessed
Be that pale glimmer of the silver bow!
And that one arrow which atones for all.

PAN

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876.]

PAN led me to a wood the other day,
Then, bending both hoofs under him, where moss
Was softest and where highest was the tuft,
Said he, "sit thou aside me; there is room
Just for us two; the tinklers are below
To catch the little birds and butterflies,
Nor see us nor would heed us if they saw.
I minded thee in Sicily with one
Of Pity's; and he swore that none but thou
Could thus contend with him, or ever should.
Though others had loud lyres and struck them well,
Few could bring any harmony from reeds
By me held high, and higher since thou hast breath'd
Thy gentle breath o'er Pity's and her Pan."

10

5 tinklers[= rhymsters. The word was used by Aaron Hill in *Advice to Poets*, 1731.
-W.] 8 one [sc. Theocritus.—W.]

A FRIEND TO THEOCRITOS IN EGYPT

[Published in 1863; reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

Dost thou not often gasp with longdrawn sighs,
Theocritos, recalling Sicily?
Glorious is Nile, but rather give me back
Our little rills, which fain would run away

A FRIEND TO THEOCRITOS IN EGYPT

And hide themselves from persecuting suns
 In summer, under oleander boughs,
 And catch its roses as they flaunt above.
 Here are no birds that sing, no sweeter flower
 Than tiny fragile weak-eyed resida,
 Which faints upon the bosom it would cool. 10
 Altho' the royal lotos sits aloof
 On his rich carpet, spread from wave to wave,
 I throw myself more gladly where the pine
 Protects me, loftier than the palace-roof,
 Or where the linden and acacia meet
 Across my path, in fragrance to contend.
 Bring back the hour, Theocritos, when we
 Shall sit together on a thymy knoll,
 With few about us, and with none too nigh,
 And when the song of shepherds and their glee 20
 We may repeat, perchance and gaily mock,
 Until one bolder than the rest springs up
 And slaps us on the shoulder for our pains.
 Take thou meanwhile these two papyrus-leaves,
 Recording, one the loves and one the woes
 Of Pan and Pitys, heretofore unsung.
 Aside our rivers and within our groves
 The pastoral pipe hath dropt its mellow lay,
 And shepherds in their contests only try
 Who best can puzzle.
 Come, Theocritos, 30
 Come, let us lend a shoulder to the wheel
 And help to lift it from this depth of sand.

EUCRATES TO THE GOD SLEEP

[Two versions A, B published in 1863; B reprinted 1876. Text A. 1863.]

No God to mortals oftener descends
 Than thou, O sleep! yet thee the sad alone
 Invoke, and gratefully thy gifts receive.
 Some thou invitest to explore the sands
 Left by Pactolos, some to climb up higher,
 Where points Ambition to the pomp of War;
 Others thou watchest while they tighten robes

Title. An old Poet to Sleep. B. 1863. [In Lucian there is mention of one Eucrates
 at whose table philosophers came to blows. Another Eucrates is named by Pausanias
 as the father of Procles of Carthage.—W.] 2 sleep] Sleep B. 3 gifts] gift B.

HEROIC IDYLS

Which Law throws round them loose, and they meanwhile
Wink at the judge, and he the wink returns.

Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more

10

And ledest where unruffled rivers flow,

Or azure lakes neath azure skies expand.

These have no wider wishes, and no fears,

Unless a fear by motion to molest

The silent, solitary, stately swan,

Disdaining the garrulity of groves

Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes,

Gentlest of Gods! and Age appear'd far off

While thou wert hovering round about the couch

20

Until he stoopt and said, close over it,

"Sleep often plays with me, as once he used,

"Refreshing in his way the vernal flowers,

"Flowers that had droopt and but for him had died.

"He now departs from thee, but leaves behind

"His own twin-brother, beauteous as himself,*

"Who soon shall take my place . . . men call him Death.

"Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do,

"In sooth why shouldst thou? what man hast thou wrong'd

"By deed or word? few dare ask this within."

30

There was a pause; then suddenly said Sleep

"He whom I warn'd approacheth: so farewell."

* There is an ancient statue of a Genius representing *Death* in the form of a beautiful youth. Dr. Young has introduced the God, in full feather, to the *world*, leading him to a seat of eyelashes not damp under him. [L. See Young's "Night Thoughts", i. 1-6. The statue referred to is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Pausanias says that there were statues of Sleep and Death at Sparta. W.]

9 at the] at a B. 14 by motion], in turning, B. 20 wert . . . about] wast standing close above B. 21 Until . . . it] And whispered'st, in whisper not unheard B. U. 22-4 om. B. 25 He . . . departs] I now depart B. leaves] leave B. 26 His . . . beauteous . . . himself] My . . . friendly . . . myself B. 28 hearest] so in B and a manuscript. mispr. heavest in A. tremblest] so in B and a manuscript. mispr. troublest in A. 31 Sleep] so in B and a manuscript. ? mispr. Age in A. 32 warn'd] named B.

THE MARRIAGE OF HELENA AND MENELAOS

[Published in Forster's "Landor: a Biography" 1869.]

MOUNTED upon a tall Thessalian steed

Between two purely white rode Menelaos,

The sons of Leda were his company.

On drove they swiftly to where stood, above

THE MARRIAGE OF HELENA AND MENELAOS

Eurotas, a large mansion, large but low;
There they dismounted, two of them well known,
The third was never seen that way before.
Under the shelter of the house's roof
Sate with an idle spindle in the hand
Two seeming equal-aged, and yet was one 10
A mother, one her daughter; both sprang up.
"O Polydeukes!" the fond mother cried
(He had embraced her first), "O Kastor! come
Both of you to my bosom; long, how long
Have ye been absent!

Helena! no word
Of welcome to your brethren?"

From the neck
Of Kastor, whereto she had clung, she turn'd
Her eyes a moment on the stranger's face,
Whispering in Kastor's ear, "Whom bring ye back?
Mild as he looks he makes me half-afraid." 20
But Kastor, without answering, ran where stood
His mother and their guest; to her he said,
"Here, my sweet mother, we have brought to thee
The son of Atreus, brother of that king
Who rules the widest and the richest realm
In all this land. Our guest is Menelaos."
Extending her right arm and open hand,
"Enter," said she, "a humble domicile,
Which Gods have enter'd and vouchsafed to bless."
Whereto with due obeisance he replied, 30
"O Leda, where thou art the Gods indeed
May well have enter'd, and have left behind
Their blessing, and to such I bend my brow;
Thy sons announced the welcome thou hast given."

"And not one word to *me*!" said Helena,
With a low sigh, which Kastor caught and broke,
Thus chiding her: "Come thou too, unabasht,
Bid my friend welcome; speak it."

"I must not
Until our mother tells me," said the maid.
"Then I *do* tell thee," Leda said; whereon 40
Helena rais'd her head, but timidly,
And bade him welcome: gazing on his face
More confidently now by slow degrees
She question'd him about the world abroad,

HEROIC IDYLS

And whether there were rivers bright and cool
As her Eurotas, on whose stream were swans,
"Until rude children mockt their hoarser tones,
And pelted them with egg-shells if they hissed.
My gentle mother could but ill endure
To see them angry, stretching out their necks 50
Ruffled, as they are never till provok'd;
For she loved swans, the tamest one the most,
So tame that he would let her hold his beak
Between her lips and stroke his plumage down:
This fondler was her favourite long before
I saw the light, when she was of my age.
Ah! we have no such now, I wish we had.
There still are birds of red and azure wing,
Beautiful to behold; and here are heard 60
Among the willows some who sing all night,
Unsociable and shy, and shun the feast
Of other birds upon the sunny field.
Are any such elsewhere? these you shall hear
When sleep hath carried off the weariness
Which that proud prancing creature must have caused."
Night came, but slumber came not quite so soon
To four faint eyes: the lark was up in air
When Helena arose; the mother first
Had left her chamber, and the board was spread 70
With fruits and viands ready for the guest.
Presently he and his two friends sate down;
But Helena was paddling listlessly
In the fresh river, with unbraided hair
And vesture cast aside; some irksomeness
She felt which water could not all remove.
The cool and spacious hall she enter'd soon,
Where Menelaos and her brethren sate;
The guest was seated at her mother's right,
And she was bidden to the left, close by.
Often did she look forward, to drive off 80
The flies that buzz'd about the stranger's head . .
Flies never were so troublesome before.
Complacently saw Leda the device,
But Menelaos saw the care alone
Of a young maiden hospitably kind.
The brothers were impatient of delay
Until they both could urge their parent on

THE MARRIAGE OF HELENA AND MENELAOS

To give their sister to a man so brave:
Such too was Leda's wish when she had learnt
How throughout Argos honour'd and beloved
Was Menelaos: she warn'd Helena
More earnestly than ever, more profuse
Of sage advice and proverbs from the depth
Of ancient lore, how youth runs fast away,
And beauty faster; sixteen years had flown
Unwaringly, and had she never thought
To wed?

“O mother! I am but a child,”
Cried she; “do any marry at sixteen?”
The mother shook her head and thus pursued:
“Remember how few moons have risen since
A wild Cecropian carried thee from home,
And well bethink thee that another time
Thy brothers may be absent, in the chase
Or far in foreign lands, as now of late.”

Helena made excuses, and the more
She made the more she wished them overcome;
But if her mother and her father Zeus
So will'd it, 'tis her duty she must yield.
She ran across the court wherein three steeds
Were standing loose; there Polydeukes trimm'd
His courser's mane, there Kastor drew his palm
Down the pink nostril of his dapple-gray,
And just beyond them the Thessalian steed
Stamp'd at neglect, for Menelaos lay
Sleepless past sunrise, which was not his wont.
Incontinent the brothers rais'd their heads
And shouted,

“Here, thou sluggard! here before
Our busy sister come to pat the necks
Or throw arm round them.”

Scarcely were these words
Spoken ere Menelaos was at hand.
Helena, who had watcht him thus advance,
Drew back as one surprised, and seem'd intent
To turn away, but Polydeukes sprang
And caught her arm and drew her, struggling ill,
To where his brother with their comrade stood.
At first she would have turn'd her face aside,
But could not: Menelaos gently toucht

HEROIC IDYLS

Her shrinking arm; little it shrank, nor long.
Then he entreated her to hear the words
Of true and ardent love, for such was his 130
He swore; she shook her head, with brow abased.
"What ardent love can mean I never heard;
My brothers, if they knew it, never told me,"
Said she, and lookt amazed into his face.
"Simplicity and innocence!" exclaim'd
The wondering Argive. "What a prudent wife
Will *she* be, when I win her, as I hope,
Diffident as she is nor prone to trust;
Yet hope I, daughter though she be of Zeus,
And I but younger brother of a king." 140
Day after day he grew in confidence,
And gave her all he gain'd in it, and more.
Hymen was soon invok'd, nor was averse;
Eros had long been ready, the light-wing'd,
And laught at his slow step who marcht behind.
Chaunted were hymns to either Deity
By boys and maidens, tho' they understood
No word they sang: serious was Hymen's face
When Eros laught up into it and twitcht
The saffron robe, and heeded no reproof. 150
'Tis said they sometimes since have disagreed
More seriously: but let not me report
The dissidence and discord of the Gods.

TALES IN VERSE

A MOTHER'S TALE

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876. Also printed from a MS. in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. See notes at end of volume.] Text 1837.

I NEVER knew but one who died for love,
 Among the maidens glorified in heaven
 For this most pure, most patient martyrdom,
 And most courageous . . . if courageous he
 Who graspt and held the Persian prow, until
 Wielded by desperate fear the scymetar
 Gleamd on the sea, and it ran red below
 From the hand severd and the arm that stil
 Threatend, ere brave men drew aside the brave.
 If this be courage (and was man's e'er more?) 10
 Sublimier, holier, doth God's breath inspire
 Into the tenderer breast and frailer form,
 Erect when Fortune and when Fate oppose,
 Erect when Hope, its only help, is gone,
 Nor yielding til Death's friendlier voice says *yield*.
 Brave Eleusinian! I must now away
 From thee and Greece; away, to milder scenes,
 Not milder sufferings.

In my ear was pourd
 The piteous story from the mother's lips,
 Who laid her hand on mine, and oftentimes 20
 With idle finger moved my pliant veins
 And lookt on them, nor knew on what she lookt,
 As her sad tale went on; for she had found
 One who hath never dared to stir from grief,
 Or interrupt its utterance in its hour,
 Or blusht, where child was lost, to be a child.
 Abruptly she began, abruptly closed.

"He was an ensign, and, whatever woes
 He brought on me and mine, a good young man,

4 . . . if] . If 1846. [1895 has he* with footnote: *Eschylus.] 7 Gleamd]
 Gleamed 1846. 8 severd] sever'd 1846. stil] still 1846. 9 Threatend, ere]
 Threaten'd, till 1846. 15 til] till 1846. 16 Brave . . . away] I must away, great
 warrior, greater bard! 1895. Eleusinian [Æschylus was born at Eleusis. For his
 bravery at Marathon see *Trial of Æschylus*, vol. ii. p. 273. W.] 18 pourd]
 pour'd 1846. 23 As . . . sad] The while her 1895.

TALES IN VERSE

Modest in speech and manners, fond of books, 30
 Such as we find in all these little towns,
 And ready to be led aside by love
 To any covert with a castle near,
 Or cottage on the river-side or moor,
 No matter which; the comfortable house
 And street, with shops along it, scare off love.
 I am grown bitter I do fear me, Sir,
 In talking thus, but I have lost my child
 By such wild fancies of a wayward world,
 Different from what contented us erewhile. 40
 William, (he told me I must call him so,
 And christian names methinks not ill beseem
 The christian, and bring kindness at the sound,)
 William dwelt here above, not long before
 I could perceive that Lucy went away
 When he came in to speak to me, and tried
 To see as little of him as she might.
 I askt, had he offended her; she said
 He was incapable of doing wrong:
 I blamed her for her rudeness; she replied 50
 She was not rude; and yet those very words
 Were nearer rudeness than she ever spake
 Until that hour. . . .

Month after month flew by,
 And both seemd lonely, though they never lived
 More than few steps asunder; I do think
 She fled from love and he strove hard with it,
 But neither ownd they did: he often came
 To tell me something, and lookt round the room,
 And fixt his eyes on the one vacant chair
 Before the table, and the work unrolld. 60
 At last he found her quite alone, and then
 Avowd the tenderest, and the purest love,
 Askt her consent only to speak with me
 And press his suit thereafter: she declared
 She never could; and tears flowd plenteously.
 I enterd; nor did she, as many do,
 Move her eyes from me nor abase them more,

39 such] these 1895. 54 seemd] seemed 1846. 57 ownd . . . he] own'd they
 did. He 1846. 60 unrolld] unroll'd 1846. 62 Avowd] Avow'd 1846. 65 flowd]
 flow'd 1846. 66 enterd] enter'd 1846. 67 Move . . . them] Hide her face from
 me, or abase it 1895.

A MOTHER'S TALE

Neither did he, but told what he had said
 And she had answerd. I reproved her much
 For ignorance of duty, and neglect
 Of such an honour: he then claspt my hand,
 And swore no earthly views should ever turn
 His eyes from that bright idol.

70

"May I hope,
 Sweet Lucy! may I pause from my despair
 I should say rather . . . even that were bliss . . .
 Speak, is that bliss forbidden?" She replied,
 "You think me worthy of great happiness,
 But Fortune has not thought so; I am poor
 And you are (or you will be) rich: tis thus
 All marriages should be; but marriages
 Alone are suitable that suit with pride,
 With prejudice, with avarice; enough
 If dead men's names have hallowd them, if warpt
 Alliances besprinkle them with dust,
 Or herald prime and furbish them anew.
 Yes, they must please all in two families
 Excepting those who marry. We are both
 Alike God's creatures, but the World claims one,
 The other is rejected of the World.
 Hated I well could be for loving you,
 For loving me you must not be despised."

80

90

"Lucy then loves me!" cried the youth, "she loves me!"
 And prest her to his heart, and seized her hand,
 "And ever will I hold it til her lips
 In whose one breath is all my life containd,
 Say, *it is thine*."

Ah! 'twere but time ill-spent
 To follow them thro love; 'twere walking o'er
 A meadow in the spring, where, every step,
 The grass and beauteous flowers are all the same,

69 answerd] answer'd 1846. 71 : he . . . claspt]. Then he took 1895. 73 bright
 idol] adored one 1895. For ll. 83-4 1895 substitutes six lines:

If dead men's bones have hallowed them, if wax
 From twenty hives some hundred summers past,
 And seals ere lion bore a lion's form
 Or lily had grown up to lilihood,
 Hang from crisp parchments over them, and stand
 Their sponsor, and besprinkle them with dust,

[See note at end of vol.]

86 Yes, they] They] 1895. two] two whole 1895. 90 you] you 1846 91 me]
 me 1846. 94 til] till 1846. 95 containd] contain'd 1846.

TALES IN VERSE

And ever were and ever will be so. 100
 But now the season was at hand, when rush
 Into salt water all whom smokey town
 Had hardend in the skin, whom cards and dice
 Had cramped, whom luxury unstrung, whom dance
 From midnight into sunshine, and whom routs
 (Not always do we call things by their names
 So aptly) swoln with irksomeness and spite
 Vomited forth . . . here meet they all again,
 Glum and askance, the closer the less neighbours,
 And those who late were chatty, now are seen 110
 Primly apart like hop-poles without hops,
 Lank, listless, helpless, useless, and unlovely.
 Here many would lay out their happiness,
 And many be content to waste another's:
 Of these was one whose name shall rest untold,
 Young is he, and (God aiding) may be better.
 With a bright ribband and a horse upon it
 Full-gallop . . . first of orders I surmise . . .
 He must have done rare service to his king
 Before he wore a sabre or a beard, 120
 To win all this; but won it all he had,
 And wore it too as bravely.

This young man

Was passing thro our town toward the coast,
 Heedless and ignorant (as wiser men
 And better may have been) what spirit moves
 Upon those waters, that unpausing sea
 Which heaves with God's own image, ever pure,
 And ministers in mightiness to Earth
 Plenty and health and beauty and delight;
 Of all created things beneath the skies 130
 The only one that mortal may not mar.
 Here met he William, whom he knew at school,
 And shewd him his gay lady, and desired
 That William would show his.

With gravity

Did William listen, and at last confess
 Ties far more holy that should soon unite
 With him a lowly maid.

103 hardend] hardened 1846. 105 From midnight] Thro starlight 1896.
 117 ribband [i.e. badge of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic order. W.] 124 wiser]
 elder 1895. 125 better] sager 1895. 133 shewd] showed 1846.

A MOTHER'S TALE

The captain heard
Deridingly his chapter of romance,
Such did he call it.

"Introduce me, pray,
To the fair bride elect."

140

"When bride," said he,
"And proudly then; yes, you and all my friends."

So far I know, what follow'd I know not,
Only that William often spent the day
With these great folks; at first, when he returnd
He was more fond than ever of my child;
Soon after, he came late into the house,
Then later, and one day, 'twas Saturday,
He said to me he should go home to ask
His father's approbation of the match,
And hoped, and doubted not, his full consent. 150

Alas! I knew not then that those who go
For this consent have given up their own.
He went . . . O Sir! he went . . . My tale is told.
He wrote to me . . . but I have said it all . . .
He wrote . . . My Lucy caught the letter up
And kist it; redd it, dropt it on the floor;
Seized it again, again with eye brim-full
Lookt, and again dropt it, despondingly.
O Sir! did I not say my tale is told!

160

'Twas Sunday, and the bells had nearly done,
When Lucy calld to me and urged my haste:
I said I could not leave her; for she lookt
Paler, and spoke more feebly; then I raved
Against the false one who had caused her death.
She caught my arm. . .

"No, Lucy, no!" cried I.
"Not death; you yet are young and may live on
These many years."

She smiled, and thus replied.
"Hope it not, mother! lest one pang the more
Befall you! wish me better things than life;

141 then] *then* 1846. 144 returnd] returned 1846. 151 knew . . . go] little
knew that one who goes 1895. 152 have] has 1895. their] his 1895. 156 redd]
read 1846. 158 Lookt] Gaz'd 1895. 161 calld] called 1846. Between ll. 166-7
1895 inserts one line:

With spirits, health, and beauty, all restored,
167, and . . . replied.] on me, and said, 1895.

TALES IN VERSE

But, above all, sweet mother!" . . . and she sighd . . . 170
 "Think not I die for William and for love.
 Many have gone before their twentieth year,
 Mine is half over; many, now in bliss,
 Have learnt to read God's will at earlier dawn,
 And crost life's threshold strown with freshest flowers
 Trippingly and alert, to meet a friend,
 A father, who (they knew) awaited them.
 Many have had short notice to quit home,
 And, when they left it, left it unprepared;
 I, mother, I have been two years in dying, 180
 And one day more: should ever he know this,
 'Twould comfort him . . . for he must think of me.
 But am I not too proud for one so near . . ."
 She would not say . . . I shriekt and said it . . . death!
 She prest my hand, and her smile sank away.
 She would console, I would not be consoled.
 "O let me think then I may die for him,
 But say no more to pain me . . . let me love,
 And love him, when I cannot, for my sake."
 Slumber came over her; one faint sob broke it; 190
 And then came heavier slumber; nought broke that.
 She paused; I too sat silent: she resumed . . .
 For Love and Sorrow drop not at the grave
 The image of the cherisht one within.
 Too confident upon her strength recalld
 She would have mounted into brighter days
 For hours when youth was cool and all things calm,
 Saying to me, with evener voice and look,
 "Lucy, when last you saw her, was a child."
 "And is, if Angel be, a child again." 200
 Said I.
 She claspt her hands above her head
 And rusht away, leaving me all alone.
 The chamber-door stood open, and her brow
 Had sunk into her pillow, but no rest
 Was there; she sought one at the duskier side
 Of the same bed, o'er which (almost to touch)
 The dim resemblance of a joyous youth
 Shook gently, pendent from its light-hair'd chord.

170 sighd] sigh'd 1846. 189 cannot] can not 1846. 195 recalld] recall'd 1846.
 205 duskier] darker 1895. 206 (almost . . . touch)] some oval thing 1895. l. 207
 not in 1895. 208 its light-hair'd] a silken 1895.

A MOTHER'S TALE

Nor youth nor age nor virtue can avoid
Miseries that fly in darkness thro the world, 210
Striking at random, irremissably,
Until our sun sinks thro its waves, until
The golden brim melts from the brightest cloud,
And all that we have seen hath disappear'd.

ll. 209-14 *not in 1895*. [These six lines were also printed in *The Pentameron*, 1837, as being recited by Petrarca, but *om.* in 1846 and 1876 edd. of that work.]

GUIDONE AND LUCIA

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

I LOVE to wander, both in deed and thought,
Where little rills their earliest tunes are taught:
I love to trace them into secret nooks,
And watch their winning ways and serious looks,
Where, as they rise up leisurely and slow,
The long-hair'd moss for ever waves below.
No few have splasht my face for venturing thus
Among their games, games never meant for us:
We are weak creatures, brief and dark our day,
But children of immortal breed are they. 10
Yet side by side with Reno, many a mile,
Thro' narrow dell and intricate defile,
I have run too; and both were well content;
He chafed sometimes, but never harm was meant.
The waters here start sundered, rocks between,
Some beetle-brow'd, and others brightly green:
Loudly they call each other, nor in vain,
Laugh at the rocks, spring, and embrace again.
My little Reno winds his stream along
Thro' pastoral scenes by pastoral pipe unsung, 20
And leaps and hazards many sportive falls,
But grows sedater near Bologna's walls.
Among the mountains which from high o'erlook
That solemn city and that wayward brook,
Pure as the snow that on the summit lies,
Fresh as the stream and radiant as the skies,
Wert thou, Lucia! Could thy girlish breast
Enjoy more sacred, more seraphic rest?
The boy Guidone innocently play'd,
Past her ninth summer, with his wedded maid. 30

TALES IN VERSE

A ring of rush was quite enough for both,
And two sweet kisses all the marriage troth.
Amid life's early leaves how blest the fond!
Until they climb the tree and look beyond.

"I wonder," said Lucia, "what can mean
Those odious names of Guelph and Ghibelline.
If, as my Babbo tells me, you're a Guelph,
I must be (is it *not* so?) one myself.
And yet, though Babbo always should be right,
Against the Guelphs he calls his serfs to fight.
'Meanwhile,' says he in joke, 'my little queen
Thou shalt be safely lodged with Saint Cristine.'"

40

Sudden the colour left Guidone's cheek,
His lips were open but he could not speak,
He prest the cool plump hand; it broke in twain
The ring of rush: and that was all her pain.
But when she rais'd her eyes, she thought no more
Of that, or any pledge he gave before.
She hugg'd him to her heart, and bade him say
If he was sorry that she went away.
He wept upon her head; but not one word
(Had there been utterance) would the child have heard.
The veins about her temples buzz'd like bees
Fretting and swarming in the linden-trees.
His tears ran down her curls; her curls she drew
Against the cheek, and suckt off one or two,
But, panting, sobbing, sinking, thought it best
To clasp his neck and intercept the rest.

50

"From three years old," said she, "when love begins,
I have loved *you*, Guidone! all my sins,
My wicked fibs, you know it, were for you . . .
Now tell me what to say and what to do.
Speak; you can tell me but one thing in vain,
Which is, that we must never love again.
We are no children now; for I am nine
And you are twelve. Before Cristina's shrine
I will say all that ever saint has heard,
And pray you grow not ugly with a beard."

60

Little replied Guidone; but he threw
His mantle on the ground, and gently drew
Lucia to the tufted seat, and there
Hid his sad face amid her sunny hair;
Hand claspt in hand, now on *her* knee, now *his*,

70

GUIDONE AND LUCIA

Until their sorrow melted into bliss;
 Such bliss as innocence alone can know,
 And innocence but seldom here below.
 The morning now grew sultry; they must part;
 The boy with heavier, she with lighter heart:
 Not that she loved him less than he loved *her*,
 But she had suits, and sure ones, to prefer; 80
 Babbo had always minded what she said,
 And if she threaten'd he was half-afraid.
 Wanted she figs? the hinds were near, but them
 She call'd not; *he* must mount the brittle stem.
 "Come, idle Babbo! you alone can reach
 To the top-branch; pull down that yellow peach:
 You may shake down some mulberries, if you will,
 But mind! you shook the last upon my frill."
 And now she said, "Dear Babbo! I would go,
 But poor Guidone's heart kept beating so 90
 Against my bosom, I am sure 't will break
 If I do go: don't let me; for his sake."
 The father started at these words, and said,
 "My sweet Lucia! never be afraid
 Of breaking hearts: thou hast not strength enough,
 My darling child! for anything so tough."
 She wiped his brow; for it was moist. "But still
 (Laugh as you may)" said she, "I'm sure it will.
 I would not break it, gracious heaven! not I!
 And it is not because I too should die; 100
 For without sweet Guidone all my life
 Would be one sigh: beside . . I am his wife."
 She smiled, and took her father by the chin
 And lookt into his eyes, nor saw within
 The smouldering fires that there intensely glow'd,
 Nor read the hour of quitting her abode.
 The sun has risen: and three horses wait
 With two stout horsemen at the castle-gate.
 The father lifts upon the iron-grey
 His wondering child, and all three ride away. 110
 Seven years incessantly there wept and pray'd
 Before Cristina's shrine one pallid maid.
 War had raged round the city: who can tell
 Of Guelph and Ghibelline what thousands fell?
 Hence was that maid so pallid: she must know

87 down] off *MS. emendation.*

TALES IN VERSE

(If her life pays for it) the weal or woe
Of her Guidone: not another year
Can youthful life endure such doubt and fear.
Another year might see her blest at home,
But will he too, will her Guidone come? 120

Trusting that time had weakened or effaced
The lines that love with infant hand had traced,
Her father never had pronounced the name
In all his letters; but when last he came
To see her in the convent, when he found
That nought within its cloisters, nought around,
Could raise from heavy grief her drooping head,
He laid his hand on hers, and mildly said,
"Lucia! they have told you then? The brave
Are the first fruits that drop into the grave." 130
Lucia heard him (and scarce heard him) speak,
And from her bosom burst nor groan nor shriek,
Nor from her eyes one tear: down dropt her head,
Down dropt her beauteous form.

"My child is dead!"
The father cried, and struck his brow, and cast
His arms around her: the young nuns aghast
Stood round; the elder rubb'd her temples hard,
And prayed the while: these cares had their reward.
Homeward the father hied, and finding now
His child in safety, bade her take the vow. 140
Bereft of her Guidone, she complied,
How willingly! no other's future bride.
She thought her prayers, that morn and night arise,
Would find a readier entrance to the skies;
And that, if he had slain, as warrior must,
Saint Peter would release him was her trust;
Since he himself, though chided by his Lord,
Had drawn, and dexterously used, the sword.
Need was there now for arms, more need than when
He rear'd his boyish crest with hardier men. 150
In every street was heard the indignant cry,
"To Palestine! Speed, Christian chivalry!
To Palestine! The Soldan hath defiled
The sepulchre that holds the Virgin's child."
On such a day, and only on this one,
Each holy votary, each secluded nun,

154 *sepulchre*] *sepulcher MS. emendation.*

GUIDONE AND LUCIA

May look abroad and bless the banner waved
 To save his tomb by whom our souls are saved.
 There stood among the nuns one holier maid
 And sadder than them all: even she survey'd 160
 The pious arms. But what above the rest
 Now caught her eye? She turn'd and smote her breast.
 Had not the bishop, when her vow she vow'd,
 Before the altar, warn'd her thus aloud . .
 "Turn not thy feet toward the world, nor let
 Thine eyes, O virgin, by man's eyes be met."
 All others on the earth were nought to those,
 Sources of all her joys and all her woes.
 Ah! when was youth to gentle maiden dear
 Unless he caus'd to flow the frequent tear? 170

Day after day Guidone sought in vain
 To see her face, or even her veil, again.
 Few days were left: he never saw her more.
 Pressing his brow against the wall, he swore
 To live as chaste; to serve the saint she served;
 Guidone swore; Guidone never swerved.
 Whatever be the fight, by land or sea,
 Wherever there was danger, there was he.

Say, generous souls! what can they seek beside
 Death, speedy death, who lose a promist bride? 180
 He sought, but found it not: a worse mischance
 Befell Guidone: broken was his lance
 Deep in the Paynim foes: they raved around,
 Many cleft down, and few without a wound.
 To chains and tortures was the youth consign'd;
 Nor chain nor torture crusht his constant mind.

"O my Lucia!" cried he, "true and pure!
 If now in heaven, thou seest what I endure.
 Strengthen my faith, Lucia! if indeed
 The heart where thou art ever, strength can need. 190
 Pray for me, to the only maid more blest
 Of all above; thus shall my spirit rest.
 But if thou livest, may'st thou never know
 The torture and the shame I undergo!"

Worn out with anguish, slumber most profound
 Sank brain and limb stretcht forth along the ground.
 When he awoke, the chains were on his feet,

173 never . . . more.] saw her there no more. *Landor's MS. emendation. See note at end of vol.*

TALES IN VERSE

But for the prison . . the cool air breath'd sweet,
 Unlike the air of dungeons, nor less bland
 Than on the morn when last he held her hand. 200
 There where he vowed the vow, against that wall
 Reclined was he, and then he heard a call.
 He turn'd, and saw Lucia.

"Art thou here?"
 Still living? saint most holy! maid most dear!"
 "Hush!" said that gentle voice: "I live the true
 The only life, and could not live for you.
 To teach our tears the easiest way to flow
 Is the best wisdom we acquire below.
 We have attained it: grief and hope must rest
 Upon the holy Virgin, ever blest. 210
 But rise, and place those fetters on my tomb;
 The hour of happier meeting soon will come."
 He rose; he placed them there. She died that day
 When from his eyes she turn'd her face away.

PIEVANO ARLOTTO

[Published in *The Athenæum*, December 16, 1843; reprinted 1846, 1876. See notes
 at end of volume.]

<p>"I WILL invite that merry priest Arlotto for to-morrow's feast:" Another, quite as merry, said, "And you shall see his fun repaid. When dinner's on the board, we'll draw Each of the company a straw: The shortest straw shall tap the wine In cellar, while the others dine: And now I'll show how we'll contrive, 9 <i>He</i> draws the shortest of the five." They learn their lesson: there are few</p>	<p>Good priests (where eating goes) but do, From Helgabalus, ending with Humour's pink primate, Sydney Smith. Such food more suits them, truth to speak, Than heavy joints of tough- grained greek. Well; all are seated. "Where's our Chianti?" Cries one: "without it feasts are scanty. We will draw lots then who shall go 19</p>
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Title. Pievano [country Priest]. *mispr.* Piccano 1843; corrected in 1846 and here.
 6 Each . . . company] (Each . . . company) 1846. 13 Helgabalus [= Elagabalus,
 Roman emperor. See Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, Chapter VI. W.] 16 -grained greek]
 -grain'd Greek 1846.

PIEVANO ARLOTTO

And fill the bottles from below."
 They drew. Arlotto saw their glee,
 And nought discomfited was he.
 Downstairs he went: he brought
 up two,
 And saw his friends as friends
 should do,
 Enjoying their repast, and then
 For the three others went agen.
 Although there was no long delay,
 Dish after dish had waned away.
 Minestra, liver fried, and raw
 Delicious ham, had plumpt the
 maw. 30
 Polpetti, roll'd in anise, here
 Show their fat sides and disappear.
 Salame, too, half mule's* half
 pig's,
 Moisten'd with black and yellow
 figs;
 And macaroni by the ell
 From high-uplifted fingers fell.
 Garlic and oil and cheese unite
 Their concert on the appetite,
 Breathing an odour which alone
 The laic world might dine upon. 40
 But never think that nought
 remains
 To recompence Arlotto's pains.
 There surely was the nicest pie
 That ever met Pievano's eye.
 Full fifty toes of ducks and geese,
 Heads, gizzards, windpipes, soak't
 in grease,

Were in that pie, and thereupon
 Sugar and salt and cinnamon;
 Kid which, while living, any goat
 Might look at twice and never
 know't; 50
 A quarter of grill'd turkey, scored
 As lean as a backgammon board,
 And dark as Saint Bartholomew,
 And quite as perfectly done
 through.
 Birds that, two minutes since,
 were quails,
 And a stupendous stew of snails.
 "Brother Arlotto!" said the
 host,
 "Here 's still a little of our roast.
 Brother Arlotto! never spare."
 Arlotto gaily took his chair 60
 And readily fell to: but soon
 He struck the table with a spoon,
 Exclaiming, "Brother! let us now
 Draw straws agen. Who runs
 below
 To stop the casks? for very soon
 Little is there within, or none."
 Far flies the napkin, and our host
 Is down the cellar stairs.

"All lost!
 Santa Maria! The Devil's own
 trick!
 Scoffer! blasphemer! heretick! 70
 Broaching (by all the Saints) five
 casks
 Only to fill as many flasks!"

* There is an excellent reason why the sausage and salame of Bologna should be in estimation. Nearly all the mules and asses of Italy, descending from the Alps and Appennines, worn with age and diseases, end their existence in that central city, where others are always in readiness to replace them. Their flesh is very little adulterated with any other: the sinews are minutely and well pounded, and the garlic and muriate mollify the most obstinate fibre. [L. Footnote om. 1846.]

24 as . . . do,] (as . . . do) 1846. 26 agen] again 1846. 29 Minestra][*pottage, broth*] *mispr.* Minegra 1843, *corrected 1846 and here.* 33 mule's*] mule's *footnote om.* 1846. 44 Pievano's] *mispr.* Piccano's 1843; *corrected 1846 and here.* 46 soak't] *soakt 1846.* 64 agen] again 1846.

TALES IN VERSE

<p>Methinks the trouble had been small To have replaced the plugs in all."</p> <p>Arlotto heard and answer'd. "You Forgot to tell me what to do. But let us say no more, because</p>	<p>We should not quarrel about <i>straws</i>. If you must play your pranks, at least Don't play 'em with a brother priest." 80</p> <p style="text-align: right;">WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.</p>
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THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

<p>FROM immemorial time The Rose and Nightingale Attune the Persian rhyme And point the Arab tale: Nor will you ever meet So barbarous a man, In any outer street Of Balkh or Astracan, In any lonely creek Along the Caspian shore, 10 Or where the tiger sleek Pants hard in hot Mysore, As never shall have heard In tower or tent or grove Of the sweet flower's true bird, The true bird's only love. They're known wherever shines The crescent on the sword And guiltless are the vines And Bacchus is abhorr'd. 20 There was (we read) a maid, The pride of Astrabad, Who heard what song-men said, And, all that day, was sad. The moon hung large and round; She gazed ere forth she went; A bright ford seem'd the ground,</p>	<p>The sky a purple tent. She hasten'd to the wood Where idle bushes grew, 30 The Rose above them stood, There stood her lover too. Close were they, close as may True lovers ever be! She was his only stay, Her only stay was he. Her head appears to bend A little over his: Petal and plumage blend, Soft sigh and softer kiss. 40 There was no other sound, And scarce a leaflet stirr'd, And heavy dews hung round The Rose and round the Bird. Sure, some are tinged with red! Whence comes it? Can the Rose Have wept upon his head? Her tears are not like those. No; 'tis from his own breast, Pierced by her thorns, they come: 50 Against them it was prest, Of them it sought its doom. Wanting was one delight,</p>
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20 abhorr'd] abhor'd *Landor's MS. correction.* 42 stirr'd] stir'd *Landor's MS. correction.* 43 A comma after round in both edd. is here om. in accordance with *Landor's MS. correction.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE

The one she could not give,
He thought perhaps she might,
He thought so, nor would live.
Ever some cruel spell
Hangs fasten'd, tho' unseen,
On those who love too well
And sing too well between. 60
At the fond heart so riven

Mute was awhile the maid,
Then pray'd she unto Heaven,
And it was thus she pray'd:
"O Allah! if the fond
Must always suffer so,
If love finds naught beyond
Its very birth but woe,
Protect at least the one
From what the other bore, 70
Nor let her stay alone,
Nor with faint breath droop o'er
The dead! Do thou confer

82 due!] due, *Landor's MS. correction.*

His spirit on her bloom,
And may it soothe in her
Lone shade its hour of gloom!
Allah that gift bestows,
But only in those plains,
And only in one Rose,
The Bird's sweet voice remains.

Lady of all my lays! 81
Accept the service due!
And, if a word of praise
Or smile descend from you,
I will not look about
To catch the crumbs that fall
Among the rabble rout
That crowd the choral hall,
Nor chide the deaf man's choice
When o'er the Rose's bird 90
The low unvarying voice
Of Cuckoo is preferr'd.

92 preferr'd] prefer'd *Landor's MS.*

[MOTHER AND GIRL]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

"You must give back," her
mother said,
To a poor sobbing little maid,
"All the young man has given you,
Hard as it now may seem to do."
"Tis done already, mother
dear!"
Said the sweet girl, "So, never
fear."

Mother. Are you quite certain?
Come, recount
(There was not much) the whole
amount.

Girl. The locket: the kid gloves.

Mother. Go on.

Girl. Of the kid gloves I found
but one. 10

Mother. Never mind that. What
else? Proceed.

You gave back all his trash?

Girl. Indeed.

Mother. And was there nothing
you would save?

Girl. Everything I could give
I gave.

Mother. To the last tittle?

Girl. Even to that.

Mother. Freely?

Girl. My heart went *pil-a-pal*
At giving up . . ah me! ah me!

I cry so I can hardly see . .

All the fond looks and words that
past,

And all the kisses, to the last. 20

TALES IN VERSE

[MAID AND GUEST]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

If you please we'll hear another,
Timid maid, without the mother.
Unless you are tired, for these
We must travel into Greece.
I know every bay and creek;
Fear no pirate in the Greek.
Here we are, and there is she;
Stand and hide behind the tree.
She will (for I'm grave and gray)
Tell me all she has to say. 10

Guest. Violet-eyed little maid!
Of what are you afraid?

Maid. O! it is Dian's spear,
Sharp-pointed, I most fear.

Guest. So then you would prefer
Venus, I think, to her?

Maid. Yes; Venus is so good!
I only wish she would
Keep her sad boy away
Who mocks at all I say. 20

Guest. What could he then have
heard?

Maid. Don't ask me . . . Every
word!

Guest. She has heard *me* ere
now.

If you repeat the vow,
I will repeat it too,
And that perhaps may do:
Where there is only one
But little can be done.

Maid. Perhaps tho' you may
blame . . .

Ah me! I am all flame. 30

Guest. With love?

Maid. No, no; with shame.

Guest. Each word that you
repeat

Will much abate the heat.

Maid. Well then . . . I pray ..
Don't ask . . .

I can not bear the task.

Guest. Of all the queens above
Fear most the queen of love.
For those alone she cares
Who well repeat their prayers.

Maid. O then I must, I find, 40
(But do not look) be blind.
Well, well, now! you shall hear;
But don't come quite so near.

PRAYER.

'Venus! I fear thy dove
Is somewhere in my breast:
Yes, yes, I feel him move,
He will not let me rest.

If he should ever go,
I fancy I should sink;
He fans and wafts me so, 50
I think . . . what do I think?
O Venus! thou canst tell . . .
'Tis wicked to rebel!

'Twas Love: I heard him speak,
But dared not turn my neck;
I felt his torch so near
And trembled so with fear
I thought I should have died.

Guest. And was there none
beside?

Maid. The goddess in white
stone 60

And one young man alone,
His eyes upon the ground,
And lost in thought profound.
Methinks I see him yet,

53 rebel] rebell *Landon's MS. correction.*

MAID AND GUEST

And never can forget:
For I was almost glad
To see him look so sad,
And gravely disapprove
The mockery of Love.

Guest. Should Love then re-
appear, 70
May that young man be near,
And pray the queen of beauty
To make him do his duty.

[MOONSHINE IN ITALY]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

AN English boy, whose travels	"O father! father!" cried the lad,
lay	"What wicked boys are here-
In Italy, had slept at night	about! 10
Sound as a bishop all the way,	How wild! how mischievous! how
Till suddenly . . the strangest	mad!
sight!	Look yonder! let us put it out.

Above the upper of the two	I never saw such a balloon
Near ridges of old Appennine,	So near . . that olive now takes
(Seemingly scarce a good stone-	fire!
throw)	The corn there crackles!"
A lighted globe began to shine.	"'Tis the Moon,"
	Patting his head, replied the sire.

4 Till] Til *Landor's MS. correction.*

A RAILROAD ECLOGUE

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 24, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. CCXVII), 1876.]

<i>Father.</i> WHAT brought thee back, lad?	
<i>Son.</i>	Father! the same feet
As took me brought me back, I warrant ye.	
<i>Father.</i> Couldst thou not find the rail?	
<i>Son.</i>	The deuce himself,
Who can find most things, could not find the rail.	
<i>Father.</i> Plain as a pike-staff miles and miles it lies.	
<i>Son.</i> So they all told me. Pike-staffs in your day	
Must have been hugely plainer than just now.	
<i>Father.</i> What didst thou ask for?	
<i>Son.</i>	Ask for? Tewkesbury
Thro' Defford opposite to Breedon-hill.	

TALES IN VERSE

Father. Right: and they set ye wrong?

Son. Me wrong? not they; 10

The best among 'em should not set me wrong,
Nor right, nor anything; I'd tell 'em that.—

Father. Herefordshire's short horns and shorter wits
Are known in every quarter of the land,
Those blunt, these blunter. Well! no help for it!
Each might do harm if each had more of each . . .
Yet even in Herefordshire there are some
Not downright dolts . . before the cidar's broacht,
When all are much alike . . yet most could tell
A railroad from a parish or a pike. 20

How thou couldst miss that railroad puzzles me,
Seeing there lies none other round about.

Son. I found the rails along the whole brook-side
Left of that old stone bridge across yon Avon.

Father. That is the place.

Son. There was a house hard-by,

And past it ran a furnace upon wheels,
Like a mad bull, tail up in air, and horns
So low ye might not see 'em. On it bumpt,
Roaring, as strait as any arrow flits,
As strait, as fast too, ay, and faster went it, 30
And, could it keep its wind up and not crack,
Then woe betide the eggs at Tewkesbury
This market-day, and lambs, and sheep! a score
Of pigs might be made flitches in a trice,
Before they well could knuckle.

Father! father!

If they were ourn, thou wouldst not chuckle so,
And shake thy sides, and wipe thy eyes, and rub
Thy breeches-knees, like Sunday shoes, at that rate.
Hows'ever. . . .

Father. 'Twas the train, lad, 'twas the train.

Son. May-be: I had no business with a train. 40

"Go thee by rail, you told me; by the rail
At Defford" . . and didst make a fool of me.

Father. Ay, lad, I did indeed: it was methinks
Some twenty years ago last Martinmas.

W. S. L.

Signature in 1849 only.

TALES IN VERSE

PHELIM'S PRAYER TO ST. VITUS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXXVI).]

THERE was a damsel ill in Limerick
Of that distemper which impels the nerves
To motion without will; a dance 'tis call'd,
Of which Saint Vitus is the dancing-master.
Phelim O'Murrough saw the damsel late
Recover'd from this malady: he askt
What it was call'd? who cured it? having heard,
Homeward he hasten'd; yet before the porch
Of the first chapel lying in his road
He fell upon his knees, and thus he pray'd: 10
"Ah! now, Saint Vitis! may it please yer Honor!
Ye know as well as any in the world
I never troubled ye, and seldom yours
By father's side or mother's, or presumed
To give the master of the house a wink,
Or bother his dear son about my wife.
But, now I know what ails her, I would fain
Jist tell ye what she suffers from . . the same
As lately visited Peg Corcoran 20
At the bridge-end (see ye) in Limerick,
She had it in her limbs, in every one,
Yet she found saints (your Honor above all)
Who minded her and set her up again.
Now surely, good Saint Vitis! bless your heart!
If you could cure (and who shall doubt you could?)
Such awful earthquakes over every limb,
'Twould give your Honor mighty little trouble
To lay one finger on one spot alone
Of my poor wife. Unaisy soul! her dance,
The devil's own dance, she dances day and night; 30
But only with the tongue . . Save now and then
It seizes foot and fist and stirs them sore.
She can not help, poor crathur! but must hoot
Murther! bad luck to ye! and bloody thief!
At every kick and cuff that she vouchsafes.
These, please ye, are the burthen of the song,
And this the dance she leads me up and down,
Without one blest *vobiscum*, evermore.
Could not yer Honor stop that wagging tongue

TALES IN VERSE

And woeful fist and thundering foot of hers?
Do now! and Phelim will, when call'd upon,
Work for ye three hard days in Paradise."

40

THE GARDENER AND THE MOLE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 92; reprinted 1876.]

A GARDENER had watcht a mole
And caught it coming from its
hole.

"Mischievous beast!" he cried,
"to harm

The garden as thou dost the farm.
Here thou hast had thy wicked will
Upon my tulip and jonquil.
Behold them drooping and half
dead

Upon this torn and tumbled bed."

The mole said meekly in reply,
"My star is more to blame than I.
To undermine is mole's com-
mission, 11
Our house stil holds it from tradi-
tion.

What lies the nearest us is ours.
Decreed so by the higher Powers.
We hear of conies and of hares.
But when commit we deeds like
theirs?

We never touch the flowers that
blow,

And only bulbs that lurk below.
'Tis true, where we have run, the
ground

Is rais'd a trifle, nor quite sound,
Yet, after a few days of rain, 21
Level and firm it lies again;
Wise men, like you, will rather
wait

For these than argue against fate,
Or quarrel with us moles because
We simply follow Nature's laws.

We raise the turf to keep us warm,
Surely in this there is no harm.
Ye break it up to set thereon
A fortress or perhaps a throne, 30
And pray that God cast down his
eyes

Benignly on burnt sacrifice,
The sacrifice of flesh and bone
Fashioned, they tell us, like His
own,

Ye in the cold lie all the night
Under thin tents, at morn to fight.
Neither for horn'd nor fleecy cattle
Start we to mingle in the battle,
Or in the pasture shed their blood
To pamper idleness with food. 40
Indeed we do eat worms; what
then?

Do not those very worms eat men,
And have the impudence to say
Ye shall ere long be such as they?
We never kill or wound a brother,
Men kill by thousands one another,
And, though ye swear ye wish but
peace,
Your feuds and warfares never
cease."

Such homebrought truths the
gardener,
Though mild by nature, could not
bear, 50
And lest the mole might more
have said

He chopt its head off with the
spade.

TALES IN VERSE

THE PRIEST AND THE SINNER

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 162; reprinted 1876.]

ONCE an old sinner call'd a priest	No reasons for such change could
And told him he would be confest.	gather.
The priest in horror heard him tell	He cried, "Thou shudderest not,
Sin after sin, and threaten'd hell	my son,
With all its torments after death,	At what so soon is coming on."
Its fires, its gnashings of the teeth	"Alas!" the penitent exclaimed,
Eternally: to all the rest	"I shuddered when that fire was
Denounced as certain by the priest	named.
The wretch grew more and more	Now, father, if they would but
afraid,	spare
But what about the teeth was	That cursed fire, I should not care
said	About the teeth; but two remain,
Seem'd more like comfort: the	And they can never gnash again."
good father	

Title. Om. 1876.

[ELYSIAN FIELDS]

[Published in 1863, p. 178; reprinted 1876.]

UPON his death-bed lay a pagan priest;
A pious brother when the worst had ceast
Consoled him thus.
"Think now what pleasure yields
The nearer prospect of Elysian fields,"
"Ah!" said he, "all about those fields we know
But mushrooms, are good mushrooms there below?"

[GOLD LEAF]

[Published in 1863, p. 180; reprinted 1876.]

A POOR artificer had sold	Said, "Is it not too shabby, sir,
Some sweepings of his master's	To make for sweepings such a
gold,	stir?"
And when he was brought into	"My lord," said he, "you little
court	know
The jury had condemned him	The worth of gold who reckon
for't,	so.
But the wise judge, more angry	These sweepings in a year or two
with	Weigh more than what the King
The plaintiff than the needy smith,	pays you."

TALES IN VERSE

[SEEN AT ROME]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 231; reprinted 1876.]

A GOOD old Englishwoman, who had come
Back to her country from the sights at Rome,
Was askt about them.

“Well then, I have seen
Robes on men’s shoulders rich as round our queen
Strangers, who know no better, may miscall
A well-stuff strutting sausage *cardinal*:
It is not often we so gut a name,
But *cardinal* and *carnal* are the same.”

A MOTHER TO A BOY

[Published in 1863, p. 165.]

“God writes down every idle word He and His Angels round have heard.”	His writing I should like to see, How big the copybook must be! Can you not let me get a peep, Mamma, before I go to sleep?”
So spake a mother: in reply The little fellow cried, “ <i>O my!</i> ”	

[ANOTHER VERSION]

[Published in 1863, p. 217]

A LITTLE boy had done amiss, His mother call’d him up for this. <i>Child!</i> said she, with a shake and frown, <i>God writes all evil doings down:</i> <i>His righteous rod is always ready</i> <i>To smite the wicked and unsteady.</i> The child, affrighten’d and amazed, Exclaimed, while two wide eyes he rais’d, Zooks! what a copybook is God’s;	My eyes! and what a sight of rods! 10 O mamma! there must surely grow More birch in heaven than below. On all the common all the geese, Tho’ they might club ten quills apiece, Could not afford enow of pens For all bad doings, boys’ and men’s.
--	--

9 Zooks] so in *corrigenda*. Looks in *text*.

TALES IN VERSE

THE SQUIRE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 173.]

<p>A VILLAGE church one Sabbath-day, Many had entered there to pray. Some knelt along the flagstone floor, Old men, old women, halt and poor. Piously in response they said <i>"Give us this day our daily bread."</i> Whether they got it, I don't know, But twice or thrice they pleaded so.</p>	<p>Those words the squire repeated too Above his cushion'd gilt-nail'd pew. Sudden a distant shot he heard, And up his portly girth was reared. <i>"Jim!"</i> cried he, <i>"drowsy devil! run,</i> <i>Tell keeper . . . by the Lord! . . . a gun!</i> <i>Zounds! I am always in bad luck . . .</i> <i>Perhaps there goes my fattest buck!"</i></p>
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[IN WALES]

[Published in 1863, p. 198.]

<p>AN Irishwoman sat to rest Upon the bridge of Haffordwest* Until her husband could bring up Their baggage from a stranded sloop. A Welshman saw with wanton eyes The whiff from her short pipe arise, And thought it would not be amiss Just to replace it with a kiss. We mortals to our fate are blind . . Her Paddy, who was close behind, Sprang forth and caught him by the nape, Struggling, but vainly, to escape. <i>"Baste!"</i> cried he, <i>"is it not a shame</i></p>	<p>To make an honest woman scrame? What in the world wou'd yer be a'ter? Och! our last pipe is in the whater. No shame is in thee, but thou shalt Pick up a little ere we halt, Thou bloody tyrant!" Then as thick As hail kick follow'd upon kick. 20 Into his homestead Taffy ran A conjugally contrite man, Told how he fell upon the stones, And showed he had no broken bones. He never turn'd in bed all night, Dreaming of enemy in sight; Heavenward lookt up his brawny chine As deprecating wrath divine.</p>
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* Haverfordwest so pronounced. [L.]

TALES IN VERSE

ERIN

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 97.]

ERIN! thou art indeed of ancient race,
Erynnys bore thee, she who brought with her
That apple which retain'd in endless strife
Three Goddesses on Ida, she who urged
A few years later the fierce son of Thetis
To threaten Agamemnon: hardly could
Pallas withhold him, and his lifted sword.
Forgettest thou thy merriment, thy jokes,
Thy genial hours, thy hospitable heart
Swift to fly open with the whiskey-cork?

10

Forgettest thou thy hard, who hurried home
From distant lands and, bent by poverty,
Reposed among the quiet scenes he loved
In native Auburn, nor disdain'd to join
The village dancers on the sanded floor?
No poet since hath Nature drawn so close
To her pure bosom as her Oliver.
Thou hearest yet the melodies of Moore,
Who sang your blue-eyed maidens worthily,
If any voice of song can reach so high.

20

Why art thou, Erin, like a froward child
Struggling with screams to scratch its nurse's face,
And, pinch'd by hunger, throwing food away?
Thy harp sounds only discords: wilt thou never
Awake from dreams of murder? Shall the priest
Chaunt *pax vobiscum* and, before he leaves
The chapel, thrust a dagger in a hand
Working to grasp it?

But not all who chaunt
Are alike bloody-minded: one I knew
Familiar with his flock, nor much averse
To fare with it the seventh day, or sixth,
Or any other in the calendar.
By summer's heat his lips were often parcht,
By winter's cold as often. The Right Reverend
My lord the bishop scantily provided
For this poor brother; was it not enough
To own him, and to ask him how he did?
His modesty might have been deeply hurt
Had he seen sundry rents in certain parts

30

ERIN

Where rents are most unseemly, and the girls
Might titter at 'em as they sew'd 'em up. 40
Then, had not the Right Reverend given him
Quite as much food as raven gave Elijah
By that divine commission from above?
Elijah was no curate, but a prophet,
And men should feed according to their station.

Poor were my friend's parishioners: he met
The wealthiest of them: "Faith and troth!" he cried,
"My eyes are ready to leap out to see
Thy merry face, Mic! Are all well at home? 50
Judy, that pattern wife, Bess, that brave girl,
Match for a lord, if lord were match for *her*."

"Bedad! my eyes would have met yours halfway,"
Said honest Mic, and kist the proffer'd hand.
"Ours are all well; but Bess hath two feet lame
With chilblains, broken or about to break;
They plague her, and our Judy plagues her worse
Because she would put stockings on, the minx!
And how the devil find another pair
Entire and dacent for Saint Patrick's day? 60
Judy's will fit no other leg than hers,
And she has only one to bless her with,
This one she cannot spare; it may please God
To send another in His own good time,
And then, who knows? we all must live in hope.

Now, father, will your Reverence step indoors?"
"Impossible, I must be home to dinner.
What have you? buttermilk?"

"The cow is kilt
And barrel'd, and at Bristow by the stamer."

"A slice of bacon?"

"Bacon? plenty, plenty, 70
Come Michaelmas, my blessed saint's own day.
Look yonder; there he lies and winks at us,
And rises not, even to your Reverence.
But he shall pay for it, come Michaelmas,
The pay-day and the saint's day the world over.
Grunt, grunt away, boy! thou shalt change thy note
For shriller, longer-winded; wait awhile."

"Mic, we must all await the appointed hour.
Let him be aisy, and don't bother him
Because thou art the luckier of the two, 80

TALES IN VERSE

For thou canst shove thy sins upon my shoulder
And leave wet eyes behind when thine are dry."

"Father! that ugly baist hath made you low."

"Well, I do think I would be better for
A drop, or half a drop, of cool nate whiskey."

"Was ever such bad luck since stills were stills!
Jue drank the last to comfort her poor child."

AN OLD MAN AND A CHILD

[Published in Forster's *Londor: a Biography*, 1869.]

A CHILD pickt up a pebble, of the least
Among a myriad on a flat sea-shore;
And tost it back again.

"What hast thou done?"

Said mildly an old man.

"Nothing at all,"

Replied the child; "it only was a pebble,
And not worth carrying home, or looking at,
Or wetting, tho' I did it, with my tongue:
Tho' it was smooth, it was not large enough
To copy on when I begin to write,
Nor proper in the winter to strike fire from,
Or puss to pat and roll along the floor."

10

Then said the elder:

"Thoughtful child art thou,
And mightest have learnt from it some years hence
What prouder wise ones never have attain'd.
The wisest know not yet how many suns
Have bleacht that stone, how many waves have roll'd
Above it when upon its mountain's breast;
How once it was no stone nor hard, but lapt
Amid the tender herbage of the field."

The child stared up, frighten'd; then ran away.
Before she had run far she turn'd her face
To look at that strange man.

20

"He seem'd so calm,
He may not be quite mad nor mischievous.
I shall not mind him much another time;
But, O, what random stories old men tell!"

TALES IN VERSE

THE DEAN'S TALE

[From an unpublished MS. found in Landon's writing-desk. See note at end of volume.]

Driven from manse and kaleyard when
The kirk had lost her stoutest men,
Mas Thomas hotly was pursued
By Philistines athirst for blood.
In Scotland there is scarcely brake
Sufficient to conceal a snake.
The Lady Cherrytree was one
Whom Mas could more relie upon,
She was so kindly and so staid
And kept the sabbath where he pray'd.
At nightfall, then he took the road
Where that good lady's mansion stood.
The troopers presently drew near,
But he had enter'd dumb with fear.
Hide me! were the first words he spake,
O hide me quick for Jesu's sake!
She caught him by the arm and led
Hurriedly to her daughter's bed.
There was no other place so sure
And he was holy, she was pure.
The girl slept soundly; he crept in
Under her, for they both were thin.
She turn'd a little, but no light
Guided her eyes.

10

20

All right, all right,
Whispered the mother, *lie thee still;*
Trust in the Lord and fear no ill.
Let thy two knees be wide and bent,
Said she and saw it done, then went.

The troop soon entered and they heard
A drowsy breath, but saw no beard.
While they were searching what did he?
He grafted a young Cherry tree.

30

Charles, when the tale was told, cried "Zounds"
"I'm glad the fox escaped the hounds,
"The scent was lost, the chace was over
"Renard was fairly run to cover.

TALES IN VERSE

"Bring us the saintly rogue, he ought
"To find a welcome at our court.
"Up in the oak I could not do
"What Mas did, Rochester, could you?"

40

THE EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA

[From a manuscript. The square brackets enclose what is doubtful or illegible.]

CAPTAIN

So, my brave fellows, you resolve to leave
Your wretched homes for plenteousness and freedom.
The worthy priest has told you how we []
I need not add a word, all words were [vain]
After that holy man's your ghostly pride.

PRIEST

Some of you haply may [know] of peaches
In Ireland worth their weight in gold
They grow for leagues together
In our America the hungriest pigs
Turn up their noses and trot over them. 10
The swine themselves are not more heeded there
For no man owns them, every man drives off
The fattest, and the nearest horse he finds
He mounts and makes his own. If land ye want
Millions of acres are now lying waste,
And millions more well cultured by the blacks
You will set free, and make whites work instead.
All that is theirs is yours, but yours with one
Condition, those among you who are strong
And brave enough must join those valiant bands 20
For one brief year who shall win back the land
Pertaining to the States, but long usurpt.
What say ye? Hold awhile: t'would be unfair
To promise you less pay than ours at home.
On shipboard you want nothing, but your grog
Must be provided for: Take each
These few loose dollars, when you come ashore
Three hundred is the installment to begin.
And girls are quarreling which wins you first.
You who have hats may now well toss them up. 30
You who have only hair may toss up that

THE EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA

As high above the head. Three hundred crowns!
I never had so many to repay
Three hundred masses for three hundred dead
Of sinful souls frying in purgatory.

CAPTAIN

Well, well, my boys! we now are all agreed.
Reverence! you come with us?

PRIEST

Too willingly ; but, captain, [willingly] you must know
That under my protection are some young
And helpless penitents ; and ah! how soon 40
Without their pastor go the lambs astray,
I dare not leave them in this land alone:
You have staid woman and stout boys withal.
Other protection God, if need, will send.
Now one word captain in your private ear,
There are unruly ones among the boys
We are well rid of them, if aright []
If anything should happen to befall
I will say masses for them at half price
For winks and whisperings and unseemly jeers 50
For holy places, let me hear the fall.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY SPAIN

[Printed in 1800, published in 1802; reprinted 1863.]

Is haughty Spain again in arms?	Dismay cried "where is Gades'
What honest flame <i>her</i> bosom	shore."
warms?	And scream'd, and hurried swift
No kindred spark from Gallic fanes	before:
Hath ever caught her sluggish veins!	While Britons rais'd their prostrate
	foes
Rise thou who tookest once thy	From shatter'd wrecks of blasted
stand	prows.
On gloomy Calpé's subject strand;*	Leaving for thee her Paphian
And while the lightning of the brave	domes,
Cast a dire splendor o'er the wave,	The Goddess of Lucretius comes!
Didst see Destruction at their side	Pours upon thee her heavenly light,
From billow upon billow stride. 10	Arms thee with all her Mars's
In clouds the thundering demon	might; 20
came,	And tempers with eternal fire
Clouds were without, within was	For thee Ausonia's golden lyre.
flame;	

* The [Rob Smith, 1863] Author of *Mare Liberum*. [L. In 1863 this note is affixed to thee l. 22=20 1863. Robert Percy Smith wrote his Latin poem "*Mare Liberum*" at Cambridge in 1791. W.]

Title. On om. 1863. MS. note by Landor gives To Bobus on Spain's declaration of war as the title. ll. 3-4 om. 1863. 8 splendor] splendour 1863. ll. 7-16 alluding to the battle of St. Vincent, 1797. [W.] 13 shore." shore?" 1863. 20 Mars's] Marsis 1863.

ON SEEING A HAIR OF LUCRETIA BORGIA

[Published by Leigh Hunt in *The New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal*, July, 1825, again in his *London Journal*, April 22, 1835; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, *Works*, 1846.] Text 1825.

"A solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia . . . was given me by a wild acquaintance [Byron] who stole it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan . . . Wat Sylvan, a man of genius whom I became acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:" [Leigh Hunt, 1825, 1835.]

BORGIA, thou once wert almost too august,
And high for adoration;—now thou 'rt dust!
All that remains of thee these plaits infold—
Calm hair, meand'ring with pellucid gold!

Introduction. [By Leigh Hunt who met Landor at Pistoia in 1819.] 3 infold] unfold 1837, 1846. 4 meand'ring] meandering 1837, meandering 1846. with] in 1837, 1846.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[VISCOUNT MELVILLE]

[Published in *Gebir, &c.*, 1831; reprinted 1846.]

GOD's laws declare,
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.
Upon my honour! Melville cries . .
He swears, and lies . .

Does Melville then break God's commandment? No.

Title. Not in any ed. [For other allusions to the impeachment in 1806 of Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, see Landor's *Charles James Fox: a commentary*, pp. 34 ff. W.]

[WALCHEREN 1809]

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

I would invoke you once again, Pale shades of gloomy Walcheren, By every name most dear! But every name what voice could call!	Who cast you on those sands accurst, Traitor! he sold his country first And gave her up enchain'd.
What tears could flow enough for all, Within the circling year!	No human power the wretch shall screen That sent you to the misty scene, Where glory never shone!
Yet comfort you, illustrious band, That might have saved your native land Had life and health remain'd!	His vacant buoyant heart shall rue The lingering death he brought on you, And wish that death his own.

Title. Not in any ed. [See Landor's *Charles James Fox: a commentary*, pp. 21 ff. W.]
7, 10 you] ye 1846.

[PRAYER FOR SPAIN]

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

THOU whom the wandering comets guide, O turn awhile to Virtue's side, Goddess by all adored! and deign Once more to smile on rising Spain. No secret pang my bosom wrings For prostrate lords and captive kings;	I, mighty Power, invoke thy aid To Valour crost and Faith be- tray'd. O leave the marshal'd ranks of war, Nor blindly urge Bellona's car, When hearts so generous, arms so brave, Resist the conqueror, spurn the slave,
--	--

Title. Not in any ed.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

And striking home for equal laws	A rescued son, a prince restored,
Pray Fortune to sustain the cause.	Against his country draws the
Not such is theirs as wafted o'er	sword,
The crescent and the crafty Moor;	And wily priests in vengeful mood
No tears for virgin honour flow,	Surround their fires with dykes of
No father calls the avenging foe;	blood:
Napoleon leads no faithless host,	Turn then, O Fortune, and sustain
Nor tears the heart that trusts	The cause of Freedom and of
him most,	Spain!

20

TO ALPUENTE

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831.]

So! the winds and the waters must waft thee again,
 Alpuente! afar from the sight of thy Spain;
 And England, averse to the brave and the true,
 Awaken the Continent's curses anew.
 Lusitania received thee; her aim is thine own,
 To hold Fraud and Perjury back from the throne.
 One Briton forbids it . . . that Briton whose hand
 Unravels in darkness all Freedom has plann'd.
 In the gloom of the night, when the softer sea-air
 Were bringing thee slumbers, and soothing thy cares, 10
 By allaying the throbs of too tender a breast
 Which is wasting away at thy wrongs unredrest,
 Thou art dragged . . . among whom? among Britons free-born!
 Believe me, I speak it in sorrow, not scorn . . .
 Yes, the elder among them at least were born free,
 And must grieve at indignities heap'd upon thee!
 How then! could not Exile (that drove eighty years
 Before her) nor Woman's nor Virtue's own tears,
 Once touch into feeling ev'n Castlereagh's tool,
 Tho' the heaviest log in the rottenest school! 20
 And what name is the ship's he has chosen, to please
 The parricide's sister and *her* Portuguese?
 A name known to Glory, and Glory alone,
 The defense of the people and pride of the throne . . .
 The *Marlbroke*! Such service would better befit
 The *Canning* or *Croker*, the *Melville* or *Pill*.

Title. [Juan Romero Alpuente, Spanish patriot, who had sought an asylum in Portugal, was deported from Lisbon in April 1827 on board an English man-of-war. Landon's imaginary conversation "Lopez Baños and Alpuente" was published in 1824. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

[Published in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836, as if meant to be an overture to vol. i; reprinted as a separate poem partly in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; and fully in 1846.]

HAPPY may be the land
Where mortals with their eyes uplifted stand
While Eloquence her thunder rolls:
Happier, where no deceptive light
Bursts upon Passion's stormy night,
Guiding to rocks and shoals.

Happiest of all, where man shall lay
His limbs at their full length, nor overcast
The sky above his head, but the pure ray
Shines brighter on the future than the past.

10

Look, look into the east afar,
Refulgent western Star!
And where the fane of Pallas stands,
Rear'd to her glory by his hands,
Thou, altho' nowhere else, shalt see
A statesman and a chief like thee.

How rare the sight, how grand!
Behold the golden scales of Justice stand
Self-balanced in a mailed hand!

Following the calm Deliverer of Mankind.
In thee again we find
This spectacle renew'd.
Glory altho' there be
To leave thy country free,
Glory had reacht not there her plenitude.

20

Up, every son of Afric soil!
Ye worn and weary, hoist the sail!
For your own glebes and garners toil
With easy plough and lightsome flail:
A father's home ye never knew,
A father's home your sons shall have from you.

30

Title. Ode to Andrew Jackson 1837. General *om.* 1846. *Sub-title.* *Om.* 1846,
ll. 1-16 *om.* 1837. 7 man] Man 1846. 19 Self-balance] Well balanced 1837,
1846. 31 you] you* 1846 with footnote *This prophecy was unfulfilled.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Enjoy your palmy groves, your cloudless day,
 Your world that demons tore away.
 Look up! look up! the flaming sword
 Hath vanisht! and behold your Paradise restored!

Never was word more bold
 Than through thy cities ran,
 Let gold be weigh'd for gold,
 Let man be weigh'd for man.

Thou spakest it; and therefor praise
 Shall crown thy later as thy earlier days,
 And braid more lovely this last wreath shall bind.
 Where purest is the heart's atmosphere,
 Atlantic Ruler! there
 Shall men discern at last the loftiest mind.

40

Rise, and assert thy trust!
 Enforcing to be just
 The race to whom alone
 Of Europe's sons was never known
 (In mart or glade)

50

The image of the heavenly maid
 Astræa; she hath call'd thee; go
 Right onward, and with tranchant prow
 The hissing foam of Gallic faith cut thro'.

July 3, 1835.

40 therefor] therefore 1837, 1846.

EPITAPH

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, and from a manuscript in Dr. Williams's Library, dated March 23, 1835, in *The Cambridge Modern Language Review*, July 1912.]
 Text 1837.

So then at last the emperor Franz,
 On spindle shanks hath joined Death's dance.
 Prythee, good Saint Nepomucene,
 Push the pale wretch behind the screen;—
 For if your Master's Son should know,
 He'd kick him to the gulph below:
 Then would the Devil rave and rant,
 That Hell has more than Hell can want
 Of such exceedingly good men,
 And fork him to you back agen.

10

1 Franz [Francis I, Emperor of Austria, died March 2, 1835. W.] 2 On] With
MS. 3 Nepomucene [St. John of Nepomuc, patron saint of Bohemia, thrown
 into the Moldau and drowned, 1393. W.] 6 him . . . gulph] the trembler down *MS.*

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[VICTORIA]

[Published in *The Pentameron*, 1837; not reprinted. See note at end of volume.]

I WILL not look into the sky
To augur aught of future years:
Enough the heavens have shown us, why
Our hopes are sure, and vain our fears.
Victoria! thou art risen to save
The land thy earliest smiles have blest.
A brave man's child will cheer the brave,
A tender mother's the distress.

Title. Not in text.

TO LORD BROUGHAM

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1838.]

Most puissant Lord of Brougham and Vaux!
Grand Ranger of the *Devil's Walks*!
Take up his poker and bestir 'em
For putting out your fire with Durham.
Now wherefore, in God's name! should *he* go
To Niagara and Oswego?
Merely to save from flame and sword
Half a score cities at a word,
When three-hour speeches you have spoken
And scarcely one town's peace is broken,
However perfectly well-meant
To right us into discontent!

10

W. S. L.

[On July 30, 1838, Lord Brougham in the House of Lords raised objections to the Ordinances issued by the Earl of Durham, Governor-General of Canada, for securing the peace of Lower Canada after Papineau's rebellion. The Ordinances were eventually disallowed by the home government, and on September 22 Lord Durham announced his resignation. W.]

[LA VENDÉE, 1815]

[Published in *La Petite Chouannerie; ou, Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'empire*, par Alexis François Rio. Londres: 1842. See note at end of volume.]

I.

CITIES but rarely are the haunts of men:
The feeble semblance they bring forth within
Their strangely cavern'd and hell-lighted den,
And toss it, reckless, on the breast of sin.

II.

Such as the rest are thine, o France!
Queen of the flaunting plume and lance,
Broken by son on son.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Thou hast an ear for Glory's cry,
But Pity seldom caught thine eye . . .
And what then hast thou won?

10

III.

Much . . . yea, much more than thou hast known.
Along the Armoric shore how brave,
How true those hearts whose early grave
Their mothers least bemoan.

IV.

Ye parents! none have been more fond;
But other thoughts must now
Repress your tears: look far beyond
Where heaven's pure light illumines the vow:

V.

The first your children ever made
Was that their God should be obey'd,
His word for ever blest:
Therefore in His own peace they lie,
Therefore (whence else?) your tears are dry,
And sure as theirs your rest.

20

VI.

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's wisest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.
His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face:
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms, to her those eyes
Open with joy, and not surprise.

30

VII.

O Muzillac! o Penescluse!
No stranger am I now to you;
Nor shall my verse, tho' late, refuse
The glory to such mothers due
As ye have seen . . . but see how few,
Age hath forbidden some to stay,
And some their sorrows wore away.

40

LA VENDÉE, 1815

VIII.

Thy villagers, lone Muzillac!
Saw the fresh eagle driven back,
When from his island rocks he rose
To wake worn Earth from short repose
And Penescluse, alas! thy wave
Felt the last blood, that warm'd the brave. 50
An hour's, a moment's space divides
Death's sluggish moat from life's quick tides.
Those who are lying stiff and cold,
Arose ere dawn alert and bold.
The youthful band, at R**'s call,
Swore, in the chapel, one and all,
Each from the other not to sever,
United in pure faith for ever.
How bright the morning sun arose;
But sad, sad, was that evening's close; 60
For Honor's trophy, Victory's plume,
Ill cover an untimely tomb.

IX.

Many had fallen: two there were
Above the rest, whom every eye
Was fixt upon; no other tear
Of youth or maid or matron by
Than burst for them, two brothers dear,
Blest by each other's side to die.

X.

Hunger and thirst and weary pain
And gaping wounds! ye urge in vain. 70
Instead of help, instead of cheer,
They look upon the mingling hair
And half closed eyes of that fond pair,
All silent as the silent bier.

XI.

To the last home hath it convey'd
Its charge; the peace of God is pray'd;
And over them, and over all
Around, God's peace is felt to fall.
Again that vacant bier, less slow.
Is borne for others at the bridge below. 80

HISTORY AND POLITICS

XII.

The matrons, now 'tis gone, are seen,
Elate in soul, erect in mien,
To rush and clasp the necks of those
Young vanquishers of veteran foes:
And many stand among the rest
Who clasp no neck, who weep, and yet are blest.

March 19, 1840.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[JUDGE AND THIEF]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

O'ERFOAMING with rage	'Thou shalt not steal?'" "Yea,"
The foul-mouth'd judge Page	The white chap did say,
Thus question'd a thief in the	"'Thou shalt not:' but <i>thou</i> was
dock:	the word.
"Didst never hear read	Had he piped out 'Jem Hewitt!
In the church, lump of lead!	Be sure you don't do it,' 11
Loose chip from the devil's own	I'd ha' thought of it twice ere I
block!	did it, my lord."

Title. Not in text. [Sir Francis Page, "the hanging Judge", died 1741. "Page pour'd forth the torrent of his wit." Pope, *Epilogue to the Satires*, l. 159. W.]

[FREDERICK THE GREAT]

[Published in 1846.]

You may or you may not believe	Where she would never look, for
That soldiers have been known to	shame. 12
thieve:	So thought he; but each wily priest
The question is not settled well	Would search the wicked knave
By what I am about to tell.	undrest.
Frederick the Great was reigning,	Down dropt the jewels. When
when	they both
One of the bravest of his men	Told the same tale, the king, tho'
Before his majesty was call'd	loth
By two grave priests, and sore	To hang him, very justly said,
appall'd;	"To-morrow, I am much afraid,
For, in despite of every care, he	The soldier, thus accused, must
Took jewels from the Virgin Mary;	bleed . .
And on his person stow'd the same	Without your pardon." 20

Title. Not in text. [For the anecdote see *Frederick the Great: his Court and Times*, ed. by Thomas Campbell, iv. 157. W.]

FREDERICK THE GREAT

<p>Said they.</p> <p>"My fathers!" said the king,</p> <p>"Let me suggest another thing.</p> <p>You, as true Catholics, will own</p> <p>Mary can favour anyone."</p> <p>"Beyond a doubt."</p> <p>"And sometimes does it</p> <p>Whereno man ever could suppose it.</p>	<p>"No indeed,"</p> <p>The Virgin may have bow'd from</p> <p>heaven,</p> <p>And what he took she may have</p> <p>given:</p> <p>For ladies always love the brave,</p> <p>And Mary is the maid to save. 30</p> <p>I can but order that no suitor</p> <p>Accept from her such gifts in</p> <p>future."</p>
--	---

MARIE ANTOINETTE

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Lines 1-18 sent to Lady Blessington, 6 Sept. 1845, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

O GENTLEST of thy race!
How early do we trace
 The wrath of Fate on thee!
Not only that thy head
Was hurl'd among the dead,
 The virtuous, wise, and free,
O Marie-Antoinette!
Do generous souls regret
 Thy sceptred destiny,
But, winning all the heart 10
Of mortal like Mozart,
 His bride thou couldst not be.

Thou liftedst the sweet child
From slippery floor: he smiled,
 Kist thee, and call'd thee *wife*.
Ah! could it have been so,
How free wert thou from woe,
 How pure, how great for life!
One truth is little known:
'Tis this; the highest throne 20
 Is not the highest place
Even on the earth we tread:
Some can raise up the dead,
 And some the royal race.

Title. On a passage in the *Life of Mozart Letter*; with following variants: 7 O, Maria Antoinette. 10 But that, with all the heart. 13 Thou liftedst up the child. 14 slippery] thy waxt. 18 for] thro'.

[In 1762, the date of this incident, the future queen was eight years old, Mozart a year younger. W.]

FRENCHMEN

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

WHISKERED Furies! boy-stuffed blouses!	Courage now, anon dismay!
Fanning fires on peaceful houses!	Louis-Philip! rear your walls
What are all these oaths and yells	Round these madmen and their
Belcht from thirty million hells?	brawls.
Swagger, scream, and <i>peste</i> away!	Well you know the fiery rout,
	And what rain can put it out. ro

Title. Added in 1858. 4 Belcht] Rais'd 1858. 5 peste] pest 1858. Between
 II. 7-8 1858 has ten lines as below:

Never since the world began	At whose spear were those afraid
Yours, O France, was one great man.	That had broken every sword
Him ye boast ye boast in vain,	Drawn for your degenerate lord . .
Germany's was Charlemagne,	These were more than men, and more
Roland, Corday, and the Maid	Than your petty envy bore.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO CZARTORYSKI, ATTENDING ON FOOT THE FUNERAL OF THE POET NIEMCEVICZ

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

In Czartoryski I commend	Thou, who hast shown us how
The patriot's guide, the poet's	the great
friend.	Are greater in their fallen state,
King, sprung of kings, yet great	Another rare example give . .
and good	That kings, uncurs'd by men, may
As any pure from royal blood;	live, 10
O'er genius not ashamed to bear	And Poland by thy light shall see
The pall, or shed at home the tear.	One nation in wide Europe free.

Title. Niemcevicz misprinted Menincevicz in both editions. [Julian Ursin Niemcevicz, Polish poet and patriot, was Kosciusko's aide-de-camp at Maciejowice, 1794, where he was taken prisoner by the Russians. He died in Paris May 21, 1841. Prince Adam Czartoryski died 1861. W.]

[SPENCER PERCEVAL]

[Published in 1846, reprinted 1876.]

"FEAR God!" says Percival: and when you hear
Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear:
If in such awful accents he should say,
"Fear lovely Innocence!" you'd run away.

1 Percival] *Name misspelt in both editions.* [Spencer Perceval, Irvingite Apostle, was eldest son of the Prime Minister assassinated in 1812. W.]

TO THE RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD HENRY LORD BISHOP OF EXETER

[Published in *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, May 1845; reprinted in 1846; 1876. See note at end of volume.]

BARONIAL Apostolic Sir!	Ready my very soul to pawn
If our poor limping church must	Where I have pinn'd my faith, on
stir,	lawn:
I who am zealous for your order,	I supplicate you to advise
From the cope-point to bottom	Your children, changing their
border,	disguise, 10
And lower my eyes before the	They put on one that does not
surplice,	show
But bear most reverence where	So very much of dirt below.
the purple is,	

Title: The Surplice, 1845, with sub-title as above. sc. Henry Phillpotts (1778-1869), bishop of Exeter, 1831.
6 most] the 1845.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[WAR IN CHINA] ✓

[Published in *Works*, 1846; also printed in *The Century Magazine*, February 1888, from a manuscript with variants.]

{ This morning at breakfast I wrote some verses on the Chinese war. [*Landon to Miss Mary Boyle*, c. 1840.]

THERE may be many reasons why, And many a child and bird as
O ancient land of Kong-Fu-Tsi! large, 10
Some fain would make the little I can not wish thee wars nor
feet woes . .

Of thy indwellers run more fleet. And when thy lovely single rose,
But while, as now, before my Which every morn I haste to see,
eyes Smiles with fresh-opened flower

The steams of thy sweet herb arise, on me,
Amid bright vestures, faces fair, And when I think what hand it
Long eyes, and closely braided was

hair, Cradled the nursling in its vase,
And many a bridge and many a By all thy Gods! O ancient land! ✓
barge, I wish thee and thy laws to stand!

1 reasons] a reason 1888. 3 Some fain would] We burn to 1888. 9-10
om. in 1888. 11 can not . . . wars nor] cannot . . . wrongs or 1888. 13
haste] run 1888. 17 thy] the 1888.

TO MATHEW AND WOLFF

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

Who are those men that pass us? men well-girt
For voyaging; of aspect meek, of breath
Ardent, of eyes that only look to heaven.
I must perforce abase before them mine,
Unworthy to behold them; I must check
Praise, which they would not from men's lip receive,
But that men call for it, throughout all lands,
Throughout all ages.

Hail, deliverers
From sin, from every other thralldom! Hail
Theobald! his true servant. Nor do thou 10
Suspend thy step, urged by God's voice, to press
Past Taurus, past the Caspian, past the groves

10 Theobald [*sc.* Rev. Theobald Mathew (1790-1856), advocate of temperance. W.]
thou [*sc.* Joseph Wolff (1795-1862), who when the poem was written was going to
Bokhara "in the uncertain hope of saving two men [Stoddart and Conolly] he never
saw". *Letters, &c., of Landon*, 1890, p. 316. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Of Samarcand, thrilling with Persian song,
To where Bokhara's noisome prisons hold
Indomitable hearts, to perish there
Unless thou save them: but thine too may rot
Beside them, whether timely or too late
Thou plungest into that deep well of woe.

Wolff! there was one who bore thy glorious name
Before thee; one who rais'd from foul disgrace
The British flag, and won the western world:
Brave man! and happy in his death! but thou
In life art happier nor less brave than he.

20

I will believe that Christianity
(Merciful God! forgive the manifold
Adulteries with her valets and her grooms,
Rank gardeners and wheezing manciples!)
Is now of service to the earth she curst
With frauds perpetual, intermittent fires,
And streams of blood that intersect the globe:
I will believe it: none shall kill my faith
While men like thee are with us. Kings conspire
Against their God, and raise up images
Arrayed in purple all befringed with gold,
For blindfold men to worship, and ordain
That flocks and herds and corn, nay, common grass,
Nay, what the rivers and the seas throw up,
Be laid before them for their revelry.

30

The twisted columns are grand ornaments;
Yet all their foliage, all their fruitage, lends
Support but feeble to the dome above.
Ye pass bareheaded under open heaven,
Under the torrid and the frozen sky,
To preach the word of truth, to snatch the soul
From death, the captive from his double chain:
Therefore be glory to you both on high,
On earth (what none so deeply sigh for) peace!

40

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[GREECE UNDER KING OTHO]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

I RAIS'D my eyes to Pallas, and she laught.
"Goddess!" said I, "pray tell me why?"
"Look at my olive with a sloe ingraft!
Where stood your Pericles, five scoundrels set ye
(O father Zeus!) on Otho and Coletti."
Then said she, and her scornful voice grew meek,
"Return thou homeward and forget thou Greek."

Title. Not in text. 5 Otho and Coletti [Otto, son of Louis I, King of Bavaria, b. 1815, d. 1867, King of Greece 1832; gave assent to new Constitution 1844; Coletti (Johannis Kolettis) succeeded Mavrocordato as Prime Minister 1844. February 1846: Replies of Senate and Chamber of Representatives to King's Speech were unfavourable to the Coletti Ministry (Annual Register, 1846). W.]

ODE TO SICILY

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 5, 1848; reprinted *Italics*, 1848, *Last Fruit* (cxvii), 1853.] Text *Examiner*.

1.

Few mortal hands have struck the heroic string,
Since Milton's lay in death across his breast.
But shall the lyre then rest
With vilest dust upon it? This of late
Hath been its fate.

But thou, O Sicily! art born again.
Far over chariots and Olympic steeds
I see the heads and the stout arms of men,
And will record (God gives me power) their deeds.

3.

Hail to thee first, Palermo! hail to thee
Who callest with loud voice, "*Arise! be free,*
Weak is the hand and rusty is the chain."
Thou callest; nor in vain.

10

1 Few . . . have] No mortal hand hath *I. 1848, 1853.*
Between ll. 3-4 I. 1848, 1853, insert one line:

heroic] heroick 1853.

Along tired Cupid's wing

6 again] agen 1853.

9 gives . . . power] give . . . power! 1848, 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

4.

Not only from the mountains rushes forth
 The knighthood of the North,
 In whom my soul elate
 Owns now a race cognate,
 But even the couch of Sloth, 'mid painted walls,
 Swells up, and men start forth from it, where calls
 The voice of Honour, long, too long, unheard.

20

5.

Not that the wretch was fear'd,
 Who fear'd the meanest as he fear'd the best,
 But that around all kings
 For ever springs
 A wasting vapour that absorbs the fire
 Of all that would rise higher.

6.

Even free nations will not let there be
 More nations free.
 Witness (O shame!) our own,
 Of late years viler none . .

30

7.

To gratify a brood,
 Swamp-fed amid the Suabian wood,
 The sons of Lusitania were cajoled,
 And bound and sold,
 And sent in chains where we unchain the slave
 We die with thirst to save.

8.

Ye too, Sicilians, ye too gave we up
 To drain the bitter cup,
 Which ye dash from ye in the despot's face . .
 O glorious race!

40

14 mountains] mountain *I. 1848, 1853.*
II. 22-3 I. 1848, 1853, insert one line:

20 Honour] Honor *1853.*

Between

(A reed could [would 1848, '53] break his rest)

25 vapour] vapor *1853.*

Between 30-1 I. 1848, 1853 insert two lines:

The second Charles found many and made more
 Base as himself: his reign is not yet o'er.

39 Which ye] Ye now *I. 1848, 1853.*

40 race!] race, *I. 1848, 1853.*

ODE TO SICILY

9.

Which Hiero, Gelon, Pindar, sat among
And prais'd for weaker deeds in deathless song;
One is yet left to laud ye. Years have marr'd
My voice, my prelude for some better bard,
When such shall rise; and such your deeds create.

10.

In the lone woods, and late,
Murmurs swell loud and louder, till at last
So strong the blast
That the whole forest, earth and sea and sky
To the loud surge reply.

50

11.

Within the circle of six hundred years,
Show me a Bourbon on whose brow appears
No brand of traitor. Change the tree,
From the same stock for ever will there be
The same foul canker, the same bitter fruit.
Strike, Sicily, uproot
The cursed upas. Never trust
That race again: down with it; dust to dust.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

43 marr'd] mar'd 1853. 47 till] til 1853. 51 Within] Show, in *I.* 1848, 1853.
53 Change] Prune *I.* 1848, 1853. 58 again] agen 1853. *Signature om. I.* 1848,
1853.

TO SAINT CHARLES BORROMEO

ON THE MASSACRE AT MILAN

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 26, 1848; reprinted in *Italics*, 1848, *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxcvii).] Text *Examiner*, 1848.

I.

SAINT, beyond all in glory who surround
The throne above!
Thy placid brow no thorn blood-dropping crown'd,
No grief came o'er thy love,

II.

Save what they suffer'd whom the Plague's dull fire
Wasted away,
Or those whom Heaven at last let worse Desire
Sweep with soft swoop away.

Sub-title. [On January 3, 1848, there was an affray between Austrian troops and the populace, of whom many were wounded, some fatally. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

III.

If thou art standing high above the place
Where Verban gleams, 10
Where Art and Nature give thee form and space
As best beseems,

IV.

Look down on thy fair country, and most fair
The sister isles;
Whence gratitude eternal mounts with prayer,
Where spring eternal smiles;

V.

Watch over that brave youth who bears thy name,
And bears it well,
Unmindful never of the sacred flame
With which his temples swell 20

VI.

When praise from thousands breathes beneath thy shrine,
And incense steep
Thy calm brow bending over them, for thine
Is bent on him who weeps;

VII.

And, O most holy one! what tears are shed
Thro' all thy town!
Thou wilt with pity on the brave, the dead,
God will with wrath look down.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ll. 9-10. [There is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo on the hill above Arona, his birthplace, on Lake Maggiore (*Lacus Verbanus*). W.] 27, the] and 1853. *Signature om.* l. 1848, 1853.

GUIZOT'S DISGUISE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 4, 1848.]

GUIZOT, in haste to cut and run,
A lackey's livery has put on;
But whosoever calls *disguise*
In him the lackey's livery, lies.

W. S. L.

[M. Guizot, who resigned office two days before Louis Philippe's abdication, left Paris secretly and reached England on March 3, 1848. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO LAMARTINE

[Published in *The Examiner*, April 29, 1848; reprinted 1858. See note at end of volume.]

Nor that the Muse, with brow benign, Looks on the crown which circles thine, And points thee out with finger strait For great ones to behold more great, Do I approach thee, Lamartine, First actor in the world's first scene . .	Beneath Affliction's heaviest blow, A prophetess, not always mad, 21 With potent speech thy tears for- bad, And show'd, beyond where deserts lay, The glories of thy future way. "Go, Wanderer!" she exclaimed, "go on! <i>The cedar-groves of Lebanon</i> <i>Cast shadows over other men,</i> <i>But thou must into light again."</i>
For we poor children of the earth Grow envious of exalted worth . . Nor is it that where Arno flows We sought and found the same repose, 10 Repose which Dante never knew, For foes were many, friends were few; Nor that our friendships were the same With many a bright enduring name: No; but that France, with fond appeal, Calls thee to guard her Common- weal; And Europe, echoing back her voice, Applauds the wisdom of the choice.	She spake: the glories she fore- knew, The virtues half-escaped her view. She saw that Man's true right divine 31 (Safe in few hands, but safe in thine) Is not to prune the deadly tree, But wrench the root of Royalty, And sprinkle with black salt the ground, Exhausted, and for years un- sound. Unhoped for under eastern skies, She saw not this fresh dawn arise. Europe, now free of kingly fraud, Stands up unfettered and unaw'd; And soon shall Africa alone 41 In her worst wilds that curse bemoan.
Once, when thy laurel'd head hung low	

21 prophetess] prophetess* with footnote *Lady Hester Stanhope 1858. [Lamartine visited her in 1832: see his *Voyage en Orient*. W.] 28 again] agen 1858. 31 that] not 1848 (mispr.). 37 Unhoped for] Unhoped-for 1858.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO CAVAIGNAC

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 8, 1848; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853
(No. cccxlviii).]

AND shall the bloody wave again, Dissevering freedom's bravest men, Dash all ashore? and civic fight Demolish wrong, establish right? Alas! it must be! Well for France, Awakening from her frantic trance, She finds at last a virtuous man To regulate her rushing van.	But ill what that soakt soil should yield. Losing the train that limpt behind, He lost all energy of mind; Like smitten viper, now aloof To bite, now crusht by heel or hoof. 20 Mindful of Washington, who hurl'd Back from the new the worn-out world, Remember, First of Men! that thou To thy own heart hast made the vow That France henceforward shall be free . . . Henceforward is her trust in thee.
Never wilt thou, sage Cavaignac! Pursue Ambition's tortuous track. The shade of Glory seems to tend That way, but melts before its end. 12 What name more glorious than was his Whose life midway went all amiss? He well survey'd the battle-field,	

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1 again] agen 1853.

4 right?] right! 1853.

[After surrendering his dictatorship General Cavaignac was made head of the
Executive Commission and President of the Cabinet, June 28, 1848. W.]
Signature om. 1853.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 30, 1848; reprinted under another title 1853
(No. cclix), 1876.]

HISTORY lies wide open: the first page
Of every chapter blood illuminates,
And ductile gold embosses, dense and bright.
Not children only, but grave men admire
The gaudy grand distortions; hippogryphs,
Unicorns, dragons, infant heads enlarged
To size gigantic, seraph visages,

Title. To Lamartine President of France 1853, 1876. [The change of title was a
blunder, the poem having evidently been addressed to Prince Louis Napoleon, after-
wards Emperor, whose election as President of the Republic was announced on
December 20, 1848. W.]

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

And scaly serpents trailing underneath.
I trill no cymbal, and I shake no bells
To thee, pacific ruler! On the plains 10
Be thou establisht, where power rests secure,
Unshaken by the tempests: there my muse
Shall find and cheer thee when the day is o'er,
And other notes are silent all around.
'Twas not unseemly in the bravest bard
From Paradise and angels to descend,
And crown his country's saviour with a wreath
Above the regal: few his words, but strong,
And sounding through all ages and all climes.
He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand 20
Of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave
The notes to Glory. Darwen and Dunbar
Heard him; Sabrina, whom in youth he wooed,
Croucht in the sedges at the clang of war,
Until he pointed out from Worcester walls
England's avenger awfully sedate.
In our dull misty day what breast respires
The poetry that warms and strengthens man
To glorious deeds, and makes his coronet
Outlive the festival, nor droop at last? 30
Alas! alas! the food of nightingales
Is foul; and plumeless bipeds who sing best
Desert the woods for cattle-trodden roads,
And plunge the beak, hungry and athirst, in mire.
Prince! above princes! may thy deeds create
A better race! meanwhile from peaceful shores
Hear, without listening long (for graver cares
Surround and press thee), hear with brow benign
A voice that cheers thee with no vulgar shout,
No hireling impulse, on thy starry way. 40

December 25, 1848.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ll. 15-26 [See Milton's Sonnet *To the Lord General Cromwell*. W.]
1848 only.

Signature in

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ITALICS

Of the seven poems in *The Italics of Walter Savage Landor*, 1848, two, 'Ode to Sicily' and 'To Saint Charles Borromeo', had been printed in *The Examiner* (see pp. 281 and 283). The five poems first published in 1848 are given below. For the Preface, see notes at end of volume.

GONFALIONIERI

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. cxcv).]

I.

THE purest breast that breathes Ausonian air,
Uttered these words. Hear them, all lands! repeat,
All ages! on thy heart the record bear
Till the last tyrant gasp beneath thy feet,
Thou who hast seen in quiet death lie down
The skulking recreant of the changeling crown.

II.

"I am an old man now; and yet my soul
By fifteen years is younger than its frame:
Fifteen I lived (if life it was) in one
Dark dungeon, ten feet square: alone I dwelt 10
Six; then another entered: by his voice
I knew it was a man: I could not see
Feature or figure in that dismal place.
One year we talkt together of the past,
Of joys for ever gone . . ay, worse than gone,
Remembered, prest into our hearts, that swell'd
And sorely softened under them: the next,
We exchang'd what thoughts we found: the third, no thought
Was left us; memory alone remain'd.
The fourth, we askt each other if indeed 20
The world had life within it, life and joy
As when we left it.

Now the fifth had come,
And we sat silent; all our store was spent.
When the sixth entered, he had disappear'd,
Either for death or doom less merciful:
And I repined not! all things were less sad
Than that dim vision, that unshapen form.

Title. [Name mispr. both edd. See *Memoirs of a prisoner confined in the fortress of Spielberg*, by A. Andryane. London: 1838. Count Federigo Confaloniere (1785-1846), leader of the Liberal party in Lombardy, sentenced first to death and then to imprisonment for life, was released in 1836 but exiled to America. His wife died in 1830. W.]

GONFALIONIERI

A year, or two years, after (indistinct
Was time, as light was, in that cell) the door
Crept open, and these sounds came slowly through: 30
His Majesty the Emperor and King
Informs you that twelve months ago your wife
Quitted the living . .

I did hear the words,
All, ere I fell, then heard not bolt nor bar."

III.

And shall those live who help with armed hand
The weak oppressor? Shall those live who clear
The path before him with their golden wand?
Tremble, vile slaves! your final hour draws near!
Purveyors of a panther's feast are ye,
Degenerate children of brave Maccabee! 40

IV.

And dare ye claim to sit where Hampden sate,
Where Pym and Eliot warn'd the men of blood;
Where on the wall Charles read his written fate,
And Cromwell sign'd what Milton saw was good?
Away, ye panders of assassin lust,
Nor ever hope to lick that holy dust.

43 read] red 1853.

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. cccii), 1876.]

I.

Few poets beckon to the calmly good,
Few lay a hallowing hand upon the head
Which lowers its barbarous for our Delphic crown:
But loose strings rattle on unseasoned wood,
And weak words whistle round, where Virtue's meed
Shines in a smile or shrivels in a frown.

II.

He shall not give it, shall not touch it, he
Who crawls into the gold mine, bending low
And bringing from its dripples with much mire
One shining atom. Could it ever be, 10
O God of light and song? The breast must glow
Not with thine only, but with Virtue's fire.

3 Delphic] Delphiok 1853.

6 Shines] Shrines 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

III.

I stand where Tiber rolls his turbid wave
And see two men rise up; in purple one
And holding in his grasp the golden wards;
The other, not less stately, nor more brave,
Clad modestly. Pass! By your hands be done
God's work, creators of immortal bards!

stanza III om. 1853.

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (OXCVIII).]

SLEEP, tho' to Age so needful, shuns my eyes,
And visions, brighter than Sleep brings, arise.
I hear the Norman arms before me ring,
I see them flash upon a prostrate king.
They conquered Britain as they conquered France . .
Far over Sicily was hurl'd the lance . .
The barking heads by Scylla all croucht low,
And fierce Charybdis wail'd beneath the blow.
Now Sparta-sprung Taranto hail'd again
More daring Spartans on his fertile plain;
Now Croton saw fresh Milos rise around;
And Sybaris, with recent roses crown'd,
Yielded to Valour her consenting charms
And felt the flush that Beauty feels from arms.

10

[Published 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. cc), 1876.]

I.

I TOLD ye, since the prophet Milton's day
Heroic song hath never swept the earth
To soar in flaming chariot up to Heaven.
Taunt, little children! taunt ye while ye may.
Natural your wonder, natural is your mirth,
Natural your weakness. Ye are all forgiven.

II.

One man above all other men is great,
Even on this globe, where dust obscures the signs.
God closed his eyes to pour into his heart
His own pure wisdom. In chill house he sate,
Fed only on those fruits the hand divine
Disdain'd not, thro' his angels, to impart.

10

8 signs] sign 1853.

ITALICS

III.

He was despised of those he would have spilt
His blood to ransom. How much happier we,
Altho' so small and feeble! We are taught
There may be national, not royal guilt,
And, if there has been, then there ought to be,
But 'tis the illusion of a mind distraught.

IV.

This with a tiny hand of ductile lead
Shows me the way; this takes me down his slate, 20
Draws me a line and teaches me to write;
Another pats me kindly on the head,
But finds one letter here and there too great,
One passable, one pretty well, one quite.

V.

No wonder I am proud. At such award
The Muse most virginal would raise her chin
Forth from her collar-bone. What inward fire
Must swell the bosom of that favored bard
And wake to vigorous life the germ within,
On whom such judges look with such regard! 30

TO FRANCIS HARE

BURIED AT PALERMO

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. CXCVI), 1876.]

HARE! thou art sleeping where the sun strikes hot
On the gold letters that inscribe the tomb,
And what there passeth round thee knowest not,
Nor pierce those eyes (so joyous once) the gloom;

Else would the brightest vision of thy youth
Rise up before thee, not by Fancy led,
But moving stately at the side of Truth,
Nor higher than the living stand the dead.

Title. After Palermo 1853 has: ON THE INSURRECTION OF SICILY AND NAPLES.
[Francis Hare was buried at Palermo, January 16, 1842. W.] 2 the] thy 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO KOSSUTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 15, 1849; reprinted with addition 1853
(No. CXXLVI).]

DEATH in the battle is not death . .	Altho' I find but in the best
Deep, deep may seem the mortal	The embroidered glove of Sid-
groan,	ney's hand.
Yet sweeter than an infant's	Rachel may mourn her children
breath	now . .
Is Honor's, on that field alone,	From higher source her glory
Where Kossuth call'd his Spirits	springs,
forth	Where Shakespeare crowns South-
Aloft from Danaw's heaving	hampton's brow 19
breast;	Above the reach or gaze of kings.
They quell'd the South, they shook	Russells? where? where? To waver
the North,	high
They sank by fraud not strength	Faction the slender twig may
represt.	place,
If Freedom's sacred fire lies	And cover, when that twig shall die,
quencht,	With plumes as dark its dark
O England! was it not by thee?	disgrace.
Ere from such hands the sword	Drive the drear phantom from
was wrencht 11	my sight,
Thine was the power to shield	O Kossuth! Round our wintery
the free.	shore
Russells erewhile might raise their	Spread broad thy strong and
crest	healthy light,
Proud as the older of our	And I will tread these weeds no
land,	more.
December 2.	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ll. 15, 16 [allusion to Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, both executed in 1683. W.]

Title. Only in 1853. *Signature and date om.* 1853. 14 older] elder 1853. 17
[allusion to Lady Rachel Russell. W.] 21 waver] wave on 1853. 22 the] her
1853. 24 its] the 1853. 28 And . . . these] Crush we these slippery 1853.
After l. 28 1853 has eight lines:

Each, be he soldier, sage, or bard,
Must breast and cross the sea of strife,
Ere swells the hymn, his high reward,
Sung from the one true Book of Life.
What casket holds it? in what shrine
Begem'd with pearl and priceless stone?
The treasury is itself divine . .
The poet's breast . . 'tis there alone.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

PROPER LESSON FOR CHARLES'S MARTYRDOM

TO DIXWELL

Who sate in judgment on Charles I, and whose descendant is
erecting a monument to him in Boston, U.S.

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 2, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. CCVII).]

THERE are whose hand can throw the shafts of song
Athwart wide oceans; barb'd with burning light
Do they dispell all mists Time throws around,
And where they fall men build the beacon-tower
And watch the cresset, age succeeding age.

Dixwell! whose name sounds highest toward heaven
Of all but one* the fresher world hath seen,
Honor to thee! and everlasting praise!

Thou shrankest not at smiting Perjury
Under the crown: thou shrankest not at rocks
And shoals and ice-tower'd firths, and solitudes
And caverns where the hunter hunted man,
Remote from birthplace, kindred, comrade, friend.
Of seed like thine sprang Freedom strong and arm'd,
Whose empire shall extend beyond the shore
Where Montezuma's plumed head lies low,
(A shore whose waters waft the name of Peace)
To realms more ancient than all realms beside,
Where the sun rises over far Cathay.

Blest be thy country! blest in sons like thine!
If lust of gold forbids it . . . if the slave
Raises his manacle and pleads to God
And they who see and hear it mock the prayer,
At least shall thousands in my words exclaim
"Honor to *thee!* and everlasting praise!

Happy beyond all glory's happiness,
Look down on thy young nation; there alone
The weak and the distorted from the womb
Never are dandled into frowardness,
Never may seize and fracture what they list,
Striking at random stern and mild alike;
Nor floats the chaff above, nor sinks the grain."

January 30, 1850.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* Washington [L.].

1 throw] hurl *errata* 1853. 7 world] earth 1853. Date and signature om. 1853.
[John Dixwell, regicide, died at New Haven, Conn., U.S., in 1689. There, not at
Boston, the monument was erected in 1849. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO FRIEND JONATHAN

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 23, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. cccxxxix).]

FRIEND Jonathan! for friend thou
art,

Do prythee take now in good
part

Lines the first steamer shall
waft o'er.

Sorry am I to hear the Blacks
Still bear your ensign on their
backs;

The stripes they suffer make me
sore.

So! they must all be given up
To drain again the bitter cup.

Better, far better, gold should
come

From Pensylvanian wide-awakes,
Ubiquitarian rattlesnakes, 11
Or, pet of royalty, Tom Thumb.

Another region sends it down,
Where soon will rise its hundredth
town:

The wide Pacific now is thine.
With power and riches be content;
More, more than either, God hath
sent . .

A man is better than a mine.

Scarce half a century hath past
Ere closed the tomb upon your
last, 20

The man that built the western
world:

When gamblers, drunkards, mad-
men rose,

He wrencht the sword from all
such foes

And crusht them with the iron
they hurl'd.

Beware of wrong. The brave are
true.

The tree of Freedom never grew
Where Fraud and Falsehood
sow'd their salt.

Hast thou not seen it stuck one
day

In the loose soil, and swept away
The next, amid the blind and
halt, 30

Who danced like maniacs round
about?

The noisiest, foulest, rabble-rout!
Earth spurns them from her,
half-afraid.

Slaves they will ever be, and
shou'd,

Drunken with every neighbour's
blood,

By every chief they arm be-
trayed.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

10 Pensylvanian] Pennsylvanian 1853.
Pacific 1853. 25 true.] true: 1853.
the Fugitive Slaves Bill on September 13, 1850. W.]

13 sends] rolls 1853. 15 Pacific]
l. 7 [United States Congress had passed
Signature om. 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO MESCHID THE LIBERATOR ✓

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 27, 1851; reprinted 1853 (N. 1. COLVII), 1876.
ll. 9-12, 17-20, also printed in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

VALOR not always is propell'd by	Who raises up the fallen from the
War,	dust,
Often he takes a seat,	And bids the captive go. 20
Under the influence of a milder	
star	In these thou followest Him, thou
More happy and more great.	one sublime
Foremost in every battle waved	Among the base who press
on high	Man's heart, man's intellect; the
The plume of Saladin;	wrongs their crime
He chased our northern meteors	Inflicts, thy laws redress.
down the sky,	
And shone in peace serene.	Justice hath rais'd thee higher
	than him whose blade
In vain two proud usurpers side	The Drave and Danube won,
by side,	Fastening the towers of Widdin
Meschid! would shake thy	and Belgrade
throne: 10	To his Byzantine throne.
Sit firm; these outlaws of the	
world deride,	Can Egypt, Syria, can the land of
And fear thy God alone.	myrrh,
	Can all thou rulest o'er, 30
No God who bleeds from canvas	Such glory on thy diadem con-
on the crowd,	fer?
No God who sweats from wood,	. . Thy path leads on to more.
No God about whose dress priests	
wrangle loud,	Meschid! I pick up paras in no
No God who sells his blood;	court,
	To none I bend the knee,
But merciful and mighty, wise	But, Virtue's friend! Misfortune's
and just,	sole support!
Who lays the proud man low,	I give my hand to thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Title. Meschid [Abdul Majid, Ottoman Sultan, had granted an asylum to Kossuth. W.] 1 propell'd] propel'd 1853. 13 bleeds . . . on] winks . . . at 1853. 15 about . . . wrangle] at whose high-cross priests chaffer 1853. 17 But . . . just] The Merciful and Mighty, Wise and Just 1869. 33 paras [Turkish coins worth fraction of farthing. W.] *Signature om.* 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 11, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. 001x).]

HAST thou forgotten, thou more
vile

Than he who clung to Helen's
ile

Rather than fall among the
brave!

Hast thou forgotten so thy flight,
When sparing Philip's peaceful
might,

Disdain'd to hurl thee to thy
grave?

Forgotten the chain'd eagle, borne
Shaken by ridicule and scorn

Up Bologne's proud columnar
hill?

Twice traitor, ere a nation's trust
Rais'd thee a third time from the
dust . . .

For what? . . . to be a traitor
still.

The hands that thrust thy uncle
down,

And threw into his face his crown,
Contemptuous, were held forth
to thee;

Not for thy valour or thy worth,
Believe me, were those hands held
forth,

No, but from joy that thou wert
free.

O brow of brass! O heart of stone!
Dost thou of Europe's sons alone

Repell the exile from thy shore,
Whom Plague's implacable disease,

Whom murderous men, tem-
pestuous seas, 23

Had spared, whose wrongs far
worlds deplore.

Him when the sons of Ismael saw,
Themanwhogavefreemen thelaw,
They stopt the camel-train to
gaze;

For in the desert they had heard
The miracles of Kossuth's Word,
The myriad voices of his praise.

Him, ever mindful of her trust,
America, the firm, the just, 32

Beneath her salutary star
Invokes, and bears across the
main,

Until his native land again
Avenges an unrighteous war.

England! I glory that mine eyes
First opened on thy sterner skies,
Where the most valiant of man-
kind 39

Bear gentlest hearts; I glory most
At the proud welcome on thy coast
Of him, the brave, the pure,
the wise.

My England, look across the Strait!
Behold the chief whom thousands
hate,

But fear to touch; because the
Tzar

Nods at him from his saddle-bow,
And says, "*If any strike a blow
Against my slave, I rush to war.*"

Title. To another President [*sc. Louis Napoleon*] 1853, where this poem follows that on p. 286) *To the President of the French Republic* (misdescribed in 1853 as *To Lamartine President of France*). 2 ile] isle 1876. 9 Bologne's] Boulogne's 1853. 11 dust . . .] dust 1853. 12 still] stil 1853.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

Safe art thou, Louis! . . for a
time . .

But tremble . . never yet was
crime, 50

Beyond one little space, secure.
The coward and the brave alike
Can wait and watch, can rush and
strike. . .

Which marks thee? one of them,
be sure.

October 7.

60 Georgey's] Görgey's 1853.

Some men love fame, despising
power,

Well sheltered from its sultry hour,
And some love power, despising
fame;

Among the crowd of these art thou,
And soon shall reach it . . but
below,

A Jellachich's and Georgey's
name. 60

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature and date om. 1853.

HYMN TO AMERICA

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 15, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLXIII).]

DAUGHTER of Albion! thou hast
not

The lesson of thy sire forgot;
Listening at times to Power or
Pride,

Readier thou turnest to attend
On bleeding Valour, and befriend
Him who can hope no friend
beside.

Long ere the patriarchs of the west
Lands, three vast oceans bound,
possest,

When all around was dark and
wild,

Adventurous rowers rowed from
Greece, 10

And upward on a sun-like fleece
The maids of ocean gazed and
smiled.

Our maidens with no less delight
Surveyed around the cliffs of
Wight

Thy swifter pinnacle glide along:

Title. Hymn om. 1853.

Altho' the conqueror was not one
Their gentle heads might rest upon
When cease the dance and
supper-song,

Yet from their thresholds went
they forth

To hail the youths of kindred
worth, 20

And clapt uplifted hands, altho'
Louder, and with less pause
between,

The volleys of their palms had been
For some behind they better
know.

To teach the mistress of the sea
What beam and mast and sail
should be,

To teach her how to walk the
wave

With graceful step, is such a lore
As never had been taught before . .

Dumb are the wise, aghast the
brave. 30

5 Valour] Valor 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

To strike the neck of Athos thro'
Was children's play: man's work
they do

Who draw together distant seas,
On Andes raise their starry throne,
Subdue tumultuous Amazon,
And pierce the world of pale
Chinese.

The dawn is reddening of the day
When slender and soft-voiced
Malay

Shall learn from thee to love
the Laws.

Europe in blood may riot still; 40
Only do thou pronounce thy will,
And War, outside her gates,
shall pause.

Garlands may well adorn the mast
Which first the Isthmian cleft
hath past,

And shouts of jubilee may well
Arise when those return who first

October 23.

The bonds, imposed by Nature,
burst,
And boldest hearts more boldly
swell:

Yet sails there now across the main
A prouder ship than e'er again 50
Shall ride its billows: at her
head

Stands Kossuth; there that hero
stands

Whom royal Perjury's trembling
hands

Struck from afar and left for
dead.

Daughter of Albion! we avow
That worthy of thy sire art thou,
That thou alone his glory
sharest:

Raise up thy head, yea, raise it high
Above the plume of Victory;

The plumed brow is not the
fairest. 60

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

40 still] stil 1853. 43, 45 may] might 1853. 44 hath] had 1853. 46 return]
return'd 1853.

[At Cowes, August 22, 1851, the Hundred Guinea Cup was won by the yacht *America*
owned by J. C. Stevens and G. L. Schuyler of New York. Landor, then staying in the
Isle of Wight, saw the race. W.]

Date and signature om. 1853.

ON KOSSUTH'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA

[Printed on a leaflet on or shortly before November 12, 1851; published in *The
Examiner*, November 15, 1851.]

RAVE over other lands and other
seas,

Ill-omen'd black winged Breeze!
But spare the friendly sails that
waft away

Him, who was deem'd the prey

Of despot dark as thou, one send-
ing forth

The tortures of the North
To fix upon his Caucasus once
more

The demi-god who bore

[Kossuth embarked at Cowes for New York on November 20, 1851. The poem
was read at a public meeting held at Birmingham on November 12 to wish him God-
speed. W.]

ON KOSSUTH'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA

To sad Humanity Heaven's fire and light,	O bear him on in safety and in health!
Whereby should reunite 10	Bear on a freight of wealth
In happier bonds, the nations of the earth;	Such as no vessel yet hath ever borne;
Whose Jove-like brow gave birth	Altho' with banner torn
To that high wisdom, whence all blessings flow	He urges thro' tempestuous waves his way;
On mortals here below.	Yet shall a brighter day Shine on him in his own recon- quered field;
	Relenting Fate shall yield
Rack not, O Boreal Breeze, that labouring breast	To constant Virtue. Hungary! no more
On which, half dead, yet rest	Thy saddest loss deplore; 30
The hopes of millions, and rest there alone.	Look to the star-crown'd Genius of the West,
Impiously every throne	Sole guardian of the oppress.
Crushes the credulous: none else than he	O! that one only nation dared to save
Can raise and set them free. 20	Kossuth, the true and brave!

TYRANNICIDE

[Printed on a leaflet with note dated November 29 [1851]; reprinted in 1853
(No. CCXIII).]

DANGER is not in action, but in sloth;	And shall ye worship on the Baltick Gulph
By sloth alone we lose	The refuse of the Nile?
Our strength, our substance, and, far more than both,	Among the myriad men of mur- der'd sires
The guerdon of the Muse.	Is there not one stil left
Men kill without compunction	Whom wrongs and vengeance urge, whom virtue fires?
hawk and kite;	One conscious how bereft
To save the folded flock	Of all is he . . of country, kindred, home . .
They chase the wily plunderer of the night	He, doom'd to drag along
O'er thicket, marsh, and rock.	The dray of serfdom, or thro lands to roam
Sacred no longer is Our Lord the wolf	That mock an unknown tongue?
Nor crown'd is crocodile: 10	

Title. Where danger is. *MS.*

HISTORY AND POLITICS

A TRUE BELIEVER TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE FROM OLD IRELAND

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 20, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. cxi.), 1876.]

SURE from thee, most Holy Father, Miracles in heaps we gather: We have one before us that 's Very like the Kerry cats, Which our history by Moore Tells us were just twenty-four, Keeping up a glorious fight All the day and all the night, Not a knuckle, not a rib, Left at morn by Tab or Tib, 10 But one only tail, to tell What the Kerry cats befell. Blessings on thee, Holy Father, And thy miracles! We'd rather See as many Frenchmen slain Than those Kerry cats again, Tho, as sure as you are born,	Few we want to watch our corn, Since the Union-guardians eat Most of that, and all the meat. 20 Hear those Frenchmen yonder cry Freedom and fraternity! See those pebble-loads of carts Rumbling from their joyous hearts! See those sabres hicking hacking, And those rifles clicking clacking! We may learn one lesson by 't . . <i>Never go afield to fight.</i> Botheration! botheration! Nation striving against nation! 30 When a single one can do All the work as well as two.
---	--

W. S. L.

Title. Irish Thanks for Romish Miracles 1853.
two lines:

Between ll. 6-7 1853 inserts

Others show the very house, and
Swear there were eleven thousand,

Signature om. 1853.

TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ON ITS RECEPTION OF KOSSUTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 27, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. cclxvii).]

Crry of men! rejoice! Not to have heard the voice That rais'd up millions to its Country's side, But that thy sons respond With voice that sounds beyond, And shakes across the sea the despot's pride.	My native Albion! thou Mayst also glory now; These are thy sons; altho like Ismael driven To desert lands afar, 10 Yet o'er them hung the star That show'd the sign of freedom bright in heaven.
--	---

Title. The City of om. 1853.

3 its Country's] Pannonia's 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Iron and gold are theirs:	Rise, one and all, as when	
And who so justly shares	Ye hail'd the man of men,	20
These powerful gifts as they whose	And give not sumptuous feast nor	
hands are strong,	sounding praise	
Whose hearts are resolute	To that brave Magyar,	
To quell the biped brute	But wage a pious war	
Trampling on law and rioting on	And shed your glory round his	
wrong?	closing days.	

December 21.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[Kossuth reached New York December, 1851. W.]
Date and signature om. 1853.

ON THE DEATH OF M. D'OSSOLI* AND HIS WIFE MARGARET FULLER

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 8, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. cxxxii).]

OVER his millions Death has lawful power,
But over thee, brave D'Ossoli! none, none.
After a longer struggle, in a fight
Worthy of Italy to youth restored,
Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
Of the Atlantic; on its shore; in reach
Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all
Precious on earth to thee . . a child, a wife!
Proud as thou wert of her, America
Is prouder, showing to her sons how high 10
Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.
She would not leave behind her those she loved:
Such solitary safety might become
Others; not her; not her who stood beside
The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
Of France and Perfidy assail'd the walls
Of unsuspecting Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
Renowned for strength of genius, Margaret!
Rest with the twain too dear! My words are few,
And shortly none will hear my failing voice, 20
But the same language with more full appeal

* Related in the *Household Words* of April 24 [1852]. [L. Footnote om. 1853. The magazine quoted gave an account of Margaret Fuller's life and of her death at sea in July 1850. Born in Massachusetts, 1810, she became noted as a woman of letters. In Italy she married the Marquis d'Ossoli. W.]

ON THE DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER

Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains
Worthy to sing of thee: the hour is come;
Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1853.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FAIR BARGAIN

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 18, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. xxxvi), 1876.]

CAHILLS! do what you will at home,	Murder, to please the Prince of
Order'd, or order'd not, by Rome.	Peace.
Teach Innocence the deeds of	For Him who sees thro worlds set
Shame,	spies,
Question her, what each act, each	And guard the throne of Truth
name?	with lies. 10
Hear patiently, where, how, how	Only, where Treason tempts you,
often,	pause,
Ere ghostly commination soften.	And leave us house and home and
Brawl, bidding civil discord cease;	laws. L. 1852.

Title, signature, and date om. 1853. [The Rev. Daniel William Cahill, D.D. (1796–1864), Principal of a Roman Catholic seminary in Ireland. Letters from him attacking the Church of England were printed in the *Dublin Telegraph*. W.]

ON THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BROTHERS BANDIERA BETRAYED TO THE K. OF NAPLES

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 25, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. ccvi). See note at end of volume.]

BORNE on white horses, which	Came Castor and his brother; at
the God of Thrace	which sight
Rein'd not for wanton Glory in	A shout of victory drown'd the
the race	din of fight. 10
Of Elis, when from far	O Rome! O Italy!
Ran forth the regal car,	Doom'd are ye, doom'd to see
Even from Syracuse, across the	Nor guides divine nor high-aspir-
sea,	ing men,
To roll its thunder thro that	Nor proudly tread the battle-field
fruitless lea;	agen?
No; but on steeds whose foam	Lo! who are they who land
Flew o'er the helm of Rome,	Upon that southern strand?

Title. Bandiera] Bandieri 1853. K.] King 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Ingenuous are their faces, firm their gait . .	Evoked shall inextinguishable flame
Ah! but what darkness follows them? . . 'tis Fate!	Rise, and o'er-run yon coast, And animate the host
They turn their heads . . and blood Alone shows where they stood!	As did those Twins . . the mur- derers to pursue
Sons of Bandiera! heroes! by your name	Til the same sands their viler blood imbue.
21	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1853.

THE BEES OF GUILLIVELLE

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 25, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. CXLVI).]

A farmer at Guillivelle sent his carter, with a cart and five horses, to remove some rubbish from a wall, near which he had 250 hives. Returning to the house for something, the carter tied his horses to a tree. The bees issued forth; the horses were covered with them, and even their nostrils filled. Coming back, he found two dead, the three others rolling about in agony; and these also died soon after. The same swarms, some time before, had stung to death eighteen goslings. [L.]

BEES! conscripts! braves of Guil- livelle!	Of all who stir or who sit still.
What poet, yet unborn, shall tell,	Beneath yon cart what Prudhons fall!
Not of your treasures of sweets,	11
But of your more than manly feats?	What Thierses, where those gos- lings sprawl,
Above the song of bard or bee,	In mire as deep, writhe, hiss, and gabble . .
French soldiers, truly French, are ye,	Excessively uncomfortable!
Your bayonets at once invade	The President, as due, decrees
The densest loftiest barricade,	Your regiment for feats like these
And equally ye take it ill	Be called The Bonaparte Bees. L.

Title. Guillivelle* with Introduction [, and . . . filled om.] as footnote, 1853.

11 Prudhons] Proudhons 1853. [Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809-65), socialist. W.]

Signature (initial L.) om. 1853.

PARAPHRASE OF HORACE'S PYRRHA

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 16, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. CCV).]

WHAT slender youth perfused with fresh macassar
Wooes thee, O England, in St. Stephen's bower?
For whom unlockest thou the chest that holds thy dower?

Title and signature (initial L.) om. 1853.

PARAPHRASE OF HORACE'S PYRRHA

Simple as ever! Is there a deluder
 Thou hast not listen'd to, thou hast not changed,
 Laughing at one and all o'er whom thy fancy ranged?
 While the big waves against the rock are breaking,
 And small ones toss and tumble, fume and fret,
 Along the sunny wall I have hung up my net.

L.

Between ll. 6-7 1853 inserts three lines:

The last that won thee was not overhappy,
 And people found him wavering like thyself:
 The little man looks less now laid upon the shelf.

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 6, 1852; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cii).]

DESERTED in our utmost need
 Was Peel: behold what fags succeed!
 Lie dead, ye bees! come forth, ye drones!
 Malmsburies, Salisbury's, Pakingtons!
Hum in the sunshine while ye may,
 To-morrow comes a rainy day.

L.

2 : behold what], and what poor 1853.

Hum] *Hum* 1853. *Signature* (initial L.) om. 1853.

4 Salisbury's] Maidstones 1853.

5

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 20, 1852.]

Now from the chamber all are gone
 Who gazed and wept o'er Wellington,
 Derby and Dis do all they can
 To emulate so great a man.
 If neither can be quite so great,
 Resolved is each to *LIE in state*.

INGRATITUDE

18 NOVEMBER, 1852

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 27, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. clxxvii).]

INGRATITUDE! we seldom miss	I am doubtful in what house to find
Thy presence in a world like this.	One whom scarce any but hath
But thou wert always fond of	known . .
state,	Ingratitude! where art thou flown?
A close attendant on the great.	O'er chariot-wheels and horns
So little mix I with mankind,	and drums

[The Austrian ambassador was not present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, November 18, 1852. His absence was said to be owing to the assault on Baron von Haynau, see p. 313. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

A voice (I think I know it) comes.
What says it? In my ear it says, 11
"Men differ in awarding praise;
But here the nations all unite
In one applause, since each one's
right

His sword asserted; every prince
Swore under it" . . And unswore
since.

Of iron crown and sour-kroust
heart,

Austria, she only, stands apart.

Is this a novelty? Before,
When the fierce Turk unhinged
her door, 20

And Sobieski struggled hard
To bar it, what was his reward?
When Wallenstein no more en-
larged

The lands he rescued, he was
charged

With treason: when Savoy's
Eugene

Saw her fly back, and stood
between

Her recreant duke and rushing
foe,

Nov. 19.

And warded off the final blow:
When Marlborough swell'd the
Danau's flood

With Gallic and Bavarian blood:
What won they? what? Ingrati-
tude. 31

Thus to herself is Austria true . .
Nought better, wiser, could she
do,

Than from all honors thus abstain
To him who gave her power to
reign.

Two chiefs hath Austria quite her
own,

Two fit supporters of the throne:
One from the bailifs ran away,
And one from those who load the
dray.

Ah! how much worthier such men
are 40

Than Wellington, to wear her star,
Her cross, inexplicable riddle,*
Her tup, hung dangling by the
middle,

And, overgorged with gore at
Pest,

Eagle, that now befouls the nest.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* "Inexplicable riddle" what the cross should mean on the bosom [breast 1853] of
perjurers and assassins. [L. In 1853 appended to cross,* first two words of footnote being
omitted; as also the last two.]

30 Gallic] Gallick 1853.

TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 29, 1853; reprinted, *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CCLII).]

No bell, no cannon, by proud Ocean borne
From Ganges or from Tagus or from Rhine,
Striking with every fiery pulse (nor less
In every panting interval between)

[Sir William Molesworth (1810-55), first Commissioner, Board of Works, with a
seat in the Cabinet, January 1853. In 1838 he had moved a vote of censure on the
Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg. See l. 38. W.]

TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH

England's deep heart, sounds now. The world revives:
 Grief for the saviour of our country sinks
 At last into repose. We look around
 On those who stood with him and heard his voice
 Amid the uproar of domestic strife;
 We spurn, as well we may do, all who left 10
 Their sinking leader in his bravest fight,
 Fight against Famine, fight enthroning Peace.
 He who wins power is sure of winning praise,
 Sweeter unearn'd than earn'd, and he may sing,
 As sang in listless bower the Venusine,
 "*The ready and the facile one for me!*"
 I laud the man who struggles hard for Fame.
 Borne o'er false suitors and invidious elds,
 O'er impotent and sterile blandishments,
 O'er sounding names that worthless wealth acquires 20
 Or recreant genius self-exiled from heaven,
 Faithful is Fame to him who holds her dear.
 Napiers and Wellingtons not every day
 March out before us; no, nor every day
 Are wanted; but for every day we want
 Integrity, clear-sighted, even-paced,
 Broad-breasted, single-hearted, single-tongued,
 Such as in Peel. Longer and quicker step
 Sometimes is needful.

Thou whose patient care,

Patient but zealous, anxious but serene, 30
 Hath watcht o'er every region of our rule
 With calm keen eye, undazzled and undim'd,
 Molesworth! watch on! The false, the insolent,
 Who riveted erewhile Australia's chain,
 And shook it in her ear to break her rest,
 Then call'd up Hope, then call'd up Tantalus,
 And rubb'd his knees at their credulity . .
 Him thou well knowest . . him with hand and foot
 Keep down, and hold him lifelong from the forge.

January 13.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

16 [Horace, *Satire*, i. ii. 119.] 37 rubb'd] rub'd *L. F.* 39 Keep] Spurn *L. F.*
Date and signature omitted in L. F.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ITALY IN JANUARY 1853

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 5, 1853; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853
(No. cxxxx), 1876. A portion also reprinted as separate poem, 1858.]

O NATION of Alfieri! thou
Before the cope and cowl must bow,
And Gallic herds from Tiber drink
Until the stagnant water sink,
And nothing be there left but mud
Dark with long streaks of civic blood.
Mark, Galileo, with what glee,
From sorcery's fragile thralldom free,
The sun spins round thy worlds and thee!
Above, to keep them in, is bent 10
A solid marble firmament,
Which saints and confessors hold down
Surmounted with a triple crown.
Torture had made thee (never mind!)
A little lame, a little blind:
God's own right-hand restores thy sight,
And from his own he gives thee light;
His arm supports thy mangled feet,
Now firm, and plants near His thy seat.
Savonarola! look below, 20
And see how fresh those embers glow
Which once were faggots round the stake
Of him who died for Jesu's sake,
Who walkt where his apostles led,
And from God's wrath, not mortal's, fled.
Come, Dante! virtuous, sage, and bold,
Come, look into that miry fold;
Foxes and wolves lie there asleep,
O'ergorged; and men but wake to weep;
Come, Saints and Virgins! whose one tomb 30
Is Rome's parental catacomb;
Above where once ye bled, there now
Foul breath blows blushes from the brow
Of maidens, whipt until they fall
To feed the plump confessional.
O earlier shades! no less revered!
In your Elysium ye have heard

3 Gallic] Gallio L. F. U. 26-43 also printed in *Dry Sticks*, 1858, with title
Another Age. 36 no] not 1858.

ITALY IN JANUARY 1853

No tale so sad, no tale so true,
None so incredible to you.

Gloomy as droops the present day,
And Hope is chill'd and shrinks away,
Another age perhaps may see
Freedom raise up dead Italy.

40

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. L. F.

ON THE TZAR

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 4, 1853; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

PEACE! fly to Heaven; and, righteous War! come down.
Europe sits trembling at a despot's frown.
O'er provinces and realms behold him stride!
And seas of blood alone can quench his pride.
Strike, valiant arm impatient of disgrace,
And let him die the death of half his race!

May 26.

W. S. LANDOR.

Title. Not in 1853.

Date and signature om. 1858.

TO CAROLINE CHISHOLM

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 13, 1853; reprinted 1858.]

How little have the powerful of the earth
Aided in raising up God's image, marred
In falling, and from age to age trod down!
Crowns have but crusht it; shepherds and their flocks
Only the more defiled it; Laws have buzzed
Perplexing round about; before the prance
Of War they cowered awhile, then seized his hand,
And, running at his side, took half the spoil.
Europe and Asia rais'd Gods over Gods,
Men over men; but gentle brotherhood
They never knew. Our island sent beyond
The Atlantic wave stern stubborn hearts, unmoved
By pity, and intolerant of tears.
One after sent she forth of milder mien,
And Peace and Justice were the counselors
On right and left of that sage patriarch.

10

[Mrs. Chisholm, wife of Captain Archibald Chisholm, Madras Army, who in 1838 went on furlough to South Australia. He rejoined his regiment in 1840, but Mrs. Chisholm remained at Sydney till 1846, devoting herself to efforts on behalf of female colonists. She died at Fulham, March 25, 1877. W.]

12 stern] some 1858. 14 One [Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, Governor-General of Australia, 1850, died 1858; eldest son of General Lord Charles Fitzroy. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Brave was the sire, but braver was the son,
Founder of states to live when Europe dies.

Greater than he comes one whom never gain
Attracted, never sanguinary field
Delighted, never idle peace allured
From earnest duty: thro' remoter seas
Her vessel sails . . . *her* vessel? Yes, that helm
A woman guides . . . but One above guides *her*.

20

Chisholm! of all the ages that have roll'd
Around this rolling globe, what age hath seen
Such arduous, such heaven-guided enterprise
As thine? Crime flies before thee, and the shores
Of Austral Asia, lustrated by thee,
Collect no longer the putrescent weeds
Of Europe, cast by senates to infect
The only unpolluted continent.

30

Thither hast thou conducted honest toil
Fainting of hunger on the wealthy street,
Thither the maiden in whose pallid face
Lust thought he saw his victim, but could raise
Only one blush and one indignant tear.
These, these hast thou watcht over, nor hast lookt
Beyond, where Glory sits awaiting thee;
Nor wouldst thou hear with any fresh delight,
What sages in their histories will record,
That the most potent empire of the earth
Was planted, some five centuries before,
Under God's guidance by his Chisholm's hand.
Semiramis begirt with terraced walls
Her mighty city for the prince and slave;
Thy grander soul threw open a wide world
With one command. *Be virtuous, and be free.*

40

Signature om. 1858.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TRUE CHARACTER OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 10, 1853; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853.]

Thy greatest man from earth had past,
England! and now is gone thy last;
Thy last save one, whom thou hast borne
That loss, a brother's loss, to mourn.

Title. . . . Sir Charles James . . . *Last Fruit*.
Wellington died September 14, 1852. W.]
Napier died August 29, 1853. W.]

I greatest man. [The Duke of
2 thy last. [General Sir Charles James

TRUE CHARACTER OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER

In union History shall place
The noblest of a noble race;
For, just and grateful, she well knows
How much to each of them she owes.
High shines the soldier's sword of fire,
The record held by Truth shines higher.

10

Sept. 2.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[In both printings the poem is appended to a prose article ending as follows:

The great Historian of English victories, the most eloquent, the most truthful, may from his own science and experience do justice to his brother; more than justice he neither could nor would. God grant that his failing health, and wounds which grief exasperates, may not quite disable him, nor long detain him from this sacred duty.]

Date and signature om. L.F.

HENRY THE EIGHTH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cv); reprinted 1876.]

THOU murderous man! a time there comes, we trust,
When, king's or peasant's, dust springs forth from dust:
Then, when the spirit its own form shall see,
Beauteous or hideous, woe then, wretch, to thee!

THE MOTHER OF PRINCE RUPERT*

[Published in 1853 (No. ccxiv).]

SOLE one of all thy race	And think upon thy son,
Who never brought disgrace	Who many laurels won
Upon thy native land!	Where laurels should not grow,
Against the ruin'd wall	Til England's star prevail'd 10
Where rang thy marriage-hall,	And Caledonia's paled,
Now still as heaven, I stand,	And the dim crown lay low.

* Justice has been lately done to his memory by the discriminating pen of Eliot Warburton. He died poor: his calumniator Clarendon was no "*whited sepulcher*", but a treasury of which the vault fell in. [L.]

THE DUKE OF YORK'S STATUE

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXVIII); reprinted 1876.]

ENDURING is the bust of bronze,
And thine, O flower of George's sons,
Stands high above all laws and duns.

As honest men as ever cart
Convey'd to Tyburn took thy part
And raised thee up to where thou art.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

NELSON, COLLINGWOOD, PELLEW

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXVI); reprinted 1858.]

STEDFAST, energetic, iron, was Nelson's will
To man, to woman flexible as gold.
Who are the pair beside him that support
His steps?

Two greater even than himself;
More virtuous, nor less valiant; years on years,
They toil'd upon the waves, nor rested *this*
His weary feet on his domestic hearth,
Nor felt the embraces of a tender brood
Or wife, the cherisht of his youthful days:
And *that*, with countenance as firmly mild, 10
Shared nearly the same lot; but more than once
He claspt his blooming offspring to his breast,
Then sprang afloat.

Our annals shall record
Actions more glorious than whatever shone
O'er other lands and other seas: not Blake,
Not even Blake, tho arm'd by God himself,
Displayed more active, more intrepid skill,
More calm decision, than was thine, Pellew,
Deliverer of all captives that the world
Bemoan'd as helpless, hopeless, in Algiers. 20
France came and strode upon those shatter'd walls
And waved her flag above them, and stil waves,
Regardless of her vows. But when were oaths
By her regarded? even with herself?
The Frank of old in wood and swamp was free,
The Arab in his desert: now alike
They share the chain; one proud to see it shine,
The other biting it with frantic tooth
Til burnt alive for such fierce contumacy.

Title. Pellew] and Pellew 1858.

For ll. 1-2 1858 substitutes three lines:

Few have been better, braver none have been,
Than Nelson: iron were his will and power
With man, with woman flexible as gold.

3 pair . . . that] twain aside him who 1858. 5 on] and 1858. 6 They . . . *this*
This . . . he 1858. 13 shall] may 1858. 15 O'er . . . Blake] On . . . Blake's 1858.
16 Blake . . . arm'd] Blake's, inspired 1858. 19 captives] nations 1858. 21
upon . . . shatter'd] across the shattered 1858. 24 By . . . regarded] Regarded by
her 1858. 25 in . . . free] was free in wood and swamp 1858. 26 desert] desert
1858. In 1853 fifteen lines were wrongly printed after l. 29 as part of the poem and
the error noted in corrigenda. For poem wrongly printed in 1853, see vol. iii, p. 253.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

LADY HAMILTON

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXXV); reprinted 1876.]

LONG have the Syrens left their sunny coast,
The Muse's voice, heard later, soon was lost:
Of all the Graces one remains alone,
Gods call her Emma; mortals, Hamilton.

DEFENDERS OF HAYNAU, ETC.

[Published in 1853 (No. XI).]

A JEW apostate, a degenerate Scot,
Tongue after tongue, lick smooth the darkest blot,
But only widen what they would erase
And show more horrible the wretch they praise.
The scourge that lacerates the modest bride,
And swings about the matron's breast, they hide.
Bullet and halter for the brave and wise!
Honor and wealth for loyal perjuries!
Wait! there are thunderbolts not forged in heaven,
And crimes there only, if e'en there, forgiven. 10

[The Austrian General Baron Julius Jakob von Haynau, when in London in September, 1850, was assaulted by a mob outside Barclay's brewery. W.]

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. xrv).]

O WHAT a pleasant thing it is	Hip! for dear parsons and dear
To see our Derby and our Dis	corn! 10
Walk hand in hand together;	Hip! for the bull of crumpled horn!
While Lord John Russell bites	Hip! hip! for Convocation!"
his nail	But no such pleasant thing it is
At whigs and liberals who turn tail,	For Derby at the side of Dis
And wince against the tether.	Cantering o'er the Commons,
After his poor three pints of port	When he believes he hears the bell
The farmer cries, "Ha! that's	For dinner-time, it tolls his knell
your sort	Of parting power. Sad sum-
Of chaps to save the nation.	mons!

1853

[Published in 1853 (No. cxv); reprinted 1876.]

SIR quiet at your hearthstones while ye may;
Look to your arms; place them within your reach;
Keep dry the powder; throw none on the grate
In idle sport; it might blow up both roof
And door: and then the Bear that growls bursts in.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE ROYAL BEAGLES

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXIV); reprinted with additions and variants in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

O POLITICS! ye wriggling reptiles, hatcht
 In hot corruption, head and tail alike,
 Can no man touch you but his hand must stink
 Throughout the day? must sound become unsound
 In your inclosure? O ye busy mites
 That batten on our cheese, and fatten there
 And seem its substance! Ye shall feel the pure
 And cutting air, drop, and be swept away,
 Scullery and sink receiving you, sent down
 Race after race; and yet your brood outlast
 Old Memnon, with his obelisks for guards,
 And older chiefs whose tents are pyramids,
 Your generations numberless, your food
 Man's corrupt nature, man's corroded heart,
 Man's liquified and unsubstantial brain.
 Yea, while the world rolls on, unfelt to roll,
 There will be grubs and Greys within its core.
 Divested of their marrow and their nerve,
 Gigantic forms lie underneath our feet
 Without our knowing it: we pass, repass,
 And only stop (and then stop heedlessly
 Or idly curious) when some patient sage
 Explores and holds a bone before our eyes,

10

20

Title. Only in 1858. *Before l. 1 1858* has six lines + six words:

Where are the royal beagles so high-fed?
 The grated cart shakes them from side to side,
 Protruding with stretcht neck the sweating tongue:
 Open it; take them by the scuff, and toss
 The creatures into kennel: let them bark,
 And stand upright against the bolted door
 All day, and howl all night.

1 ye . . . hatcht *om.* 1858. l. 2 *om.* 1858. 3 you] ye 1858. 4 Through-
 out . . . day] His whole life thro' 1858. 6 batten on] live within 1858. 7
 ! Ye . . . pure], must ye feel the keen 1858. 8 cutting] searching 1858. drop,
 and] and thus 1858. *For l. 9 1858* substitutes:

The scullery and sink receive ye, sent

10 your brood] ye will 1858. *For ll. 11-12 1858* substitutes:

Sesostris and Osiris, girded round
 By guards of obelisks and pyramids;

17 grubs . . . within] Greys and Stanleys round 1858. 21 heedlessly] listlessly,
 1858. 22 patient sage] scient hand 1858. 23 Explores] Unearths 1858. a bone]
 huge bones 1858.

THE ROYAL BEAGLES

And says "Ye've trampled on it long enough,
Now let it teach you somewhat; try to learn.
Meanwhile the meadow hums with insect sounds,
And gilded backs and wings o'ertop the grass:
These are sought keenly, highly prized, and cased
(With titles on) in royal cabinets."

24 *Ye've*] Ye 1858. it . . . enough,] them, silly clowns! 1858. 25 *let it*] they
may 1858. For ll. 28-9 1858 substitutes three lines:

And, cap in hand, and over bog and briar,
Men run to catch them. Such are prized, and cased
In secret cabinet for royal use.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xvii); reprinted 1876.]

SMITHFIELD! thy festival prepare
And drive the cattle from the fair;
Another drove is coming fast . .
Tie, tie the faggot to the mast:
And purify the nation's crimes
Again as in the good old times.
"Huzza!" the children cry, "huzza!"
Now then for one more holiday!"

[IRELAND]

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXIV); reprinted 1876.]

IRELAND never was contented . .	That her turrets split the sky,
Say you so? you are demented.	And about her courts were seen
Ireland was contented when	Liveried Angels robed in green,
All could use the sword and pen,	Wearing, by Saint Patrick's bounty,
And when Tara rose so high	Emeralds big as half a county. 10

Title. Not in either ed.

AN IRISHMAN TO FATHER MATTHEW

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXIX); reprinted 1876.]

O FATHER Matthew!	God grant your Reverence
Whatever path you	May brush off never hence
In life pursue,	Our mountain dew!

[The Rev. Theobald Mathew's name is misspelt in both edd. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

JANE OF ARC

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXXII); reprinted 1876.]

O MAID of Arc! why dare I not to say
Of Orleans? There thro flames thy glory shone.
Accursed, thrice accursed, be the day
When English tongues could mock thy parting groan.
With Saints and Angels art thou seated now,
And with true-hearted patriots, host more rare!
To thine is bent in love a Milton's brow,
With many a Demon under . . and Voltaire.

CORDAY

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXI); reprinted 1876.]

HEARTS must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;
No Corday, no;
Else Justice had not crown'd in heaven thy head
Profaned below.
Three women France hath borne, each greater far
Than all her men,
And greater many were than any are
At sword or pen.
Corneille, the first among Gaul's rhymer race
Whose soul was free,
Descends from his high station, proud to trace
His line in thee.

10

ROLAND

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXX); reprinted 1876.]

WHEN she whose glory casts in shade
France and her best and bravest, was convey'd
Thither where all worth praise had bled,
An aged man in the same car was led
To the same end. The only way,
Roland! to soothe his fear didst thou essay.
"O sir! indeed you must not see
The blood that is about to flow from me.
Mount first these steps. A mother torne
From her one child worse pangs each day hath borne."
He trembled . . but obey'd the word . .
Then sprang she up and met the reeking sword.

10

4 An aged man [Lamarque, an assassin printer. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE DEATH OF MADAME ROLAND

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xcviii); reprinted 1876.]

GENIUS and Virtue! dismal was the dearth
Ye saw throughout all France when ye lookt down,
In the wide waste of blood-besprinkled earth,
There was but one great soul, and that had flown.

[TOURS]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxviii); reprinted 1876.]

MEN will be slaves; let them; but force them not;
To force them into freedom is stil worse;
In one they follow their prone nature's bent,
But in the other stagger all awry,
Blind, clamorous, and with violence overthrow
The chairs and tables of the untasted feast.
Bastiles are reconstructed soon enough,
Temples are long in rising, once cast down,
And ever, when men want them, there are those
Who tell them they shall have them, but premise
That they shall rule within them and without.
Their voices, and theirs only, reach to heaven,
Their sprinkler cleanses souls from inborn sin
With its sow-bristles shaken in the face,
Their surplice sanctifies the marriage-bed,
Their bell and candle drive the devil off
The deathbed, and their purchast prayers cut short
All pains that would await them after death.

10

O plains of Tours that rang with Martel's arms
Victorious! these are then the fruits ye bear
From Saracenic blood! one only God
Had else been worshipt . . but that one perhaps
Had seen less fraud, less cruelty, below.

20

Title. Not in either ed. [In August 1852 the Municipal Council at Tours passed a resolution in support of Louis Napoleon. W.]

[Published in 1853 (No. vii).]

MONTALEMBERT and Baraguay,
Rejoice! 'tis Freedom's closing day.
Rejoice! one only is the reign
Now from the Neva to the Seine.

[Charles Forbes René, Comte de Montalembert (ob. 1870), though a constitutional monarchist, had in 1848 declared himself in favour of Prince Louis Napoleon. General Achille Baraguay d'Hilliers (ob. 1878) commanded the French forces in Rome in 1848. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[TWO NAPOLEONS]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxiii); reprinted 1876.]

O WRETCHED despicable slaves,
Accomplices and dupes of knaves!
The cut-throat uncle laid ye low,
The cut-purse nephew gags ye now.
Behold at last due vengeance come
For the brave men ye slew at Rome.

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXVIII); reprinted 1876.]

EXPECT no grape, no fig, no wholesome fruit
From Gaul engrafted upon Corsican.

TO VERONA

[Published in 1853 (No. cci); reprinted 1876.]

To violate the sanctitude of song,
Of love, of sepulture, have I abstain'd,
Verona! nor would let just wrath approach
Garden or theater: but wrongs are heapt
On thy fair head: my pen must help the sword
To sweep them off.

Shall Austria hatch beneath
Thy sunny citadel her mealworm brood?
Shall Austria pluck thy olives, press thy grapes,
Garner thy corn, thy flocks and herds consume?
Enough 'tis surely that Parthenopè
Bends under the false Bourbon. Foren force
Crushes, and let it crush, the unmanly race,
Degenerate even from Sybarites; but thine
The warlike Gaul and Rome's austerer son
Rear'd up to manhood and begirt in arms.
Rise then, Verona! Lift the wave of war,
As Nature lifts Benacus at thy side,
Tempestuous in its surges, while the banks
Are blithe around, and heaven above serene.
The toad's flat claws hold not the dolphin down,
Nor sinks and sewers pollute the Adrian wave.

10

20

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ROME

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLT); reprinted 1876.]

At Rome may everything be bought
But honesty, there vainly sought:
For other kinds of costly ware
The pontif opens a bazar.
If you have lost your soul, you may
Procure a better . . only pay.
If you have any favorite sin,
The price is ticketed . . walk in.
For a few thousand golden pieces
Uncles may marry here their nieces;
The pontif slips the maiden sash,
And winks, and walks away the cash.
Naples, so scant of blushes, sees
And blushes at such tricks as these,
Until a ghostly father saith
Behold, my sons! the ancient faith.
This ancient faith brought faithful Gauls,
In guise of friends to scale the walls
Of manfull Rome; and Louis' word
Unsheath'd Christina's tarnisht sword.

10

20

ll. 17-20 also printed with variants as a separate poem (A) in 1853 (No. xciii), and so reprinted in 1876. 17 This] The 1853 A. brought faithful] brings recreant 1853 A. 19 manfull . . . and Louis'] manful . . . as false their 1853 A. 20 Unsheath'd . . . tarnisht] As ever, and more foul the 1853 A.

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. CXLII); reprinted 1876.]

Know ye the land where from its acrid root
The sweet nepenthè rears her ripen'd fruit,
Which whoso tastes forgets his house and home?
Ye know it not: come on then; come to Rome.
Behold upon their knees with cord and scourge
Men, full-grown men, pale puffy phantasts urge!
Holiness lies with them in fish and frogs,
Mid squealing eunuchs and mid sculptured logs,
Mid gaudy dresses changed for every scene,
And mumbled prayers in unknown tongue between.
These wrongs imposed on them they call their rights!
For these the poor man toils, the brave man fights!

10

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Exclaiming "Saints above! your triumphs o'er,
Shall roasted Ridleys crown the feast no more?
Shall all our candles gutter into gloom,
And faith sit still, or only sweep the room?"

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. v); reprinted 1876.]

SEEING Loreto's holy house descend,
Two robbers were converted. Into what?
Into more robbers; robbers without end,
Who grind men's bones and feed upon men's fat.

[TO MAZZINI]

[Published in 1853 (No. xcvi); reprinted 1876.]

IN summer when the sun's mad horses pass
Thro more than half the heavens, we sink to rest
In Italy, nor tread the crackling grass,
But wait until they plunge into the west:
And could not you, Mazzini! wait awhile?
The grass is wither'd, but shall spring agen;
The Gods, who frown on Italy, will smile
As in old times, and men once more be men.

Title. Not in either ed. See l. 5.

TO THE PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO

[Published in 1853 (No. ccliv). A Latin version, "*Carmen ad Heroïnam*", was printed on a leaflet in 1849 and published in *Hellenica*, 1859.]

RIGHT in my path what goddess stands?	Shedding fresh blessings, purer light . .
Whose is that voice? whence those commands?	And hast thou left the Alpine hight,
I see thy stately step again, Thine eyes, the founts of joy and pain,	The yellow vale, grey-budding vine
Daughter of the Triulzi! those	Whom guardian maple's nets en- twine,
But now on Lario's lake arose,	The villa where from open sash

[Christina, daughter of the Marchese Trivulzio and wife of the Prince of Belgioioso, took part in the rising in Lombardy, 1848. See her *Scènes de la vie nomade*, Paris, 1855, and Landor's imaginary conversation *Carlo Alberto and the Duchess Belgioioso*, 1848. W.]

TO THE PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO

We heard columnar fountains dash,	Cry thro' gnasht teeth, nor (oozing stil) 30
While candid Gods unmoved above Softened and quietly reprove	To staunch the dense dark blood. At feats
Such restlessness, and citron's bloom	Like these the prowling thief re- treats.
Waves from clear gem its warm perfume.	Untrue to Italy, to all, Untruest to himself, the Gaul!
No loitering here: we must obey, Where the loud trumpet points the way,	The splayfoot of our British Muse Wags woefully in wooden shoes; Nor will the Graces bind their zone
Where new-born men Ausonia calls, And standards shine from mouldering walls 20	Round panting bosom overgrown; But thou shalt never feel the wrong
O'er dark Albunea's woods, and o'er	Of bruises from a barbarous tongue: 40
Where graceful Tibur's temples soar.	No, nor shall ditty dull and weak Raise wrath or blushes to thy cheek;
Cornelia's race lives yet; nor drown'd	Nor shall these wreaths which now adorn
In the drear gulph is Clelia; found Again is Arria's dagger; now Who bears it? Belgioioso, thou.	Thy brow, drop off thee, dead ere morn.
Light on the wounded rests a hand	When wars and kingly frauds are past,
Kings may not kiss, much less command;	With Justice side by side, the last Sad stain of blood (O blessed day!)
Nor shrinkest thou to hear the shrill	Egeria's lymph shall wash away.

TO A PROFESSOR IN GERMANY

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclvi).]

TELL me; which merits most the hangman's hold?
This, who leaps boldly in the crowded fold
And kills your sheep before your eyes, or that
Whom your too plenteous kitchen clothed with fat;
Who, mischievous from idleness, repairs,
To steal the cupboard-keys you keep upstairs,
And, when you catch him, suddenly turns round
And throws you, bruised and maim'd, along the ground?
The choice has puzzled you? and you are loth
To favour either! Well then, give him both.

10

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Had my last words been heard by yon wise folk,
 Your necks no longer had endured the yoke.
 Were but some twenty perjurers driven forth,
 Fear would have chain'd the wolf that gnaws the north:
 Poland had risen from her death-like trance,
 And shamed, the foulest of seducers, France.
 Kossuth and Klapka then at home might die,
 Nor Turks alone teach Christianity;
 Rome on no weak old wanton place her trust,
 But stamp her brittle idols into dust. 20
 Perjurers, traitors, twenty at the most,
 Cast upon Britain's weed-collecting coast,
 Unharm'd, and carrying with them all their own,
 Leaving but what they forfeited . . the throne . .
 Had left each German people safely free,
 And shown what princes are, and men can be.
 While cries of anguish pierce thro cries of joy,
 Moves the huge God who moves but to destroy:
 O'er India's children the grim idol lours,
 Its weaker shadow, westering, reaches ours. 30
 Kings in their madness trample nations down,
 Madder are nations who adore a crown:
 One only shines beneficent: the love
 Of England guard it! guard it His above!

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXXII); reprinted 1876.]

HUNGARIANS! raise your laurel'd brows again,
 Ye who can raise them from amid the slain,
 And swear we hear but fables, and the youth
 Who sways o'er Austria never "swerv'd from truth."

LAST OF DECEMBER, 1851

[Published in 1853 (No. oclxv).]

BRIGHT sets the year in yondersky,	And follow'd thee across the
A flood of glory fills the west,	deep.
The two-neckt eagles' hungry cry	Three nations upon earth remain
Disturbs not there man's whole-	Who earn'd their freedom; one
some rest.	is crost 10
Enjoy it, Kossuth! rest awhile,	By adverse fate; the other twain
Awaken'd only from thy sleep	Light her to find the gem she
By those hurrahs that rent our Ile	lost.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO LORD DUDLEY C. STUART

WITH AN ODE TO KOSSUTH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CCXLV).]

THIS is my hour	Go then, my line!	
To bow to Power.	His knees entwine	
"What Power?" you ask, with	(Better than garter) who hath	
wonder in your eye.	cheer'd the slave.	
Soon said and heard	Little can you,	10
The simple word . .	Poor infant! do . .	
That Power which bends before	Be led by Stuart to the just and	
Humanity.	brave.	

Title. See "To Kossuth", p. 292.

AMERICAN CHRISTMAS GAMES

[Published in 1853 (No. XL); reprinted 1876.]

WHEN eating and drinking and spitting and smoking
And romping and roaring and slapping and joking
Have each had fair play, the last toast of the night
Is "Success to the brave who have fought the good fight."
Then America whistles, and Hungary sings,
"The cards in the pack are not all knaves and kings.
There are rogues at Vienna, and worse at Berlin,
Who chuckle at cheating so long as they win;
For us yet remains a prime duty to do,
Tho we dirty the kennel by dragging them thro."

10

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. CXXV); reprinted 1876.]

THERE are some tears that only brave men shed,
The rest are common to the human race.
The cause of Hungary when Kossuth pled
Such tears as his roll'd down the sternest face.
Girls wonder'd, by the side of youths who loved,
Why they had never wept until that hour;
Tender they knew those hearts, but never moved
As then. Love own'd there was one greater power.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO GUYON

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CXXLII); reprinted 1876.]

GUYON! thy praises few dare sing,
But not so few shall hear.
From virgin earth thy laurels spring
O'er fountain deep and clear.

Honor, not Glory, led thee forth,
Young, ardent: at thy word
Up rose the Danube; and the North
Saw the last sheath'd thy sword.

[Richard Debaufre Guyon (1803–1856), son of an English naval officer, served in 1818 with the British Legion in Portugal. In 1823 he entered the Austrian service but in 1848 joined the Hungarian insurgents. From 1853 to 1855 he fought for the Turks in Asia Minor and was Chief of the Staff at Kars. W.]

TO THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON

February 2, 1854.

[Published in *Letters of an American*, 1854.]

Never was such power in the hands of one man as in Louis Napoleon's. The civilized world stands at his side, expecting his determination. I know not what poet, American he should be, has written what I shall now transcribe.

THOU hast, Napoleon, seiz'd on power: one-half
Of thoughtful men condemns thee, one applauds:
Unite them, for thou canst; let Western Rome
And Eastern spring to life again by thee.
Wave timorous counsel off; distrust the speech
Anile, of statesmen who from earliest days
Have bowed to every despot, strong or weak.
Audacity, the necromancer's wand,
Can make them follow silent and submiss;
Or, like some muttered spell from lips accurst,
Can hold them fast and motionless in chains.
Fools! ignorant that wrong engenders wrong,
And that inaction is Death's stepping-stone,
Rais'd on the manly breast that beats no more.

10

We Britons have resigned our heritage,
Our ancient privilege to help oppress
And struggling nations. In my soul's dark depths
I grieve, with grief tumultuous, that swells o'er,

TO THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON

And forces from my breast one last appeal,
And must it, O Napoleon, be to thee? 20
It must be! none hath courage, none hath strength,
To crush the snow-colossus, to stamp down
Into his native sands that shapeless bulk,
But thou alone. Rise then, Napoleon,
To greatness he who went before thee might
(Had Honor led him onward) have attained.
If Poland's voice had reacht his frozen ear,
The nations of the earth had repossess
Their birthright: give it thou: give back what he
Held out, and then withdrew. No Scythian snows 30
Impede thy path, no bodies of the slain,
League after league, upright as centinels,
On either hand against the roadside ice,
But palms alone, and acclamation loud,
At which the war-horse in mid triumph rears.
May 20.

TO THE CHILDREN OF GARIBALDI

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 6, 1854; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

CHILDREN! be not too proud, altho the man
Whom Ocean smiles on with parental love,
And Earth from every coast with loud applause
Hails a deliverer, children! is your sire.
O what vast empire have ye to defend!
A name so high, so inaccessible,
Virtues so pure and courage so humane,
All are your heritage: by liveried serfs,
On right and left will these be long assail'd:
March ever onward, but march watchfully, 10
Follow his steps, and ye are safe; depart
One furlong from them and ye sink beneath
The vilest head that ever dozed on throne
Or ever bow'd to it: be true to Faith,
Not Faith recumbent upon downy lies,
But Faith that grasps the hand of Providence
And Justice in this darkened world of ours,
And bends to One above, to none below.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1858.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TURNING THE TZAR'S PORTRAIT AGAINST THE WALL AT CHATSWORTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 15, 1854; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Wonder not, stranger, coming from the dome
Where Nature in her beauty sits enthroned,
To find that Virtue exiles from her home
Him at whose feet whole nations long have groaned.
Wonder not that the tyrant's painted mask
Is turn'd against the wall: his generous host
Knew not the traitor . . Fount of Truth! we ask
In fear if such example must be lost
In other palaces, in higher seats,
Whose floor erewhile the smooth barbarian trod, 10
The heart of Cavendish this verse repeats,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

July 7.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[The 6th Duke of Devonshire (ob. 1858), was sent to Russia in 1826 to represent his sovereign at the coronation of Nicholas I, who when in England in 1844 visited him at Chiswick. W.]

Date and signature om. 1858.

ON THE EARTHQUAKE AT ST. SAUVEUR AND BIARITZ THE NIGHT OF THE EMPEROR'S ARRIVAL

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 5, 1854; reprinted 1858.]

THE mountains bow'd and trembled as he came,
Shall not Earth's man-gorged monsters do the same?

W. S. L.

[Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie arrived at Biarritz from Paris, July 21, 1854. On the morning of the previous day earthquake shocks were felt throughout the Pyrenees. W.]

Signature om. 1858.

WHERE ARE THE BRAVE?

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 16, 1854; reprinted 1858.]

WHERE are the brave?

With God: for Earth gives up
All who would circulate the social cup
Of sober Freedom.

What men have chain'd down
Italians, Poles, Hungarians?

What? Our own.

Title not in 1854.

WHERE ARE THE BRAVE?

Blush, honest England: thy embroidered knaves
Adapt the links that despots drill on slaves.
Ah England! *art* thou honest? but for thee
Man had been manly, Europe had been free.

W. S. L.

6 Adapt] Have forged 1858.

Signature om. 1858.

A FOX IN A CRADLE

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1854; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

A FOX, to Castlecombe pursued*
From Badmington, thro' down
and wood,
In a child's cradle took his place
And lay there like a babe of
Grace.
Ah babes of Grace! beware lest
you
Be come about by foxes too.

There are some black ones at their
holes
Who lick their lips for you, poor
souls!
I sniff the scent; I hear the sign
In Wilberforce's distant whine. 10
Let your old nurses tuck you tight,
Or they will share your sheets at
night.

W. S. L.

* Fact related to Mr. Beckford. [L. om. 1858.]

Title not in 1854. 10 Wilberforce's [Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford's brother, had resigned preferments in the Church of England in August 1854 and on November 1 was received into the Roman Catholic Church. W.]
Signature om. 1858.

TO PRINCE ADAM CZARTORISKI

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 18, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

THE house of mourning in a foren land
I have no privilege to enter now;
When all were happy there I entered it,
A not unhonored nor ungrateful guest.

By bad men hated and by good beloved,
I have lived on, not unconcern'd, amid
The struggles and uprisings of our world,
The shattered hopes of nations, which their God
Calls with his trumpet to unite again,
And to embody in more glorious form.
I panted to be present on that day,
And may yet see it.

10

Down, usurpers, down

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Ye perjurers, ye blasphemers! Down, false Gods,
Who made earth hell! in hell be now adored.
One like yourselves shall smite you, that the blow
May fall the heavier on your abject heads.

Shalt not thou, Czartoriski, live to see
The justice thy beloved land implores
Of those her valor rescued from the sword?
Perhaps thou mayest not; for years and cares 20
Have weigh'd upon thee sorely: but whoe'er
Hath lived as thou hast lived may look behind
And hear the plaudits of a noble race
Bursting thro' light and darkness from afar.
Is there no solace in the gentle voice
Of that brave man whose brow was gasht with swords,
But before sword or scepter never bent?
The shameless were ashamed: his prison-door
Flew open: he went forth, and breath'd free air
In other lands than those which celebrate 30
His natal day in sadness and despair.
To such Death's portal opens not in gloom,
But its pure chrystal hinged on solid gold
Shows avenues interminable, shows
Amaranth and palm, quivering in sweet accord
Of human mingled with angelic song.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

27 scepter . . . bent?] sceptre . . . bent?* *with footnote* * Kosciusco. 1858. [Anna Maria, sister of Prince Adam George Czartoriski, died in Paris, October 21, 1854. Her marriage to Duke Lewis Frederick of Württemberg had been dissolved in 1792. W.]
Signature om. 1858.

[SEVASTOPOL]

[Published in Linton's *English Republic*, 1854.]

SEVASTOPOL is won! Deplore all
Inmates of Windsor and Balmoral:
And with both wristbands rub thy een,
Bootless and breechless Aberdeen.

[On October 2, 1854, nearly a year before the event, London papers published telegrams announcing the fall of Sebastopol. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

RELIEF AT THE CRIMEA

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 20, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

FLANNEL, and potted meat, and rum,	And upon shallow pools might bear.
Before the dogdays will have come	A gentleman from Tipperary,
In Ellesmere's expected yacht . .	Alert as he is wise and wary, 10
I know but one event like that.	Wrote home for skates: one fine
Here is the story . . I remember	May morn
About the middle of December	The skates he wrote for reach
Icefringed the Arno, crisp and clear,	Leghorn.

L.

Title not in 1855. 2 dogdays] dog-days 1858. 3 yacht [Lord Ellesmere's yacht, *Erminia*, with warm clothing, &c., for the troops arrived February 13, 1855. See Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, vi. 392. W.]
Signature om. 1858.

[LORD ABERDEEN]

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, February 10, 1855.]

Doom'd to the gallows, once a lord	Leaves Riga hemp for vulgar
Craved hanging by a silken cord:	use;
On the same errand, Aberdeen	Low rogues on rougher rope may
Receives the garter of our Queen.	swing,
He who hath long played <i>fast and</i>	But lords, . . 'tis quite another
<i>loose,</i>	thing.

W. S. L.

1 a lord [Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, executed May 5, 1760. W.] 3 Aberdeen [the Earl of Aberdeen announced the resignation of his ministry on February 1, 1855, and on February 6 was invested with the Order of the Garter. W.]

THE LADIES OF LEEDS

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, February 17, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

LADIES of Leeds! the arts of peace	In strenuous strife, in righteous
With golden crown have crown'd	war,
your sires;	And well ye know the help they
And Heaven, the blessing to in-	need.
crease,	
Hath ranged you round domestic	A traitor, hid behind the throne,
fires.	Has barr'd the honest house-
	dog in; 10
Mindful are ye from theirs how far	While the safe wolf stalks slyly on,
Your country's brave defenders	And hears and mocks his angry
bleed,	din.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

For war and warlike song unfit,
Along the vale of years I creep;
Glory and virtue charm me yet,
And make the darkness round
less deep.

The vale of years is not a vale
Where flowers that teem with
honey shine,

Where shepherds love to tell the
tale,
And then the coronal to twine.

Here on my elbow as I rest, 21
And faintly blow the unequal
reeds,
Harmonious voices sing, "*Be blest
In love, just pride of parent
Leeds!*"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1858.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, March 17, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

A COWARD! who dares call Sir
James
Such inappropriate, ugly names?
Against the world will I uphold
No Briton ever was so bold.
Say, did he, minister of state,
One hour, one moment, hesitate
To open letters not his own,
Nor relevant to England's throne?
And did he not full surely know—
Nay, take good heed, they should
lay low 10
Two youthful heads that Greece
had crown'd,

Chaunting immortal hymns a-
round.
I warrant you the brave Sir James
Would toss these hymn-books on
the flames,
And start straitforward and defy
Hisscowling country's scornful cry.
Fame! what is fame?—a passing
gust
That gathers up and scatters
dust:
But cabinets are close and warm,
Where Shame may sit and fear no
harm. 20

Title Graham om. 1858 (no title in 1855). [He was Postmaster-General for a few days in Palmerston's Ministry, 1855. W.] 11 Two . . . heads [sc. The Bandieri. See p. 303. W.]

ON THE FAST-DAY AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, March 24, 1855.]

No longer presbyterian snarls
At that most blessed martyr,
Charles.
Enough, to praise the Lord and
say
That every dog has had his day.

Saint Peter! you may hold the keys
And may let enter whom you
please.
We have another Saint, quite even
With you. behind the bridge . .
St. Stephen.

ON THE FAST-DAY AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED

Our Saint is never overnice, No, nor in any face looks twice 10 Before he says " <i>Come in</i> ," like you Ready to take the fee his due.	High are the honors he has won, For much expended, little done; And now lies* drifted on the sands The <i>Ship of Fools</i> that he commands.
--	--

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* One of the ministers said "We are *drifting* towards war." Never was expression more unintentionally appropriate. Ships do not drift if under steerage. [L. The phrase quoted was Lord Clarendon's in the House of Lords, February 14, 1854. March 21, 1855, was by Royal Proclamation a fast-day, and prayers were said for blessings on "a just and necessary war". W.]

THE GEORGES

[Published in *The Atlas*, April 28, 1855.]

GEORGE the First was always reckoned
Vile, but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended
(God be praised!) the Georges ended.

W. S. L.

[For another version see *Notes and Queries*, May 3, 1902, p. 354. The lines are said to have been suggested by Thackeray's lectures on the four Georges. W.]

ON THE SPEAKER SANCTIONING WORDS WHICH A PREDECESSOR HAD REPROVED

[Published in *The Atlas*, May 5, 1855.]

"TAKE away that bauble!" cried Cromwell, with indignant pride. Ah, those very words, I fear,	England soon again may hear: What the manly voice of one Uttered, millions may intone.
--	--

W. S. L.

[In the House of Commons on May 1, 1855, the member for North Warwickshire referred to Maynooth College as an institution which taught an idolatrous religion. The member for Cork asked the Speaker whether such an expression should be allowed. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's reply was not what might be inferred from the title of Landor's poem, but it may have been provoked by an incorrect report of the incident. W.]

TO THE EMPEROR

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 5, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Now thou hast left this friendly shore, And civic shouts are heard no more,	Crisping afar the pliant wave That bore the beauteous with the brave . . Aloof from others, here I stand
--	---

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Erect upon my native land.
Napoleon! never came I near
The courtly train while thou wert
here,
Nor sought the depths of that
calm eye
To me once friendly: hear me
why. 10
No, hear not *me*, but Rome; and
there
Look on the broken curule chair.
Above its fragments sits elate
A priest! o'er all that once was
great.
We grieve it gone, but grieve far
more
To lose what one man could
restore.

April 22.

Whatever country be our home,
We had one nurse, and she was
Rome.
The past is past, but may re-
turn,
And wisdom yet more wisdom
learn. 20
Power is unstable, Truth is not;
Be both, for Europe's sake, thy
lot!
Tell Justice to outspread her
wings
And cool the crazy heads of kings:
Her balance may be now restored
By throwing in the Gallic sword.
Thy future glory let it be
To serve the good and rule the
free.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Date and signature om. 1858.

A PUISSANT PRINCE

[Published in *The Atlas*, June 9, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

A most puissant picture-scouring Prince,
Whose charger never has been known to wince
Before a bayonet or cannon ball,
Resolved Sebastopol's beleaguered wall
In one more brief campaign should tumble down
Beneath the terrors of his fatty frown.
What said Napoleon?

This Napoleon said,
And shook ambiguously the imperial head.
"Let others trench, and undermine, and storm,
Prince! you have higher duties to perform, 10
Leave you one Titian only half extinct,
One Claude, one Rubens."

Thus he spake, and winkt.

1 Prince [thought to be the Prince Napoleon whose part in the Crimean war won for him the *soubriquet* of Plon-Plon. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

LEADERS AND ASPIRANTS

[Published in *The Atlas*, July 28, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

PALMERSTON "lies and gives the lie
With equal volubility."
Even the "artful Dodger," little John,
Is scarce a match for Palmerston.
Who next? Jim Crow; he prigs our letters,
And parries Freedom like his betters.

Title. Leaders and Aspirants] Rhyme and Reason 1855. 3 Even the] The 1858.
4 scarce a] scarcely 1858. 5, 6 not in 1855. 5 Jim Crow [sc. Sir James
Graham. W.]

THE BRAVER MAN

[Printed in *The Atlas*, October 6, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

WHY should not A. meet the Tzar,
And terminate at once our war?
What earthly foe can A. fear?
Has he not quell'd both hare and deer?
Let him now put the feathered hat on,
And earth will quake before his baton.

Title. The Braver Man] The Pacific Hero. 1858. 1, 3 A.] Albert 1858. 2 our]
this 1858. 4 hare] grouse 1858. 6 will quake] shall quail 1858.

ON A STATEMENT IN THE "TIMES"

[Published in *The Atlas*, October 6, 1855.]

A NOBLE duke in vain is prickt
With sharpest jibes: cuft, cudgel'd, kickt:
When Honor calls he shuts the door;
"I never saw your face before,"
Cries he, and frowns, and fans him cool
Upon his consort's lapdog-stool.
From all this hero wins the race.
Is there no *Garter* for his Grace?
Must "Woods and Forests" show alone
The trophies his right-hand hath won?

10

[*The Times*, September 29, 1855, published correspondence about a dispute between
the Duke of Somerset and Mr. Alfred Hamilton. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

BOURBONS

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 24, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ISABELLA spits at Spain,	Rolls it now? I smell it under 11
Bomba strips and scourges	That fat priest in that foul chair.
Naples:	
Are there not then where they	Never was there poet wanting
reign	Where the lapdog licks the
Rotten eggs or rotten apples?	throne;
	Lauds and hymns we hear them
Halters, gibbets, axes, blocks!	chanting,
Your old textbook ye forget:	Shame if I were mute alone!
Treadmills, pillories, humbler	
stocks!	Let me then your deeds rehearse,
Ye perform your duties yet.	Gem of kings and flower of
	queens!
Men have often heard the thunder	Tho' I may but trail a verse
Roll at random; where, O where	Languider than Lamartine's. 20

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

4 Rotten] Addled 1858. ll. 5-6=ll. 7-8 1858. ll. 7-8=ll. 5-6 1858.
 8 perform . . . duties] repeat . . . lessons 1858. ll. 13-16 also printed in 1858 as
 separate poem (B) headed Poets on Duty, and with variants noted below:
 13 was there] yet was. 14 the . . . the] a lapdog lick a. 15 Lauds . . . them]
 While a priest the lauds was. 16 Shame . . . mute] I stand off and muse.
Signature om. 1858

TO A TRAITOR

[Printed in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855. See note at end of volume.]

Thy lying heart, and not thy vanquish'd arms,
 Degrade thee, vilest of earth's vilest race!
 On France descends her glory with fresh charms,
 On thee thy infamy with fresh disgrace!

'Twas not enough to thrust in Hymen's hand
 A torch that would not light while Love wept by;
 At midnight couch to bid a Bresson stand,
 Stifling with threats a victim niece's cry.

'Twas not enough to seat beside thy Queen
 A harlot reeking with thy kinsman's blood;
 'Twas not enough to lick the spoils obscene
 Which that low losel cast before thy brood.

10

TO A TRAITOR

But thou must pilfer the poor pittance thrown
 To those who carv'd for thee the royal feast.
 Off! off! let France stand upright, stand alone,
 From Austria, Guizot, Philip, Fraud, releast!

Feb. 25 [1848].

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

PEACE

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 5, 1856; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

HE who would wish his country	Couple your hungry hounds where
great	runs 10
Must call around her every state,	Your Elbe, for never England's
Upholding high their rights and	sons
laws;	Shall wear a collar puncht by
Must spurn usurpers, and despise	you.
As weak and worthless all allies	Away with leaders who forget,
Who fight against Man's com-	Or have to learn their duties
mon cause.	yet!
Princes of Germany! if some	If Peace illume not every town,
Half-naked to our hearths have	O may we never see her back!
come	Never, to trail a train of black
And we have cloth'd and fed	And bind her brow with fragil
them too,	crown!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1858.

POET AND MAY

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 17, 1856.]

POET.	Its mirth, its youth, its life, is
WHY, hurrying by us, dost thou	past,
cease	Fever and Famine close the
To breathe as thou art wont,	scene.
O May?	This year no crown is mine; I
MAY.	see
Disastrous war, disgraceful peace,	None save where drowsy hem-
Have taken all my breath away.	locs grow, 10
Let me go on. My eyes are cast	No ribbon save round palsied
In vain along the village-green;	knee . .
May 9.	Whistle or weep, but let me go.
	W. S. L.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO THE AMERICANS FROM AN AMERICAN

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 13, 1856.]

HENCEFORTH, Americans, let none
Pronounce the name of Washington;
Whoever shall, that wretch restrain
From mischief with a ball and chain;
Let such felonious monster be
Held doubled under lock and key;
Let our brave Kansas soldiers turn
Their backs on freedom; let them burn
House, barge, men, women, children, till
Not one be left to burn or kill;
And for our toasts we then may sing
President Pierce and Bomba King.

10

Sept. 5.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ON GENERAL COUNT LEININGEN, COUSIN OF QUEEN VICTORIA, MURDERED AT ARAD BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, OCT. 6, '49

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 4, 1856; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. See note
at end of volume.]

AMONG the foremost of Earth's freeborn men
Hungarians still bemoan thee, Leiningen!
Even England, fallen from her low estate,
Beholds, tho' dimly, the sublimely great.
She hugged too fondly her distorted sons,
Castlereas, Cannings, Russells, Palmerstons:
No more asleep or drunk, she marks afar
Deserted Guyon o'er the Raglan star,
And blesses Kossuth's Demosthenic tongue,
Dividing true from false and right from wrong.
O could thy spirit fly across the sea,
And those who boast thy blood resemble thee.

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

On General Count Leiningen] Title. 1858 substitutes: The Prince of Leiningen.
Murdered October 6, 1849, by the Austrian. 2 still] stil 1858. 3 low]
high 1858 (mispr.). Signature om. 1858.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON AGESILAO MILANO

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 10, 1857; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

EVEN the brave abase the head
To lick the dust that tyrants tread;
Not thus Milano: he alone
Would bow to Justice on the throne.
To wear a crown of thorns he trod
A flinty path, and slept with God.

W. S. L.

On Agesilao Milano] *Title not in 1857.* 1 Even . . . abase] Sometimes the brave
have bent 1858. 2 tyrants] despots 1858. 3 thus] so, 1858. 5 wear]
win 1858. 6 slept] rests 1858.

[At a review in Naples, December 8, 1856, Milano, a soldier of the 3rd Chasseurs,
rushed from the ranks and struck King Ferdinand II with his bayonet. He was tried
by court martial and hanged. W.]

Signature om. 1858.

CROMWELL IN COUNCIL

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

PRELATES and Judges! Privy-Councillors!
In virtue of my office I besought
Your presence.

Ye were taught obedience,
And ye should teach it, if so be ye learnt
Your lesson ere ye thrust it into hands
Under your ferule, smarting from it yet.

What is that word I caught from yonder corner?

Jabber no longer. Talk to me of laws!

Laws there are thousands; Justice there is one,

One only. God created her, well pleas'd

10

With his creation. Men like you can make,

And *do* make, year by year and day by day,

What ye call laws. Laws thrust down Eliot

Into Death's chamber, agonized with blows

Of ponderous damp incessant. Better men

Than you or I are doom'd if one escape.

But, by the Lord above! whose holy name

I utter not profanely, by the Lord!

That one shall *not* escape. God's signature

I bear, and I affix it on the blood

20

Of those brave hearts that bounded at Dunbar.

(*The Prelates and Judges &c. go.*)

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Are those folks gone?

Conduct them tenderly;

Draw up thy gloves for it, thy softest pair.
Ireton! thou hast not glibber speech than I,
But tell those cravats, frills, and furbelows,
Those curl'd purveyors to the Unicorn,
A bushel of such heads, priced honestly,
Is not worth one grey hair of Eliot
Pluckt by the torturer Grief, untoucht by Time.
Givers of laws, forsooth!

The feast is over

30

Which they got drunk at, striking right and left
Until their shins and shoulders fared the worst.
Troth! I can scarce be grave in looking at them;
They have now done their work, let us do ours.
We, tho' unworthy of a sight so grand,
Shall see God strike the throne: they who again
So sin, shall see Him raise it in His wrath.

23 thy gloves] the gloves 1858, *corrected in Landor's proof.*

GEORGE THE THIRD'S STATUE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ALTHO' against thee, George the Third!
I threw sometimes a scornful word,
Against thy nape I did not nail
Characteristical pig-tail.
What is thy genus none can doubt
Who looks but at thy brow and snout.

[The bronze statue by Matthew Cotes Wyatt now in Pall Mall East was erected in 1837. W.]

ESPOUSALS OF H.M. OF PORTUGAL

[Published 1858.]

YOUNGSTER of Coburg! thou hast found a throne
Easy to mount, and easier to slip down:
But, in the name of wonder! who beside
Of mortal men could mount thy royal bride?
So vast an enterprize requires the force
And ladder too that scaled the Trojan horse,

[Prince Ferdinand Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (1816-85), married (by proxy on January 1, 1836, and actually on April 9, 1836) Queen Maria II da Gloria, of the house of Braganza. W.]

ESPOUSALS OF H.M. OF PORTUGAL

In whose rank orifice some hundreds hid
Themselves and arms, and down the rampire slid.
Thou hast achieved a mightier deed and bolder,
And hast not dislocated hip or shoulder.

10

ON ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

No less than either who have borne the name
Of Sidney, those two Napiers of their time,
Is thine, who stoodest upon Acca's mound
And hurledst thence defiance on the host
That would have won Byzantion, which remain'd
The solitary city unsubdued
By fraud or force, from Afric's desert sands
To Zembla's and Siberia's frozen sea.
The vanquisht loved thee for thy generous soul
And own'd thee worthy to be French almost,
While England sent thee forth unrecopenst
To live and die among them.

10

Thus it fared
With Rodney too: but Rodney never walkt
Amid the wretched to relieve their wants,
To speak kind words, to press the palsied hand,
And carry from his own now scanty store
A portion under a worn cloak* . . thou didst.
Therefor be blessings on thee! therefor praise,
From one who can bestow it, and who deals
Thriftily that, and watches for desert.

20

* This was related to me by Mr. Sandford, who caught him in the fact. [L. For William Graham Sandford, see vol. iii, p. 66.

17 didst.] *No punctuation here in 1858. 20 Thriftily] mispr. 1853, here corrected.*

CREDO

[Published in 1858.]

I do believe a drop of water
May save us from the fire herea'ter.
I do believe a crumb of bread,
O'er which the priest his prayer hath said,
May be the richest flesh and blood . .
I would believe too, if I could,
Pius's word is worth a crumb
Or drop; but here awe strikes me dumb.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE FARMER THEOLOGIAN'S HARANGUE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Good people! I wonder now what ye are a'ter,
Who made such a bother o' late about water;
Whether children on whom not a drop ever fell
Could escape, good or naughty, the torments of hell.
While one wants it fresh and while one wants it salt,
I advise you to give it a slight dash of malt.

ILL SUCCESS OF SAINT PETER

[Published in 1858.]

SAINT Peter could fish up	So he rigs a new skiff
No shark of a bishop	And is wondering if
In the waters of far Galilee,	He can find one in Exeter See.

6 Exeter See [Dr. Henry Phillpotts became Bishop of Exeter in 1831. W.]

LOUIS NAPOLEON

[Published in 1858.]

BEES on imperial mantle Louis bears,
And the same emblem thro' his court appears,
They buz about the hall, they mount the chamber,
The Empress washes them in liquid amber.
They lull the people with their humming wings,
Few taste their honey, many feel their stings.
Yet England's praise hath Louis justly won
In sheltering valiant Guyon's homeless son.

PIGMIES AND CRANES

[Published in 1858.]

I LIVE among the Pigmies and the Cranes,
Nor care a straw who loses or who gains.
Peel doffs the harness, Russell puts it on,
The late Sir Robert is the live Lord John,
Close in the corner sits the abler man,
But show me the more tricky if you can.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ENGLAND! WELL DONE!

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ENGLAND! well done! you strike at last,
And no false German holds you fast.
What say Balmoral and Berlin
When, spite of them, you thus begin?
Perhaps they say you go too far,
And wound all princes thro' the Tzar.

CROKER

[Published in 1858.]

DISPOSER of our fleet is Croker,
He should have been at most a stoker.

[John Wilson Croker, many years Secretary to the Admiralty, resigned that post in 1830. He died August 10, 1857. W.]

LYONS

[Published in 1858.]

THE horn-eyed, cold, constrictor	To battle down the rampant
Tzar,	beast . .
With crouching German satel-	Look, traitor princes! look and
lites,	quail.
Rattles the scaly crest of war	Ere now the victory is won,
To scare off all who seek their	For thro' ten thousand breasts
rights.	thy soul 10
Onward, brave Lyons! thou at	Hath shot its patriot fire, that
least	shone
Art ready, whosoever fail,	The brightest o'er Sebastopol.

[Admiral Sir Edmund (afterwards Lord) Lyons (1790-1858), succeeded Sir Deans Dundas in command of the Black Sea Fleet in 1855. W.]

THE TWO FIELD-MARSHALS

[Published in 1858.]

OF two Field-marshals there is	Among the brushwood. Ha! by
one	Jove!
Who never heard an angry gun:	They come; I see their caps
The other, hearing it, cries "What	above."
Would the mad Menschikoff be at?	O History! be thou impartial,
Get ready, some of you, and see	And duly honor each Field-
Why all this bustle there should be	marshal. 10

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ABSENCE ON LEAVE FROM THE CRIMEA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

" <i>SEE the conquering hero comes,</i> "	He shall teach his country-folk a
Bites his nails and twirls his	Marvelously pretty polka,
thumbs,	Tell what cities he will storm
Under fondest kindred eye	In a major's uniform, 10
He shall eat his Christmas-pie,	Uniform so justly due
While his comrades droop afar	In another year or two;
Pincht by frost and crusht by	By the Army-list 'tis shown
war.	He hath served already one.

THE CRIMEAN HEROES

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

HAIL, ye indomitable heroes, hail!
Despite of all your generals ye prevail.

THE ROYAL FEAST

[Published in 1858.]

"Twas at the royal feast for Kars	"Then," quoth the Mars-born,
By faithful Russia won;	"we will ask
Seated, if not aside of Mars,	Our master in the north
Aside of Marsis son,	What (may it please him!) such
Who bears a plume of purest white,	a task
Which plume he proudly shows	Perform'd for him is worth." 20
To guide old chiefs agape for fight,	
But fitter for repose,	Assure him it is our intent
	For ever to go on so:
"Twas at this royal feast Panmure	Odessa shows him how we meant
His portly paunch displaid . . 10	To please him and Woron-
"But art thou very, very sure?"	zow.
The baldpate patron said.	
"Ay, sixteen thousand," quoth	Napier, than whom no seaman
Milord,	braver
"Surrendered to our Tzar,	Hath scourged the Baltic coast,
Enforced by Famine: now the	Threatens his city; we will save
sword	her:
Methinks is sick of war."	Gunboats! yes; four at most.

[Kars was surrendered to the Russians November 1855. Lord Panmure, afterwards 11th Earl of Dalhousie, was then Secretary of State for War. W.]

THE ROYAL FEAST

Say we have daughters growing up	Else we may see the world go wrong
Who like such pretty things 30	And Kars the Turk's agen.
As jewels, and should never stoop	Tell Palmerston he may, if wise,
Below the rank of kings.	Our firm support rely on.
Panmure, be ready with thy	Say he may praise above the skies
tongue,	But must pull down that
Be ready with thy pen,	Guyon. 40

TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

POOR Somerset! 'twas safer work
At Bentham dead to shake thy dirk,
Than sling thy brooklet's small black stone
At the high brow of Hamilton.

2 Bentham [For the Duke's disparagement of Jeremy Bentham see his speech in the House of Commons, when sitting as Lord Seymour, May 22, 1855, and Landor's letter in *The Examiner*, June 2, 1855. W.] 3 Hamilton [For the controversy with Mr. Hamilton, see p. 333. W.]

HEROICS OR DACTYRICS

[Published in 1858.]

FORCE me (and force me you must if I do it) to write in heroics,
Taking (as model in English) the meter of Homer and Virgil.
Leave me, O leave me at least my own hero, my own field of battle.
Sing then, O Goddess! O Muse! or in whatever name thou delightest,
Neither a cut-throat on land nor a vagabond over the ocean,
Offering me sacksful of wind . . I can buy them as cheaply of Russell,
Palmerston, Grey, Aberdeen, Jockey Derby, or Letterman Graham.

"The following verse must be added: And (removed over the way) the old slop-shop of Ben-Disraeli" [L. in a letter].

LAYING A FOUNDATION-STONE

[Published in 1858.]

WHAT has prince * * done that he
Without a monument should be?
He in his bounty placed a stone
For mason-boys to build upon;

[In November 1855 the Prince Consort laid the foundation stone for an Institute at Birmingham. This may be the incident referred to. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Should not like mason-boys bestow
A stone on him? a *quid pro quo*?
If they will not, there are who will;
Some, be assured, are grateful stil.
Austrian and Russian, King and Tzar
Owe him for Turk held down from war, 10
For navies burnt, for cities razed,
Our ships at anchor, God be praised
And smelling from afar the smoke
That might have blacken'd British oak.
Statues! inscriptions! what are they?
Gems, gems alone, such worth repay;
Necklaces, crosses; from one hand
Fall these, and, where they fall, command.
How long unbroken shall remain,
Europe! thy *adamantine* chain? 20

PEOPLE AND PATRIOTS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

PEOPLE like best the patriots who betray 'em;
They trusted Russell and they trusted Graham;
Past folly's last extreme they now are gone,
And pant, and halt, and cling to Palmerston.

THE DERBY AND DROP

[Published in 1858.]

DERBY! we read, a noble dame
Of France cast luster on your name,
Which ne'er before and ne'er since then
Shone half so brightly in the men.
Ye catch it now upon the course
And share your thirds with man and horse:
I rank (can such precedence shock ye?)
The horse the first, and next the jockey.
Nobles, 'tis true, no longer sit
Where steel-spurr'd cocks drive mad the pit, 10
Or where the dog and bull engage,
And mildness is provoked to rage;

1 a noble dame [Charlotte de la Trémoille, wife of the 7th Earl of Derby. W.]

THE DERBY AND DROP

Yet stil they haunt the listed ground
Where thieves and gamblers sit around,
And eagerly hold out a hand
To the old sages of the stand,
And clutch the profer'd gold they won
The night before from youths undone,
A sister's pride, a father's hope,
Or drooping widow's slender prop.
See Palmer! for that wretch, my lord,
Your fellow-workmen noost the chord,
And the same wheel that twisted it
In the same ropewalk rolls on yet.
Beneath an unblest turf he lies,
Not deader than your sympathies.
Were ye devout or were ye just,
Ye had enshrined your martyr's dust,
Or, better, wiped away the score,
And turn'd him loose . . . to murder more.

20

30

21 Palmer [The Rugeley poisoner executed June 1856. W.]

OUR STATESMEN

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

CANNING, in english and in latin strong,
Was quite an infant in each other tongue.
Proud, yet an easy embassy he sought
From the kind comrade he traduced and fought:
Poet, yet certain 'twas no poet's dream
That stil the Tagus rolls a golden stream.
And now is sent the son he thought a fool
O'er restless India's tottering realm to rule!
And shall not England with stern hand chastise
Those who her warnings and her woe despise?
For every thousand let but only one,
The basest for the bravest men, atone.
She has spent all, or nearly all, her shot.
But all her timber she (thank God!) has not.

10

1, 2 In english and in latin one was strong

But quite an infant *first proof* 1858.

4 [an allusion to George Canning's duel with Castlereagh in 1809. W.]
[Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, 1858-62. W.]

7 the son

HISTORY AND POLITICS

GOVERNORS OF INDIA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

AUCKLAND, Dalhousie, Canning! shall we ever
Again see three such rulers? three so clever
At shattering the foundations of a state
And hastening on the heavy step of Fate.

A BACK-BITER

[Published in 1858.]

If thou wert only foul and frowzy, If only itchy, only lousy, Bold men might take thy hand, Dalhousie!	If thou hadst only run away While Napier kept our foes at bay, None would have cried, " <i>Come back! slay, slay!</i> "
Thou art a prudent chiel, my lord, And in thy little heart are stored Lies stamp'd and mill'd, a precious hoard!	Many like thee are not o'er-brave, Like thee their bacon they would save, 11 But ne'er besmirch a veteran's grave.

8 Napier [General Sir Charles Napier died August 29, 1853. For a different account of his disputes with the Governor-General see *Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie*, 1910. W.]

MILITARY MERIT REWARDED

[Published in 1858.]

WORTH is rewarded, even here, With praises; nor is <i>this</i> all: Havelock wins fivescore pounds a year, And Guyon . . a dismissal.	But Napier, who on many a day Perform'd the foremost part, And fill'd the murderers with dis- may . . He won . . a broken heart.
---	--

3 Havelock [The pension of £1,000 a year which was to be granted to him was awarded, after his death, to his son. W.] 4 Guyon [See pp. 324, 336, 340, 343. Toward the end of 1855 after fighting for the Turks in Anatolia he was put on half pay by the Ottoman Government and denied further employment. W.] 5 Napier [General Sir Charles Napier. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

CHORUS OF ITALIANS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Stanza i with variants and signed WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR had been published in *The Examiner*, September 27, 1856: see footnotes. Text 1858.]

SIREN of high Siena! thine
Is not a song that lures the
weak:

To thee stern Freedom's ears in-
cline,

Through thee the purer Muses
speak;

Etruria's Genius follows thee,
Triumphant Piccolomini!

From his Subalpine region springs

The only bard like bards of yore,

The Man of Asti.* Lo! he brings

From Delphi's hight the crowns
they wore; ¹⁰

Crowns fresh as ever . . but thy
breath

Would have blown off the blight
of death.

If Italy awakes again,

'Twill be at thy Seraphic strain,

Soul-giver Piccolomini!

Enough from thee one ardent word

To heave the sigh or draw the
sword,

To make men slaves or set them
free.

But dare we look into thine eyes

While tears of shame in ours arise

That those bright stars,†
guiding Twins, ²¹

Are unavenged? Along the beach

They lighted on, who strives to
reach

The goal? Where Valor halts,
Crime wins.

Prophetic was that old man's
dream

(Who sang it out) of Polypheme.

Where lies the avenging torch?
extinct?

No; the blind monster left behind

Others as brutal and as blind . .

Shake, shake your chains until
unlinkt. ³⁰

* Alfieri. [L.]

† The Bandieras. [L. See p. 303.]

Title. Chorus of Italians] To Marchesa Piccolomini. 1856. [The first time she sang in London was at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1856 in *La Traviata*. W.] 3 stern] do 1856. 5 Etruria's] Italia's 1856. ll. 7-30 not in 1856.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, Nov. 2, 1857

[Published in 1858.]

MOUNTAINS are less inert than men.
Vesuvius blazes forth agen;
He has borne more, for fewer
years,

Than every soul about him bears.

I know what victim would appease

The Spirit of Empedocles.

How joyous would be then the roar
Across the bay from shore to
shore:

Tremendous the accord would be

Of those insurgents, fire and sea.

No human victim should it cost,

Only a Bourbon at the most. ¹²

HISTORY AND POLITICS

NONO SITS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

GOD made his likeness, Man: when this was done
He said to Nono "Sit thou for my son."

TO THE NOBLES OF VENICE, ON THE RECEPTION OF THE AUSTRIAN

[Published in 1858.]

LORDS of the Adriatic, shores and iles,
Nobles! of that name sole inheritors!
Bravely ye acted, worthy of yourselves
And ancestors, who shut your palaces
When Perjury stalkt forth along the square
Where Doges sat beneath their patron saint.

While swords and crowns weigh down the scale, and while
Nations once free wish faintly, or wish not,
To see your freedom and high state restored,
Can ye but dwell upon your ruins?

Hark!

10

To Tarvis and Isonzo swells a blast
From far Taranto, not forgetful now
Of Sparta; brave the sires, the sons as brave
Spring forth. The indomitable Allobrox,
Who pluckt the Roman eagles, and rais'd higher,
Across his mountains hears the voice of Tell,
And Hofer, echoing, tho' less loud behind.

Rise, unentangled by your flowing robes;
Put newer armour on; march forward; march,
Reckless of German threat and Gallic fraud.

20

TO MANIN IN HEAVEN

[Published in 1858.]

MANIN! thy country mourns thee; but afar
Shines o'er the Adrian sea thy cloudless star,
And every child throughout the land to thee
At rising sun and setting, bends the knee.
To thy pure soul ten thousand altars bear
Each a thanksgiving sigh and hopeful prayer.

[Daniele Manin, Venetian patriot, died September 22, 1857. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON THE DESCENT INTO HELL OF EZZELINO DI NAPOLI

[Published in *Hellenica*, appendix, 1859.]

REJOICE, ye nations! one is dead	Angry that any Prince should
By whom ten thousand hearts	come,
have bled.	Who grudg'd to give the soul
Widows and orphans, raise your	he pawn'd.
voice . .	
One voice, ye prostrate peoples,	He gnasht his teeth; opprobrious
raise	names
To God; to God alone be praise!	Muttered on Death, and wisht his
All dwellers upon earth, rejoice:	flames
	20
The imprisond soul, the tortured	Could crack his stubborn ribs
limb,	. . in vain . .
Are now at last set free by Him.	He must resign or share the place
Each king their fellow king	Imperial; he must bear disgrace
supplied	While that intruder feels but
With thongs to scourge ye: but	pain.
your wrongs	10
Reacht highest heaven; Angelic	The Devils' mouths but seldom
tongues	water,
Shouted when Earth's Flagel-	Yet, sniffing this fat slug of
lant died.	slaughter,
	Theirs do, they then this grace
The Demons heard and yell'd below,	begin,
Glad that his endless day of woe	"We have carous'd on king and
(Long after theirs) had dimly	pope
dawn'd.	By dozens; could the worthiest
The proudest of them all sated dumb,	hope
	29
	A second course of Ezzelin?"

[Ferdinand II (King Bomba) died May 22, 1859. For Ezzelino di Roma, his prototype, infamous for his cruelty, see Dante, *Inferno*, xii. 109. W.]

ON THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE PO

[Published in 1859.]

WHY is, and whence, the Po in flames? and why
 In consternation do its borderers raise
 Imploring hands to mortal men around
 And Gods above? Are Gods implacable?
 Or men bereft of sight at such a blaze?
 Apollo hath no more a son; his breath
 Is stifled, and smoke only fills the air
 Where once was fire, and men to men were true.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Fierce ones and faithless now approach the waste,
Who look transversely with an evil eye,
And scowl and threaten, and uplift the sword,
And, if they lower it, 'tis but to grasp more
And more of amber left on either bank.

10

Apollo hates the land he once so loved,
Nor swan is seen nor nightingale is heard
Nigh the dead river and affrighted vale,
For every Nymph shed there incessant tears,
And into amber hardened all they shed.

13, 18 amber [See Ovid, *Metam.*, ii. 364-6. W.]

AD GARIBALDUM

[A Latin version with 'this free paraphrase' of it was published in *The Examiner*, September 3, 1859. The Latin version, but not the English, was reprinted in 1863.]

"O glory of Liguria!" Thus began
My song to Garibaldi, when the Muse
Seiz'd on the pen, and said, "Liguria boasts
His birth, but Rome asserts another claim.
He marshal'd her true sons in her defence
Against a perjurer to Liberty,
And follow'd her, nor call'd her home in vain.
Let others mount the throne; his seat stands higher;
Therefore shall Rome with solemn jubilee
Sing of him in the voice she sang of old,
When from her gates first skulk'd the fraudulent Gaul."

10

W. S. L.

THE RESURRECTION OF SICILY

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 4, 1860. Another version printed from a MS. in *Letters, &c., of Landor*, 1897.]

AGAIN her brow Sicania rears
Above the tomb: two thousand years
Have sorely swept her beauteous breast,
And War forbidden her to rest.
Yet War at last becomes her friend,
And cries aloud—

"Thy grief shall end,
Sicania! hear me; rise again;
A houseless hero breaks thy chain."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

3 sorely swept] smitten sore 1897. 6 cries] shouts 1897. 7 Sicania . . . me,
Throw off the pall, and 1897. 8 houseless] homeless 1897.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA OF TRENT

(*Mariotti has related these events.*)

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 103; reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

DOLCINO was pursued with fire and sword,
Until the bloodhounds which had suckt the dugs
Of Rome's old wolf had trackt him, coucht among
His native hills.

At Serravalle first
He halted briefly; there they scented him
Amid the faithful poor whose bread he ate.
Bread freely proffered and blest gratefully.
Next was his flight to the castellated
Robialto, where Biandrate held to him
A hospitable hand, a hand unmail'd
But rarely. Long the pious fugitive
Would not imperil him who stood observed
In eminence of station. More obscure
Emiliano Sola, who contrived
How from Dalmatia he might best return
To Italy, now brought to Campertogno
The weary pilgrim. Emiliano Sola
Would rather leave his home and fertile mead
Along Valsesia than desert his friend.
He loaded many teams with wheat and wool,
And drove before him oxen, freed from yoke,
Unused to mount steep crags; the household dog
Followed, though oft rebukt, and halting oft
Under the shadow of the panting kine.
Two winters then were spent above the snow,
And food was wanting both for man and beast,
So that the direst famine shrivel'd them,
Leaving but hearts what they had been before.
Escape was none; five thousand foes around,
After five thousand had already tinged
With ropy gore the Sesia, like red snakes
Twisting, convolving, clashing, numberless.

Who has not seen Varallo, and not paused
Amid the beauteous scene to mourn the fate
Of men so brave, of women brave no less,
Whose flesh was torn from them while wolves around

2 dugs] so in *corrigenda* 1863; dregs in *text*.

28 hearts] half 1876.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Growl'd for it as 'twas cast into the flames;
But there was little for them had they all.

Ranieri di Perzana was ordained
Lord Bishop of Vercelli, proud alike 40
Of crosier and of sword, and rendering each
Its service to the other; princely state
Was his, with palaces and wide domains,
While over icebergs, over precipices,
Homeless and roofless, with eight hundred men,
Women, and children, Fra Dolcino fled.
"Now," said the bishop to his holy band,
"See, what avails it to have purified
Our violated church with fire and blood
Of thousand thousand reprobates, while one 50
Defies us from his Alpine fastnesses,
Consorted with that wicked Margarita
Of Trent, who shares his faith and who pretends
To live with him in virgin purity,
Altho' she never took the cloistral vows
Nor call'd the Church's blessing.

They presume

To read that book which we alone may read,
Christ's WILL AND TESTAMENT, bequeathed to us,
Residuary legatees of all
In his rich treasury for our use lockt up, 60
And Peter's heir holds in his hand the key.
Against the abomination rise, my sons,
And leave on yonder mount no soul alive.
But there are some whom we may first convert.
Tell the rude rabble, snorting now and rearing
Against that sacred chair which Christ himself
Placed for St. Peter and St. Peter's heirs,
"That I prepare in my dispensary
An application for stiff necks and wry,
The which shall straiten them and set them up." 70
Familiarly and pleasantly, as wont,
Thus spake Ranieri, by the Grace of God
And God's vicegerent, Bishop of Vercelli.

A patriot, bold as those whose hardy deeds
He traces with a poet's fire, relates
How winter after winter, destitute
Of fuel and of food, these mountaineers
Maintained their post, nor daunted nor deceived.

FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA

How not the stronger sex alone sustained
 The brunt of battle: of the weaker stood 80
 A hundred, fighting til a hundred fell.
 Men, it is said, by famine so reduced
 Have eaten their slain enemies; one wretch
 Askt if 'twere worse to eat men than to slay,
 To eat the murderer than to slay the helpless;
 Then, turning to a priest who taunted him,
"Madden'd by famine brought on us by you
We ate our enemies, you eat your God."
 Pincers tore out the tongue that thus blasphemed.
 After long winters and hard fights against 90
 Successive hosts, the fortalice was won:
 Few the survivors; one Dolcino was,
 Another was the virgin; neither wish'd
 For life, both yearn'd for truth and truth alone.
 Dolcino was led forward: pots of pitch
 And burning charcoal were paraded round
 The cart that bore him, iron pincers glowed
 With fire, and these contending priests applied
 To every portion of his naked flesh
 Until the bones were bare; then was he dragg'd 100
 Thither where Margarita stood above
 Smaller fagots, for her lingering death prepared.
 Few and faint words she spoke, nor heard he these.
"Have we not lived together, O Dolcino,
In sisterhood and brotherhood a life
Of chastity, God helping this desire,
Nor leaving other in the cleansed heart."
 She paused; his head hung low; then added she
"Our separation is the worst of pangs
 We suffer: bear even this: pincers and barbs 110
 I now feel too."

"Dolcino, art thou faint?
 Speakest thou not? then is thy spirit fled,
 Mine follows."

There was on each eye a tear
 (For Margarita was but woman yet)
 Not one had fallen, else the flames had dried it.
 She uttered these last words, scarce audibly,
"Blessed be God, thou seest his face, Dolcino,
O may I see it! may he grant it soon!"

HISTORY AND POLITICS

EXCOMMUNICATION DENOUNCED ON JANUARY 30, 1850

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 191.]

CURSED be the wretch who snarls	The blasphemers of Saint George.
At the blessed martyr Charles,	Let our Church with annual rites
And who traitorously opposes	Celebrate the first of knights,
Slitting ears and shortening noses.	While the choir more loudly sings
Fifty thousand Devils scourge	Glory to the best of kings! 10

[This and the following piece were printed far apart in 1863, but may have been written as one poem. W.]

[Published in 1863, p. 133.]

CURSING Milton, Hampden, Sidney,	Sacred to our Lord's anointed,
And all others of their kidney,	We will close it with a prayer
Satan's sons, who drew the sword	Such as He may deign to hear.
'Gainst the anointed of our Lord,	<i>Short prayer after long banning.</i>
Whence this day hath been appointed,	"Ever be there worshipt by us
	Kings as merciful and pious!" 11

CROMWELL

[Published in 1863, p. 161; reprinted 1876.]

God's servant, Milton's friend! what higher praise
Can man attain who labors all his days?
Protector of three realms! a power was thine
Dangerous to hold, more dangerous to resign.
England proclaimed thee with her trumpet voice
And England's will was ever Cromwell's choice.
Let weaker men, and weaker all men are,
How they would mount such eminence beware.
Outcast of his own slaves, one dared to mock
The voice of Truth . . . he rots upon a rock: 10
The vultures and the cormorants fly round
To feast upon a heart so long unsound.
Each says, "*I am his kindred; and the least
He should bequeath me is a final feast.*"

Cunning the wretch may be, but never wise,
Who thinks a head is safe that rests on lies.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

A ROYAL PRESENT TO A LEARNED PROFESSOR

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 171.]

GEORGE* sent the skull of Robert Bruce
To Blumenbach. "Sire! of what use,"
Said Blumenbach, "is Bruce's skull?
And who was Bruce? now, were it full
Of hock or (better) old tokay,
I'd drink your health some jolly day
And never mind whose scalp it was,
But toss it off and let it pass."

* George IV, who knew little of Blumenbach and cared less for Bruce, whom the learned Blumenbach had never heard of. See Hayward's *Faust*, p. 329. [L. A cast of the skull, made when in 1818 the skeleton was found in the Abbey Church of Dumferline, was sent to Blumenbach. See Abraham Hayward's translation of *Faust*, appendix. W.]

ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH

[Published in 1863, p. 138.]

I AM invited (why?) in latin phrase
To write thy epitaph.

Two glorious men,
Sydney, have borne thy name through distant lands,
But here no sailor, here no orphan, lifts
His mournful head to read what Rome would write
And place among the noblest, wert thou hers.

Children, in earlier or in later life,
May play grave follies in the sculptured aisle,
And lengthen out in it the stiffer tongue;
It suits not me to make the rustic stare
And ask what booby never learnt to spell
A name that every cabin-boy has chalkt,
And every sunday-school-girl has prickt out
Upon her sampler for the brighter silk,
The name of Sidney; of that Admiral
Who left his ship and stood on Acre's tower
Tottering beneath him, and drove back dismayed
The renegade of honor and of God.

10

More than one realm by that one blow he saved;
Some by their weakness are about to fall,
Some by their violence . . . may these fall the first!

20

[Sir Sidney Smith died in Paris, May 26, 1840, and was buried in Père-Lachaise. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

PTOLEMAÏS

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 264.]

No city on the many peopled earth
Hath been the witness of such valiant deeds
As thou hast, Ptolemais! and by whom
Were they achiev'd? by Britons, one and all.
The first our lion-hearted king may claim;
And who the second? he who drove across
The torrid desert the (til then uncheckt)
Invader, from those realms the Ptolemies
Ruled, and the Cæsars follow'd in their train,
Sidney, the last of chivalry . . . One more
Rode o'er the sea to win the crown that hung
Inviting on thy walls: he also bore
A name illustrious even as Sidney's own,
Napier was he.

10

'Tis somewhat to have held
His hand in mine, 'tis somewhat to record
One of his actions in the crowded page.

Title om. in 1876. [Ptolemais Phœniciaë (Acre). Captured by Richard Cœur de Lion, 1191. Relieved and defended against the French by Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, 1799. Bombarded by allied squadrons under Admiral Stopford with Commodore Charles Napier second in command, 1840. W.]

RECALL OF SIR EDMUND HEAD

[Published in 1863, p. 184.]

Our ministers, we hear, recall
The Governor from Montreal.
I wonder whom they send instead,
I only know they want a Head.

[Sir Edmund Walker Head, Governor-General of Canada 1854 to 1861, when he retired. W.]

ON THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII

A FRENCH POET SINGS

[Published in 1863, p. 255; reprinted 1876.]

DESCEND, ye Muses, one and all,	Three cities, three without one
Obedient to a Frenchman's call.	blow,
Which of you e'er refused to sing	Fell at the trumpet of Boileau:
The feats of a most christian king,	He would have play'd without a
Or help to raise the Oriflamme	line,
Above the towers of Notre-Dame?	The devil with the Philistine,

10

ON THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII

No need, against him to prevail, The weightier broadsword of Cor- neille.	Upon the seven hills of Rome. Our Louis never shows the scars His doublet suffer'd under Mars,
Voltaire struck down with flash of pen	Tho' many creatures daily fell 21 Before him ere the vesper bell.
The League, the Iberian, and Mayenne,	But said, on looking down his file Of steel and silver with a smile,
And, if ye help me, with a touch I doubt not I can do as much.	Far better thus than bid our men go
Then shall ye see the lilies bloom	For empty glory to Marengo.

[LOUIS NAPOLEON]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 170; reprinted 1876.]

THEY tell us, the persuasive Greek,
When from the bema he would speak,
To make more clear some weighty truth
Roll'd a round pebble in his mouth.
Napoleon, try this help again,
Or any other, to speak plain,
For now, your words so strangely jar,
War sounds like peace and peace like war.

Title not in either edition.

[Published in 1863, p. 262; reprinted 1876.]

CHANGARNIER and a poet with a *De*
Now to his name cry *freedom!* and make free,
O Rome, to quarter hungry thieves on thee.

[General Changarnier had strongly supported Louis Napoleon before their rupture in January 1851. The poet (*l. 1*) may have been Lamartine. W.]

[LOUIS NAPOLEON]

[Published in 1863, p. 262; reprinted 1876.]

THERE was one powerful man, and only one
In God's wide world; what could he not achieve?
He might have driven from her citadel
Defiant Falsehood, and her tawdry guards
And bastard progeny innumerable:
He might have propt up cities with one arm
And driven with the other from the temple
Sellers of bones, of charms, of opiates,
Of glittering gauds and cutlery occult;

Title not in text.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

10

He, like the blessed one of Nazareth,
Might have restored the sight of the stone-blind
And rais'd the prostrate cripple up erect.
Earth spread her feast before him, millions rose
To serve him and to bless him; did he bring
An honest man with him? he brought instead
Desperate swordsmen and astuter knaves,
Who sit around him, and will sit until
The night falls heavily on their carouse,
And the seats reel beneath 'em unregain'd.

TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 140; reprinted 1876.]

PLEAS'D was I when you told me how In hat that buffeted the brow And mason's loose habiliment With masons thro' Ham's gate you went. Heartily glad was I to see A prisoner, though a prince, set free. "Prince!" said I, "you've es- caped two worst Of evils." "I have known a first," Said you, "but that is only one, Tell me the other." 10 "'Tis a throne." I could not add what now I might, It keeps the worthy out of sight, Nor lets the sinner sit upright. Can there be pleasure to keep down	In rusty chains a struggling town? Can there be any to hear boom Your cannon o'er the walls of Rome? Or shows it strength to break a word As easily as girls a cord Of flimsy cotton, when the bell 20 Calls them to dinner? . . . To rebel Against rebellion in your eyes Is criminal, to crouch is wise. Louis! your father thought not so; His scepter he disdain'd to owe To falsehood; all his cares he bent To make the realm he ruled con- tent. He proved, what many people doubt As often as they look about, A wonderful unheard of thing . . . An honest man may be a king. 31
--	---

THE COLONELS' CRY

[Published in 1863, p. 164; reprinted 1876.]

SIRE! sire! cast off the worn-out garb Of that old Brutus; mount thy barb,	Leap o'er the Channel, spurn and spit on The turbulent and faithless Briton.
--	--

[Addresses from the army congratulating Napoleon III on his escape from assassination, January 1858, were marked by some strong language against England. W.]

THE COLONELS' CRY

Blood we must have, for without blood	By their confinement to the Atlantic,	10
Who can digest his daily food?	When Glory, true French Glory,	
Give us it; rather than have none,	calls	
We would a brother's or our own.	To batter Montezuma's walls.	
Already are our bravemadefrantic	Remember, 'tis your mission, sire,	
	To set two hemispheres a fire.	

THE TWO NILES

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 101.]

THERE are two Niles, the white and blue;	From Arctic to Antarctic zone,
Little it interests me and you	And now she says aloud, " <i>The</i>
Whether this springs from a lagoon,	<i>Rhine</i>
That from the mountains of the moon.	<i>With all on the left hand is mine.</i> "
But whether our old Thames be ours	Proving it must be hers because
To-morrow, or another Power's,	Her sword thrust down his throat
Is now the question in dispute	her laws.
And not a Briton should be mute.	
Did ever wily France lie still,	Thus if you catch a thief and
Unsatisfied her ravenous will? 10	tear
Satisfied one brief hour, the next	From him the stolen goods,
Again she springs, and seems per- plext	"Beware,"
What else to lay her hands upon,	20
	Cries he, " <i>Fail accompli! let go.</i> "
	He swears and shakes his fist.
	Just so
	Says France to Europe; Europe
	hears,
	Trembles, and staggers, and for- bears.

LYONS AND THE POPE

[Published in 1863, p. 143; reprinted 1876.]

LYONS! thou art a grateful city,	For wearing thy embroider'd dress,
To feel for Pius so much pity.	Well suiting that three-storied
His velvet slippers now look neater,	steeple,
With so much bullion clubbed for Peter.	Ringing its bells above the people,
But thou could'st offer nothing less,	Instead of harbouring those poor
	Who now infest thy weaver's
	door.
	10

Title in neither ed. [No record of a gift from Lyons to Pio Nono has been found in the civic archives. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARANTO SENT BY THE POPE TO RESIDE AT NAPLES

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 237; reprinted 1876.]

TARANTO now has lost her guide, And stretch out flat and lick his fur,
A prelate without prelate's pride. And switch his tail, and gape and
On that Parthenopean coast purr.
Incredulous of fog or frost, O my two friends! may, many a
His Median puss he smiles to see day,
Leap boldly on a stranger's knee, Both think of me when far away! 10

[The Archbishop Giuseppe Capececiattolo (ob. 1836) was said to have been so punished for favouring the Carbonari. W.]

TO VENICE

[Published in 1863, p. 109; reprinted 1876.]

DISHONOR'D thou hast been, but not debased,
O Venice! he hastes onward who will bring
The girdle that enclosed thy virgin waist,
And will restore to thee thy bridal ring.

Venice! on earth are reptiles who lift high
The crested head, both venomous and strong
Are they; and many by their fangs shall die,
But one calm watcher crushes them ere long.

So fare who ever twists in tortuous ways,
Strown with smooth promises and broken vows, 10
Who values drunken shouts, not sober praise,
And spurns the scanty pittance Truth allows.

[Published in 1863, p. 229.]

REJOICE all ye Freedom hastes home
Who once were free, To ruin'd Rome
And what ye were again shall be; And Venice rises from the sea.

THE LATER DAY

[Two versions, A, B, published in 1863, pp. 196, 216; B reprinted 1876.] Text B 1863.

Who in this later day shall there arise
To pierce the cloud that overspreads thy skies,
Fair trustful Italy, too long beguiled
By one who treats thee like a pouting child.

Title not in A 1863. 3 Italy,] Italy! A 1863.

THE LATER DAY

Break off the painted handle of his whip,
And spring no more to kiss his frothy lip:
Alone in Garibaldi place thy trust,
There shalt thou find a guardian brave and just.

6 his] that *A* 1863.

SYRACUSE

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 110; reprinted 1876.]

In brighter days the Dorian Muse	Through clouds of smoke sparks
Extoll'd the kings of Syracuse.	widely flew,
Hieros and Gelons shook the rein	And hissing rafts the shore bestrew;
Of coursers on the Olympic plain,	Some on the Punic sands were cast,
Victors at Elis, where they won	And Carthage was avenged at last.
A crown no king can leave his son.	Alas! how fallen art thou since, 21
There Pindar struck his harp aloud,	O Syracuse! how many a prince
And shared the applauses of the	Of Gallia's parti-color'd brood
crowd.	Have crept o'er thee to suck thy
Then Science from deep study	blood!
rais'd	Syracuse! raise again thy head,
A greater man than bards have	Long hast thou slept, but art not
praised. 10	dead.
When Syracuse met Roman foes,	A late avenger now is come
Above her proudest he arose;	Whose voice alone can split the
He called from heaven the Lord of	tomb.
Light	Hearst thou not the world
To lend him his all-piercing might.	throughout
The patriot's pious prayer was	Cry Garibaldi? One loud shout 30
heard,	Arises, and there needs but one
And vaunting navies disappeared;	To shatter a polluted throne.

7 Pindar] *mispr.* Pinder 1863.

30 Garibaldi [he landed at Marsala, May 10, 1860, and proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily "in the name of Victor Emmanuel of Italy". W.]

THE VIRGIN OF IMPRUNETA

[Published in 1863, p. 166.]

In Impruneta may be seen	But lest the other self awake
An image of our heavenly queen,	Our piety, and we mistake,
Who once appear'd in full court-	She makes her face as black as
dress	ink,
Us, who adore her there, to bless;	And seldom has been known to
Hence amethysts and sapphires	wink. 10
shine	We pray the black for timely rain,
For ever round that head divine.	The white to send the sun again.

2 An image [The picture of the Madonna in the Church of St. Maria at Impruneta near Florence. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[CARDINAL ANTONELLI]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 254.]

BOLD Atlas carried on his shoulder
The globe, but Antonelli bolder
Shuffles it off, and kicks it down
And crushes with a triple crown.

Title not in text.

[TO ITALY]

[Published in 1863, p. 191.]

HERE are two millstones, and thou must
O Italy! be ground to dust.
Who can say which most grinds thee, whether
It be the upper or the nether?

[Published in 1863, p. 203.]

Two nations may contend which stands the highest
In sight of Europe for one warlike deed.*
Struck down, O Venice, in thy blood thou liest,
France, O Helvetia, swears thou too shalt bleed.

* The Switzers at Morat, the Venetians at Agnadello. [L. Charles the Bold of Burgundy was defeated by the Swiss at Morat 1476. Louis XII of France defeated the Venetians at Agnadello 1509. W.]

[GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE]

[Published in 1863, p. 208.]

THEY whom blind love hath led to take a wife
Often have changed soft flute for shriller fife,
And felt how different from the pliant maid
She who now trims the brow with horn cockade.
Cæsar and Marlboro' bore it in times past,
And Garibaldi will not be the last.
Against the wedded harlot weak men cry,
The braver scorn her and the wiser fly.
Dante soon lost his Beatrice, and fell
From Paradise to Gemma and to Hell.

10

Title not in text. [Garibaldi married in 1860 the Marchese Giacomo Raimondi's daughter. They parted barely an hour after the ceremony and never met again. The marriage was annulled in 1880. The lady died at her villa on Lake Como, April 29, 1918. W.]

GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE

Of ribald lords 'twas hard to mount the stairs,
 To climb his own was worse than climbing theirs.
 Bitter it seem'd by strangers to be fed,
 Bitterest of all he found the household bread.
 When Delia was another's more than his,
 Tibullus wooed avenging Nemesis.
 Her hand dispell'd from life its early gloom
 And waved away the faithless from his tomb.
 In his own land the bones of Albion rest,
 Why was the wandering Dante not so blest?

20

16 Tibullus] *so in corrigenda*; Tibulling in text.

[BARON BETTINO RICASOLI]

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 195.]

RICASOLI, thou wantest power At present, and must wait thy hour When thou shalt smoke away the drones That mount from hassocks over thrones. That hour assuredly will come	When they shall cease to sting and hum. Now thou hast only to stand wide Of plunderers upon every side. Thou hast high-pressure friends, and those Are the most dangerous of thy foes.
---	---

10

Title not in text. [Ricasoli, King Victor Emmanuel's Chief Minister after Cavour's death, resigned office under compulsion in 1862. W.]

THORWALDSEN LEAVING ROME FOR COPENHAGEN

[Published in 1863, p. 149.]

THORWALDSEN, thou art going forth To brave the breezes of the north. Its star attracts thee, and (above That stedfast star) the star of Love; Not Love the God whom poets feign To lead us idlers in his train, But such as patriots see him stand Pointing toward their native land.	Revisit her, but leave behind The brood of thy creative mind. 10 Partial is Italy to those Hearing whose voice the Arts arose, Amid them Buonarrotti sate, Proud monarch of a triple state, Until he bow'd his aged head And bade thee reign o'er one instead.
---	---

[Thorwaldsen returned to Copenhagen for the last time in 1841. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

CHARLES II OF SPAIN TO HIS PRIME MINISTER

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 129.]

MEDINA CELI, you well know	To have put under every man
Our treasury is sadly low,	And woman a wide dripping-pan;
And I have scarcely in my pocket	We might have lighted, had we
Enough to buy the queen a locket.	done so,
Now surely out of twenty-one	The Virgin and Saint Ildefonso. 10
Burnt heretics, 'twere better done	

1 Celi] *so in corrigenda 1863, Ceti mispr. in text.*

PROPHECY

[Published in 1863, p. 130.]

THE Mexicans will flay the Spaniards
And throw their skins into the tanyards;
The tawny tribes around will wrench
Their beards and whiskers off the French,
And, after a good hearty scourging,
Devote them to the Blessed Virgin.

TO KOSSUTH PRESIDENT OF HUNGARY

[Published in 1863, p. 116.]

MAN is not what God made him: God ordain'd
That he should walk upright and bend the brow
To Him alone; God gave to Man our earth
Created by His breath few days before.
Kossuth! what demons burst into the midst
Of this his Eden, this his Paradise,
These lofty trees that bore their fruit unpruned
Nor crawl'd upon by reptiles from below.
Look round thee, and what seest thou? men in form,
Gaming with minor men as they were dice
Or cards, and sweeping them from off the board.
What millions have succumb'd, and stil succumb,
To light these gamblers at their deadly game!
How many lands, once till'd, lie desolate
To widen their wild hunting-ground, and glut
With human venison the royal feast!

10

[Hungary was declared a free State, with Kossuth as supreme Governor, in April 1849. W.]

TO KOSSUTH PRESIDENT OF HUNGARY

Exchanges are now made of flocks and herds
Biped: see Nice and Venice led in chains;
See Poland, flay'd, dismember'd, parcel'd out
Among the bloodhounds; see thy Hungary 20
Offer'd a note promissory instead
Of the seal'd parchment of her titled deeds.
The arctic icebergs make more nigh approach
Year after year to sunnier climes and threaten
To bar all intercourse of free with free:
In this condition is the world of Mind.

GREECE! BE TOLERANT

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 277; reprinted 1876.]

"*Children of Pallas!*" is the voice that swells
Above the lofty Parthenon, "awake, awake
From heavy slumber and illusive dreams,
Throw the door open . . . Look at Babylon,
Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem,
Earth's giant offspring whom she rear'd in vain:
They all are dust, or worse than dust, a haunt
Of brutes, and brutal men, who tear the beard
One off another to cram down their throats
Incredibilities which both call creeds. 10

Whatever stands must fall; the dust alone
We trample on rises and keeps its form.
There was one holy man who said to all
'*Love ye each other:*' all have heard the words,
Few mind them; prayer stands for obedience.

Grivas! whom Hellas now invokes by name,
Albeit that name was never heard of yore
And time has paralyzed the mother tongue . . .
Do thou forbid the insidious foot to tread
Thy sacred land: let speech and thought be free; 20
So shalt thou hear such hymns as shook the fanes
When Æschylos from Marathon return'd,
And Athens envied most the wounded brave."

16 Grivas [Lieutenant Grivas, a young artillery officer, was one of the leaders of the revolt at Nauplia, February, 1862. His father, General Theodoraki, joined the national movement which ended eight months later in King Otto's abdication. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

IDLE WORDS

[Published in *Letters, &c., of W. S. Landon*, 1897.]

THEY say that every idle word
Is numbered by the Omniscient Lord.
O Parliament! 'tis well that He
Endureth for Eternity,
And that a thousand Angels wait
To write them at thy inner gate.

RELIGION IN DANGER*

[Published in 1897.]

ALAS! infidelity darkens the land,
Which we must enlighten with faggot and brand,
For how can we ever expect any good
From churchmen who question if hares chew the cud?

* "This I wrote on seeing in the *Times* last Tuesday the persecution of Bishop Colenso." Landon to A. de Noé Walker [1 March 1863. W.].

IRELAND

[Published in 1897.]

IRELAND! now restless these eight hundred years!
Thy harp sounds only discords; day and night
Thy cries are cries for murder, friend or foe
It matters not. Ah! when wilt thou repose?
When will thy teachers cease to preach against
All human laws? when bid obey thy prince,
Nor listen to another who assumes
To rule as God's vicegerent, yet who knows
That God is truth and God's command is peace?
"Ye can not serve two masters," so said He,
Yet thou rejectest one who rules thy land,
Obeying one who calls across the sea,
Who claims the tribute and who girds the sword.

10

DESPOTS OF EUROPE

[Published in 1897.]

REGAIN, ye despots, if ye can, your thrones,
And drown with trumpeting a nation's groans.
For you in vain do watchful dragons keep
The lonely darksome intervals of sleep.
Ere long shall justice from high heaven descend,
And man's worst grief, when you she smites, shall end.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ORSINI'S LAST THOUGHTS

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

CONDEMN'D I die, by one who once conspired
With me, and stood behind me while I struck.
Where are the Gracchi, where are those twin-stars
Who guided men thro' tempests? are they set
Never to rise again? No, there remain
For Italy, brave guides to lead her sons
In the right path, altho' its end be death.

I would live one day longer, only one,
Not that a wife and children might embrace
A neck so soon to let its weight fall off,
The eyes yet rolling round, nor seeing them;
For the worst stroke comes from that word *adieu*,
And heavier than the stroke is the recoil.

10

Rome's ravens feed not the deserted child,
But God will feed it, and in God I trust:
His breath shall cleanse the temple long profaned,
And the caged doves within the portico
Flutter, leap up, and wildly flit around
Hearing the scourge of him who lets them out.

Free thou wast never long, beloved Rome!
But free thou wast, and shalt again be free.

20

[Felice Orsini, condemned to death for an attempt to assassinate Napoleon III, was executed March 13, 1858. W.]

WILLIAM I OF PRUSSIA

[Published in 1897.]

WILLIAM! great men have sat upon the throne
Beneath whose weight thy Prussian subjects groan.
Frederic and Frederic's father bravely fought,
And did, tho' scepter'd, some things as they ought.
Illiterate was the latter, and severe
To those about him, more so to those near.
The wittiest and the wisest of their times
Bestow'd on him what he could spare of rhymes,
And in his closet saw no sin or shame
(For who was there to do it or to blame?)
In washing what he call'd his *dirty linen*,
Which, like us others, he was apt to sin in.
Thy smear'd and daily change wants cleansing more
Than what those bloody ones required before.

10

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO AMERICA, ON ITALY

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

My eyes first saw the light upon the day
It dawn'd on thee, but shone not brightly yet,
America! and the first shout I heard
Of a mad crowd, around a madder king,
Was shout for glorious victory, for blood
Of brethren shed by brethren.

Few the years

Before I threw my cricket bat along
The beaten turf to catch the song of France
For freedom—ah poor slave! free one short hour.
Glorious her women: will she ever bear
A man, whom God shall raise so near Himself
As Roland, Corday, and the Maid of Arc,
Deliverer of her country, vanquisher
Of her most valient chiefs, enraged to see
The captive lilies droop above the Seine?

10

America! proud as thou well mayst be
Both of thy deeds and thy progenitors,
Thy hero, Washington, stands not alone;
Cromwell was his precursor, he led forth
Our sires from bondage, Truth's evangelist,
And trod down, right and left, two hostile creeds.
Brothers of thine are we, America!
Now comes a sister, too long held apart.
Lo! Italy hath snapt her double chain,
And Garibaldi sounds from shore to shore.

20

I the day [Landon was born on January 30, 1775. His earliest book of poetry contains an Ode to George Washington. W.]

NICE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI

[Written June 13, 1860, published in 1897.]

In fields of blood however brave,	Until the red-hot ploughshare
Base is the man who sells his slave;	burn
But basest of the base is he	Upon the waves whereon 'twas
Who sells the faithful and the free.	thrown:
Nicæa! thou wast rear'd of those	Such were thy sires, such thine
Who left Phocæa crusht by foes,	alone.
And swore they never would	Cyrus had fail'd with myriad
return	host

10

NICE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI

To chain them down; long tem-
 pest-tost,
 War-worn and unsubdued, they
 found
 No refuge on Hellenic ground.
 All fear'd the despot: far from
 home
 The Cimri saw the exiles come,
 Victorious o'er the Punic fleet,
 Seeking not conquest but retreat,
 A portion of a steril shore
 Soliciting, nor vantage more. 20
 There rose Massilia. Years had
 past
 And once again the Tyrian mast
 Display'd its banner, and once
 more
 Phocæans won it; on thy shore,
 Landed their captives and raised
 high
 Thy city named from victory.
 Firmly thou stoodest; not by
 Rome,

Conqueror of Carthage, overcome.
 Fearing not war, but loving peace,
 Thou sawest thy just wealth in-
 crease. 30
 Alas! What art thou at this hour?
 Bound victim of perfidious Power.
 Bystanders we (oh shame!) have
 been
 And this foul traffic tamely seen.
 Thou wast not heart-broken
 yet,
 Nor thy past glories will forget;
 No, no, that city is not lost
 Which one heroic soul can boast.
 So glorious none thy annals show
 As he whom God's own voice bade
 go 40
 And raise an empire, where the
 best
 And bravest of mankind may
 rest.
 Enna for them shall bloom again
 And peace hail Garibaldi's reign.

MILO AND PIO NONO

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

MILO of Croton with a stroke
 Of his clencht fist could fell an
 ox;
 But when he tried to split an oak,
 He found himself "in the wrong
 box."
 He thrust both hands into the slit.
 It closed on them; he stamp'd
 and swore.
 Would it not open? Not a bit;
 It only held him fast the more.
 Pio could bring down kings and
 princes
 By dozens, but there comes at
 last 10

An ugly customer who winces
 And kicks amain, and holds him
 fast.
 O, Mother Church! what hast thou
 done?
 I hardly think thy fornications
 Deserve the curse of such a son;
 A plague to thee, a scourge to
 nations.
 Ah! but thou taughtest him to lie
 When first he sat upon thy
 knee;
 Now thy weak frown he dares
 deny, 19
 And spits upon thy rotten see.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

MARCHESE DI AZEGLIO

[Published in *Letters*, &c., 1897.]

AZEGLIO is departed: what is left
To Italy, of such a son bereft?
Hope, valour, virtue, all the Arts—they rest,
Tho' sadly sighing, on a mother's breast.

[Massimo Taparelli, Marchese di Azeglio, painter, author, patriot, and statesman, became Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia. Landor dedicated to him "Last Fruit". W.]

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

[Published in 1897.]

Look up, thou consort of a king whose realm
Is wider than our earth, and peopled more,
A king, a god; look up, Persephone!
Behold again the land where thou wast born,
The field where first thy mother from her knee
Let down, with both her hands, thy dimpled feet,
Cautiously, slowly, where the moss was soft
And crowds of violets bow'd their heads around.
From thy calm region cast thine eyes again
On Enna, where sang once thy virgin choir,
And gather'd flowers for thy untroubled brow;
Here never wilt thou shudder at a car
Of ebony and iron, nor bite his arm
Who lifted thee above the sable steeds,
Snorting and rearing, and then rushing down,
Nor hearing the shrill shrieks of those behind.
Happy art thou, and happy all thou seest
Around thee, far as stretch the Elysian plains,
Where weapons bright as in the blaze of war
Are interchanged by chiefs who strove at Troy,
And music warbles round the concave orb
Of golden cup, well-drain'd, of roseate wine.

10

20

But, O Persephone! what wasting herd
O'erruns the meadow of thy joyous youth!
What monsters lurk amid those chesnut groves,
And ilexes, and trample down the bank
Of rivers where thou freshenedst thy limbs
Glowing with brightness thro' the boughs above!
Dwarf Cyclopes, more hateful than the huge,
Crunch daily in their cavern brave men's bones,

30

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

And howl against the pilot who directs
The sad survivors thro' the swelling sea.

The largest hearts are overladen most,
They swell to bursting; wrath dries up the tear
Of grief; strong men sink at the feet of weak!
Dastards, where once rose heroes, and where rang
The hymn of triumph sung by bards as bold,
Depopulated thy cities and thy fields,
Follow'd by slaves in arms.

Persephone!

Thou art persuasive; none but thou alone 40
Can bend the monarch; raise thy cheek against
His rigid beard and kiss his awful brow;
Promise him, swear to him by Styx itself,
That thou wilt give him twice the worth of what
He once made drop from thee he well knows where;
Remind him how his true and constant love,
While other gods swerv'd wide from constancy,
Hath made him dearer than thy earlier friends,
And charm'd away even thy fond mother's grief;
Tell him that he, true king, must hate the false; 50
Tell him to let them pass the Styx unhurt,
And walk, unstay'd, unterrified, until
Phlegethon drown their cries in liquid fire.

POLAND AND THE CZAR*

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

Who would not throw up life to be exempt
From Europe's execration and contempt,
From all the written and unwritten scorn
Of thousands round, and thousands yet unborn,
That withers with a tongue of quenchless shame
Wilhelm and Nicholas and one more name?

* "I am confident you would not willingly omit the verses I wrote last night, after reading the atrocious threat of the Czar, ordering the death-stroke to be given to Poland within ten days."—Landor to A. de Noé Walker in 1863.

THE RISING IN POLAND

[Published in 1897.]

MARCH, tyrant, o'er Sarmatia's blooded plain.
One hand may do what armies dare in vain.
Few of thy race have died a natural death,
Or drawn without fierce pangs their latest breath.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

What have I spoken? inconsiderate word!
Natural their death is, by the drug or sword,
Who burn the cottage and the babe within,
No doubt to purge him of original sin.
Some call it cruel, others think it odd
In those who govern by the Grace of God: 10
Others impatiently rush forth with arms
Across the wastes which lately were their farms;
Sickle and scythe are all that now remain,
But these shall reap their harvest—not of grain.

A WARNING TO KINGS

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

My mule! own brother of those eight	And whitest of the white, shouldst die 10
Which carried Ferdinand in state;	Under the plate some robber steals
Alas! how many a dublado	Stabb'd by another at his heels.
I paid for thee to Infantado.	Thou never stumbledst; but my humble
None but his Excellence and Grace	Prayer is that thou some day wilt stumble,
Possesses thy unequal'd race.	And break the neck of him whose reign
I grieve not that my gold is gone,	
My noble Mule! I grieve alone	
That thou, the highest of the high	Is now extending over Spain.

[A reminiscence of Landor's campaigning days in Spain. W.]

SPAIN

[Published in 1897.]

LATELY 'twas shown that usurpa- tion	Sadly we fear the holy oil In these hot days will waste and spoil;
Will suit no more the Spanish nation.	Let those who vend it get fresh grease
The luckless king of Mountain Mill	To smear him, chanting " <i>Rest in Peace.</i> "
In his campaign succeeded ill.	

3 Mountain Mill [The Count of Montemolin renounced his claim to the Spanish throne in April 1860. W.]

GREECE

[Published in 1897.]

A VOICE descending from the Parthenon
Cried "Rise up, sons of Hellas!" It was borne
Beyond the land of Pelops, and beyond

GREECE

The Ægean and Ionian sea, across
The Adriatic, to that wounded man
Who gave a kingdom and who lost a home.
They whom he saved dared strike him. Death dared not;
Standing above his head with lifted dart.
The voice assuaged his anguish; on his lips
Ye might have fancied hung these warning words: 10
"My friends, my future comrades! stand compact,
And drive the intruder from your sacred soil.
Be vigilant; look westward; he who feign'd
Deliverance is enslaver; he attunes
His fiddle to the steps of dancing slaves,
And stamps on toes that keep not to his time.
The Briton has been free two hundred years,
Longer the Hollander, Helvetia's son
Preceded him, and won the upland race;
Be Hellas fourth, no sluggard in the field. 20
Their glory none of those had merited
Had they forbidden God to hear the prayers
Of his weak children in their mother tongue.
The human body rises not at once,
But member after member; its extremes
Are first to stir, and they support the rest.
Give freedom if thou wouldst thyself be free,
Resurgent Hellas! force not on the neck
Of others that spiked yoke thou hast thrown off;
Leave his one God to the quell'd Osmanli, 30
Nor tread the papal slipper down at heel,
Nor drive the quiet Martin from thy gate.
Take and hold stedfastly one more advice.
Remain within thy ancient boundary.
Worst of all curses is the thirst of rule
O'er wide dominion: where is Babylon?
Where Carthage? Earth's proud giant brood, they lie
Along the dust; the dust alone remains
Imperishable and by age unchanged.
Marble and bronze may crowd the peopled street, 40
Men will ask who were those? I place my palm
On a small volume which contains his words
Who rous'd and shook and would have saved thy land,
Demosthenes, the patriot who disdain'd
To live if life must be a despot's gift.
Cherish his memory, teach thy sons his lore."

HISTORY AND POLITICS

SEARCH AFTER HONOUR

[First printed as a whole in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895. Ll. 78-89, sent to Lady Blessington on April 25, 1835, for insertion in this poem, were first published in *Mad-dan's Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

"WHERE now is Honour fled?" the Earth exclaims,
"And who last saw him?"

Many cry at once,
"Along the Vistula we traced his steps,
Each track with blood filled up, and thro' morass
And forest, and along the pine-paved road,
And cindery cities and stray villages
And tents of shaggy rushes, where the yell
Of Famine, following Pestilence, unearths
The wolf, and drives him also from his home,
With one prickt ear and one suspended shank,
Stops he, turns back, and with his fellow brute
Whipt into courage, frightened into fight,
The tamer Russ howls to partake the prey."

10

"But where is Honour fled?" again men ask,
Knowing him tired and wounded.

"He was seen",
The generous German unabased replies,
"And many long long years was his abode
At Olmutz, in the dungeon keep of him
Who pusht his daughter on a thief to screen
His crouching back, lest one stroke more should fall,
And Prussia's lord unbound him; but he shrank
From the cold heart, frowned on its hollowness,
And left a bitter enemy behind.

20

We hear his voice, we need it, we rise up
By day, by night, from exercise, from rest,
From modern love, from ancient, from the friends
Unseen for years, to be for years unseen,
And in our linden walks await him still."

A louder voice from duskier visage cries,
"Again in mien terrific he stood up
In Zaragosa, and upon the sands
Of Cadiz too, but disappeared before
The soldiers of the faith, before a cross
Where a god's blood is all washed off by Mars."

30

"Has he gone back then to his ancient halls,
Gothic or Saracenic; or delights
To plow the Sabine farm or prune the vines

SEARCH AFTER HONOUR

Of Argive Tibur, and indulge in dreams
Hovering for ever o'er that dewy dell?"
No; I too have been there and found him not. 40
Ausonian hills and dales short time delayed
His northward steps. He past the crowing Celt
Who snatcht his name and stuck it on his crest
With slaver, under cistus-flowers, the first
Of flowers to fall in sunshine or in shade.
"All this we know," said they; "but bend aside
Appenine shades, thrird Anio's labyrinth,
Follow the Nar, that whitens with his speed
Sulphureous and o'erleaps the precipice,
And runs again more rapid thus opposed. 50
Look round the Alban lake, round Tusculum
Behind the shrines of Latian Jove, behind
Soractè; stands no sign of him? no trace?"
"Must I repeat my coward's ill-success?
He never loved to breathe the southern gale.
And tho' his temple stood upon one hill
Among the seven that o'ertopt the world,
He had no image and few worshippers.
Farther and farther back the soberer guides
Would lead us: this lays sorrowingly his hand 60
On Phocion's bust, this shows the name that shines
Eternal on the damnatory shell.*
Here Solon and Lycurgus sit between
Two forms not higher than their own; the one
Bears Jove's own egis, while the other looks
Heavenward, nor wants an egis nor a Jove.
'Tis he; 'tis Honour. Mortals worship here!"
I knew not that I spake; they started back
(As started back the woodman who sought Death)
At such impiety. It then behoved 70
To soothe them, and in lower tone I said,
"Friends, friends, the earth is old, and her best sons
Are gone before her; spare the puny brood
That suck her wrinkled paps at this late hour,
And cannot rest, and will not let us love
Him who the braver loved and sought and found."
At this they shook their heads and went their ways.
The swimmers in the stream of politicks,
That keep each other down, where none float high

* Aristides [L.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

But who are rotten, shouted in my ear, 80
 "Come hither, here is Honour; on this side;
 He hates the other."

I past on, nor lookt,
 Knowing the voices well; they troubled me
 Vociferating. I searcht for willow wand
 To scourge and silence the importunates,
 And turn'd me round. Lo, they were all upon
 The further bank, and, basking in the sun,
 Mock'd at me, and defied me to cross o'er,
 And broke their cakes and gave their curs the crumbs.

Weary with wanderings and with questionings, 90
 And more with answers that perplext the road,
 How sweet was my release! I stretched my limbs
 Whereon the mind its sevenfold weight had laid,
 And fell asleep and dreamed: he then appeared.
 He, Honour, for he told me his own name,
 He stood before me, Honour's very self,
 As often do the dying and the dead,
 In form and stature like a Faery's dwarf;
 In action like a beggar boy, who runs
 Chattering and tumbling to entice your pence. 100
 Then tumbled he, then chattered he; but where?
 Where was his station while he played his pranks
 And entertained me with his pert harangue?
 On the curl'd lip and lard belaid moustache
 Of the free Frenchman thirty times forsworn.

THE FOUR WILLIES

[Published in *The Modern Language Review*, July 1912.]

NEVER was braver prince than he Whom Normandy's prime chiv- alry Follow'd across the narrow sea. Nor aught less brave his bright- hair'd son Whom Tyrrel's arrow pierced upon The forest glade; nor less, that plague Of poor old Louis from the Hague,	Who in french perrukes and french blood Nine inches (half his stature) stood. But braver than them all, our fourth 10 That bears the name: he from the North Brought Howick: what can that man fear Who fears not ruin when appear
---	---

[A manuscript copy of this poem was found by Monsieur J. M. Carré in a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, May 1835, preserved in Dr. Williams's Library, London.—W.]

THE FOUR WILLIES

Such swaggerers, arm'd with staves
and stones

And links and brands for crazy
thrones.

Steddy, boys, steddy! once he
roar'd

And knuckled hard the festive
board;

Now he is safely on dry land

Can he no longer sit or stand?

Must children in another age 20

When catechized on History's
page,

Be sugar-plum'd who rightly lisp,

"Dame! he was surnamed *Will o'
th' Whisp.*"

EPISCOPAL EXHORTATION AND FINAL PRAYER

[Printed in Messrs. Maggs's Catalogue, December 1913.]

WHOSOEVER horse and cab hath,
Let him duly keep the sabbath!

Going to your church or chapel,
Peers! take heed, or it may hap ill,

That you alway block the door
With a comely coach and four.

Always let the vile free-thinkers
Find your horses in their blinkers,

Else the rogues would swear, no
doubt,

That they idly stare about, 10

And, while you are gone to pray,

They enjoy the sabbath-day.

PRAYER.

"Be, O element of air!

On that day the worse for wear,

Coming from a thousand mouths,

Each one hotter than the South's.

Come, O element of water!

Just at one o'clock, no later.

He who sigh'd all week for sun,

Sick or healthy, shall see none; 20

And the children of the sinner

Have their roast soakt thro' for
dinner.

O thou element of fire!

Coax not any warm desire:

Think how high and pure thou art,

And crack through the cherry tart;

So that every urchin groan,

'Mammy! Dad! The juice is gone!

Look! here's only skin and
stone!'"

PRISONERS OF WAR

[Published in *The Times Literary Supplement*, June 7, 1923, from a manuscript.]

SOME angel aided in thy flight,

Brave Sidney! not more brave than Wright:

And yet how different was his doom

From thine! how distant lies his tomb!

The tyrant grins and curses fate

To feel that now he can but hate.

[Captains William Sidney Smith (afterwards Admiral Sir Sidney Smith) and John Wesley Wright, taken prisoners by the French in 1796, were held in captivity till 1798, when they escaped. Wright was again taken prisoner in 1804 and died in captivity October 27, 1805. It was long believed in England that he was put to death, but the French authorities asserted that he died by his own hand. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[KEATS]

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

FAIR and free of soul poesy, O Keats!
 O how my temples throb, my heart-blood beats,
 At every image, every word of thine!
 Thy bosom, pierced by Envy, drops to rest;
 Nor hearest thou the friendlier voice, nor seest
 The sun of fancy climb along thy line.
 But under it, altho a viperous brood
 That stung an Orpheus (in a clime more rude
 Than Rhodope and Hemus frown upon)
 Still writhes and hisses, and peers out for more 10
 Whose buoyant blood they leave concreted gore,
 Thy flowers root deep, and split the creviced stone.
 Ill may I speculate on scenes to come,
 Yet I would dream to meet thee at our home
 With Spenser's quiet, Chaucer's livelier ghost,
 Cognate to thine . . not higher, and less fair . .
 And Madalene and Isabella there
 Shall say, *without thee half our loves were lost.*

Keats] *Title not in either ed.* [This and the lines on Burns, see next piece, were inserted in the *Imaginary Conversation*, "Landor, English Visitor and Florentine Visitor", and with prose context were omitted in 1876 ed. W.]

7 altho] although 1846.

9 Hemus] Hæmus 1846.

[BURNS]

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

HAD we two met, blythe-hearted Burns,
 Tho water is my daily drink,
 May God forgive me but I think
 We should have roared out toasts by turns.
 Inquisitive low-whispering cares
 Had found no room in either pate,*
 Until I asked thee, rather late,
 Is there a hand-rail to the stairs?

* *Pate*, as T. Warton sagely informs us, was not a ludicrous or illiberal word formerly. It occurs in our translation of the *Psalms*. "His wickedness shall fall on his own pate." *Ps. 7.* [*L. Om. 1846.*]

Burns] *Title not in either ed.*
 8 stairs?] stairs! 1846.

1 blythe-] blithe 1846.

5 low-] low 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

EPITHALAMIUM

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831.]

WEEP Venus, and ye
Adorable Three
Who Venus for ever environ!
Pounds shillings and pence
And shrewd sober sense
Have clapt the strait waistcoat on * * *

Off, Mainot and Turk,
With pistol and dirk,
Nor palace nor pinnace set fire on:
The cord's fatal jerk
Has done its last work,
And the noose is now slipt upon * * *.

10

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

[Written 1833; corrections sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, Dec. 23, 1833. Published in *The Athenæum*, January 4, 1834; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, *Works*, 1846, 1876.]

I

INDWELLER of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged, erewhile, by white-hair'd Dane;
Proud architect of many a wondrous tale,
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

II

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,
And see, methinks, the lake below
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair
And radiant than the purest waters are,
Even when gurgling, in their joy, among
The bright and blessed throng,
Whom—on her arm recline',
The beauteous Proserpine
With tenderest, regretful gaze,
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

10

To Robert Southey] Title. An Ode. 1833 1837. To SOUTHEY 1833 1846. 2 white-]
red-*MS. emendation* 1837. 3 Proud] Rare 1837, 1846. 4 Which, till] That
til correction. 11 recline'] recline 1837, recline,* 1846 with footnote

So Milton: *Par. Lost*, B. iv, v. 333.

"sideling [? side-long] as they sat, recline
On the soft downy bank, damaskt with flowers."

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

III

Alas! that snows are shed
 Upon thy laurell'd head,
 Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!
 Malignity lets none
 Reach safe the Delphic throne;
 A hundred kennel curs bark down Fame's hundred tongues. 20

IV

But this is in the night; when men are slow
 To raise their eyes; when high and low,
 The scarlet and the colourless are one:
 Soon Sleep unbars his noiseless prison,
 And active minds again are risen;
 Where are the curs?—dream-bound and whimpering in the sun.

V

At fife's, or lyre's, or tabor's sound,
 The dance of youth, Oh! Southey runs not round,—
 But ceases at the bottom of—the room,
 Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom; 30
 Where the weary sit them down,
 And beauty too unbraids and waits a lovelier crown.

VI

We hurry to the river we must cross,
 And swifter downward every footstep wends;
 Happy, who reach it 'ere they count the loss
 Of half their faculties and half their friends!
 When we have come to it, the stream
 Is not so dreary as They dream
 Who look on it from haunts too dear;
 The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air! 40

VII

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
 To poet, sage, or hero given;
 No breast more tender; none more just
 To that He largely placed in trust:

16 laurell'd] laurel'd 1846. 19 Reach safe] Approach 1837, 1846. 20 kennel]
 carrion *M.S. emendation* 1837, lane-fed 1846. 28 Oh! Southey] O Southey, 1837,
 1846. 32 beauty] Beauty 1846. 37 have] are 1837, 1846. 38 They dream]
 they dream 1837, they deem 1846.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

Therefore shalt Thou, whate'er the date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the Eternal throne,
And hear, in God's own voice, "Well done."

VIII

Not—were that submarine
Gem-lighted city mine,
In which my name, engraven by Thy hand
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand;
Not—were all Syracuse
Poured forth before my Muse,
With Hiero's cars, and steeds, and Pindar's lyre,
Brightening the path with more than Solar fire;
Could I—as would beseem—requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from Thy most lofty lays.

50

Florence, Dec. 1833.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

45 Thou, whate'er the] thou, whatever 1837, 1846. 51 In which] Wherein 1837,
1846. Thy] thy 1837, 1846. 52 Above... gleam] High o'er... dawn correction.
54 Muse] muse 1837, 1846. 56 Solar] solar 1837, 1846. 58 Thy] thy 1837,
1846. Date and signature at end om. after 1834.

TO WORDSWORTH

[Sent to Lady Blessington, Dec. 23, 1833. Published in *The Athenæum*, February 1, 1834; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; *Works* 1846, 1876; *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

THOSE who have laid the harp aside And turn'd to idler things, From very restlessness have tried The loose and dusty strings; And, catching back some favourite strain, Run with it o'er the chords again.	Pleases me better than the toil, Of smoothing under hardened hand, With attic emery and oil, The shining point for Wisdom's wand; Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills Descending from thy native hills.
But Memory is not a Muse, O Wordsworth!—though 'tis said They all descend from her, and use To haunt her fountain-head: 10 That other men should work for me In the rich mines of Poesie,	Without his governance, in vain Manhood is strong, and youth is bold. 20 If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold,

Title To Wordsworth] Ode 1837. 5 favourite] favorite 1846. 20 youth] Youth 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Beneath his pinions deep and
frore,
And swells, and melts, and flows
no more,

That is because the heat beneath,
Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch
of Death,

Nor Muse nor Grace can raise
the dead;
Unturn'd then let the mass re-
main,
Intractable to sun or rain. 30

A marsh, where only flat leaves
lie,
And showing but the broken
sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the
day;

Where youthful Fancy pouts
alone,
And lets not Wisdom touch her
zone.

He who would build his fame up \
high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say—I'll do what I have
plann'd,

Before he try if loam or sand 40
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polish'd pillar's
base.

With skilful eye and fit device,
Thou raisest every edifice:

Whether in sheltered vale it stand
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid those cypresses that mourn
Laodamia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the
space
Bounded for mortals' earthly race;
We both have crossed life's fervid
line, 51

And other stars before us shine.
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for
us!

Our course by Milton's light was
sped,

And Shakspeare shining overhead:
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever crost our mystic sea,
More richly stored with thought
than he; 60

Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He struggles with and conquers
Time.

To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I've left much prouder company.
Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led;
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one—and that too shall be
theirs,

But after many rolling years, 70
When 'mid their light, thy light
appears.

W. S. LANDOR.

24 flows] glows 1895. 42 polish'd] polisht 1846. 47 those] the 1837.
1846. mourn] morn 1837 mispr. 48 Laodamia] Laodameia 1837, 1846, 1895.
50 Bounded] Listed 1837, 1846; Banded 1895. mortals'] mortal's 1837, 1846.
51 crossed] crost 1837, 1846. 62 struggles] wrestles 1837, 1846. 69 None
1837] Few MS. emendation 1837. 64 I've] I 1837, 1846. 68 highly blessed]
the immortal MS. emendation 1837. Signature om. after 1834.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[WILLIAM GIFFORD]

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

CLAP, clap the double nightcap on!

Gifford will read you his amours . .

Lazy as Scheld and cold as Don . .

Kneel, and thank Heaven they are not yours.

Title not in any edition.

TO THE SISTER OF CHARLES LAMB

[MS. in a letter to H. Crabb Robinson, 1835, in Dr. Williams's Library. Published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, June 13, 1835; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; *Works*, 1846, 1876. Shorter version in Forster's *Landor: A Biography*, 1869.]

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner,	He may have left the lowly walks
yet awhile!	of men.
Again shall Elia's smile	Left them he has. What then?
Refresh thy heart, when heart can	Are not his footsteps followed by
ache no more.	the eyes
What is it we deplore?	Of all the good and wise?
He leaves behind him, freed from	Tho' the warm day is over, yet
griefs and years,	they seek
Far worthier things than tears:	Upon the lofty peak
The love of friends without a single	Of his pure mind the roseate light
foe,	that glows
Unequall'd lot below!	O'er Death's perennial snows.
His gentle soul, his genius, these	Behold him! From the spirits of
are thine;	the Blest
Shalt thou for those repine? 10	He speaks, he bids thee rest. 20

W. S. LANDOR.

Title. To the Sister of Charles Lamb] Verses addressed to . . . 1837; To the sister of Elia 1846. No title in 1869. 3 when] where 1837-1869. ll. 9-12 not in 1869. 10 Shalt . . . those] For these dost thou 1837, 1846. 18 Death's] death's 1837, 1846. 19 spirits] region 1846, 1869. Blest] blest 1846. 20 speaks, he] speaks! He 1837; speaks: he 1846.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, Apr. 25, 1835. In a letter to Southey, early in 1835, printed in Forster's *Landor: A Biography*, 1869. Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published with variants 1846. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895. Text 1837.]

ONCE, and once only, have I seen thy face,
 Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
 Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left
 Impression on it stronger or more sweet.

Title om. 1846. 3 heart] breast 1846, 1869. 4 or] and 1895.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
 What wisdom in thy levity, what soul
 In every utterance of that purest breast!
 Of all that ever wore man's form, tis thee
 I first would spring to at the gate of Heaven.

6 soul] truth 1846, 1869. 7 that] thy 1895. breast] soul 1846, 1869. 8 Of
 ... thee] Few are the spirits of the glorified 1846, 1869. thee] there 1895 (mispr.).
 9 I ... to] I'd spring to earlier 1846, 1869.

TO POETS

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1838. See note at end of the volume.]

PATIENCE! coy songsters of the Delphic wood,
 The brightest sun tempts forth the viper brood;
 And, of all insects buds and blooms enclose,
 The one that stinks the most infests the rose.

W. S. L.

ON THE PERPETUAL EMPLOYMENT OF THE WORDS "PALMY STATE"

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1838; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

I've never seen a book of late	Its highth and girth before them
But there is in it <i>palmy state</i> .	dwindle
To realm or city you apply	Into the measure of a spindle.
The palm, and think it rais'd	But often you would make it bend
thereby.	To some young poet, if your friend.
Yet always does the palmy crown	Look at it first, or you may fit
On every side hang loosely down,	Your poet-friend too well with it.
And its lank shade falls chiefly	The head of palm-tree is <i>so-so</i> ,
on	And bare or ragged all below.
Robber or reptile, sand or stone.	If it suits anything, I wist
Compare it with the Titan groves	It suits the archæologist. 20
Where, east or west, the savage	To him apply the "palmy state"
roves,	Whose fruit is nothing but a <i>date</i> .

Title om. 1846.

ON SHAKSPEARE

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1838; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

In poetry there is but one Supreme,
 Though there are many angels round his throne,
 Mighty, and beauteous . . . while his face is hid.

W. S. L.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO BARRY CORNWALL

ON READING HIS *ENGLISH SONGS*

[Sent to Lady Blessington, July 11, 1836. Published in *The Examiner*, December 29, 1839; reprinted 1846, 1876. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

BARRY! your spirit long ago
Has haunted me: at last I know
The heart it springs from: one
more sound

Ne'er rested on poetic ground.
But, Barry Cornwall, by what
right

Wring you my heart and dim my
sight,
And make me wish, at every
touch,
My poor old hand could do as
much?

No other in these later times
Has bound me in so potent
rhymes. 10

I have observed the curious dress
And jewelry of brave Queen Bess,
But always found some o'er-
charged thing—

Some flaw in even the richest ring;
Admiring in her men-of-war
A rich but too argute guitar.

Our foremost now are more prolix,
And scrape with three-ell fiddle-
sticks,

And, whether bound for griefs or
smiles,

Are slow to turn as crocodiles. 20
Once, every court and country
bevy

Chose the gallants of loins less
heavy,

And would have laid upon the
shelf

Him who could talk but of him-
self.

Reason is stout, but even reason
May walk too long in Rhyme's hot
season:

I have heard many folks aver
They have caught horrid colds
with her.

Imagination's paper kite, 29
Unless the string is held in tight,
Whatever fits and starts it takes,
Soon bounces on the ground and
breaks.

You, placed afar from each ex-
treme,

Nor dully drowse, nor idly dream,
But, ever flowing with good
humour,

Are bright as spring and warm as
summer.

'Mid your Penates not a word
Of scorn or ill-report is heard,
Nor is there any heed to pull

A sheaf or truss from cart too
full, 40

Lest it o'erload the horse, no
doubt,

Or clog the road by falling out.
We, who surround a common

table,
And imitate the fashionable,

Sub-title om. 1846. 3 springs] sprung 1846. 6 heart] breast 1846, 1895.
10 Haas] Hath 1895. 14 richest] brightest 1846, 1895. 15 men-of-war] men
of war 1846, 1895. 16 argute] argute 1895. 18 three-ell] three-fell [misprint]
1846, 1876. 22 gallants] gallant 1846. 25 reason] Reason 1846. 34 idly]
wildly 1846, 1895. 39 heed] need 1846, 1895. 41 o'erload] overload 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Wear each two eye-glasses: this lens	That all may have their whole desert,	50
Shows us our faults, that other men's:	We would melt down the stars and sun	
We do not care how dim may be This by whose aid our own we see;	In our hearts' furnace to make one Thro' which the enlightened world might spy	
But, ever anxiously alert	A mote upon a brother's eye!	

W. S. LANDOR.

45 this] *this* 1846, 1895.
Signature om. after 1839.

46 that] *that* 1846, 1895.

48 This] *This* 1846.

ON READE'S CAIN

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, July 1842; reprinted 1858.]

THE reign of justice is return'd again:
Cain murder'd Abel, and Reade murders Cain.

Title only in 1858. [The couplet with its allusion to *Cain*, by John Edmund Reade, was printed in a review by Landor of Reade's *Record of the Pyramids*.—W.] 1 reign] rule 1858. is] hath 1858.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 21, 1844; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

Go then to Italy; but mind	A shout . . . <i>Here comes the Minister!</i>	
To leave the pale low France	Yes, thou art he, although not sent	
behind;	By cabinet or parliament:	
Pass through that country, nor	Yes, thou art he. Since Milton's	
ascend	youth	
The Rhine, nor over Tyrol wend:	Bloom'd in the Eden of the South,	
Thus all at once shall rise more	Spirit so pure and lofty none	
grand	Hath heavenly Genius from his	
The glories of the ancient land.	throne	
Dickens! how often, when the	Deputed on the banks of Thames	
air	To speak his voice and urge his	
Breath'd genially, I've thought	claims.	20
me there,	Let every nation know from thee	
And rais'd to heaven my thankful	How less than lovely Italy	
eyes	Is the whole world beside; let all	
To see three spans of deep blue	Into their grateful breasts recall	
skies.	How Prospero and Miranda dwell	10
In Genoa now I hear a stir,	In Italy: the griefs that melt	

TO CHARLES DICKENS

<p>The stoniest heart, each sacred tear One lacrymatory gathered here; All Desdemona's, all that fell In playful Juliet's bridal cell. 30 Ah! could my steps in life's decline Accompany or follow thine! But my own vines are not for me To prune, or from afar to see. I miss the tales I used to tell With cordial Hare and joyous Gell, And that good old Archbishop whose Cool library, at evening's close (Soon as from Ischia swept the gale And heav'd and left the darkening sail), 40 Its lofty portal opened wide To me, and very few beside: Yet large his kindness. Still the poor</p>	<p>Flock round Taranto's palace- door, And find no other to replace The noblest of a noble race. Amid our converse you would see Each with white cat upon his knee, And flattering that grand com- pany: For Persian kings might proudly own 50 Such glorious cats to share the throne. Write me few letters: I'm con- tent With what for all the world is meant; Write then for all: but, since my breast Is far more faithful than the rest, Never shall any other share With little Nelly nestling there.</p>
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W. S. LANDOR.

36 [Francis George Hare, *ob.* 1842. Sir William Gell, *ob.* 1836.—W.] 37 [Giuseppe Capéce-Latro, Archbishop of Tarentum, *ob.* 1836.—W.] 40 darkening] dark'ning 1846.

TO ROBERT BROWNING

[Published in *The Morning Chronicle*, November 22, 1845; reprinted for Browning's father on a leaflet 1845, and in *Works* 1846, 1876. Text *Morning Chronicle*, 1845.]

THERE is delight in singing, though none hear
 Beside the singer; and there is delight
 In praising, though the praiser sit alone
 And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
 Shakspeare is not *our* poet, but the world's,
 Therefore on him no speech; and short for thee,
 Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
 No man hath walk'd along our roads with step
 So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
 So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
 Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze

10

6 short] brief 1846.

8 walk'd] walkt 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

Nov. 19, 1845.

W. S. LANDOR.

12 heights] highths 1846.

Signature and date om. after 1845.

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

WILL mortals never know each other's station
Without the herald? O abomination!
Milton, even Milton, rankt with living men!
Over the highest Alps of mind he marches,
And far below him spring the baseless arches
Of Iris, coloring dimly lake and fen.

TO A LADY

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

SWEET are the siren songs on eastern shores,
To songs as sweet are pull'd our English oars;
And farther upon ocean venture forth
The lofty sails that leave the wizard north.
Altho' by fits so dense a cloud of smoke
Puffs from his sappy and ill-season'd oak,
Yet, as the *Spirit of the Dream* draws near,
Remembered loves make Byron's self sincere.
The puny heart within him swells to view,
The man grows loftier and the poet too.
When War sweeps nations down with iron wings,
Alcæus never sang as Campbell sings;
And, caught by playful wit and graceful lore,
The Muse invoked by Horace bends to Moore.
Theirs, not *my* verses, come I to repeat,
So draw the footstool nearer to your feet.

10

[POET MATHO]

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

DEEP forests hide the stoutest oaks;
Hazels make sticks for market-folks;
He who comes soon to his estate
Dies poor; the rich heir is the late.
Sere ivy shaded Shakspeare's brow;
But Matho is a poet now.

Title not in either ed.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO SOUTHEY

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THERE are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulph the poet; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey! mount
Up to these teachers; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
Yet mortals see his stedfast stately course
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
He knows the swineherd; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous's cypresses;
He covers with his aged black-vein'd hand
The plummy crest that frighten'd and made cling
To its fond-mother the ill-fated child;
He walks along Olympus with the Gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simōis glides into the sea.
They who step high and swing their arms, soon tire.
The glorious Theban then?

10

The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paus'd, deserves more praise
Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak,
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up
And with the dust and straws are swept away;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light-bodied Fancy, Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs
Where none but insects find their nutriment;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.

20

30

Great is that poet, great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggle hard with Poverty.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

40

SENT WITH POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

LITTLE volume, warm with wishes, Change she wants not, self-con-
Fear not brows that never frown! center'd,
After Byron's peppery dishes She whom Attic graces please,
Matho's mild skim-milk goes She whose Genius never enter'd
down. Literature's gin-palaces.

TO AN AGED POET

[Written in 1836 when included in *Satire on Satirists*; published as a separate poem in 1846. Text 1846.]

WHY, O true poet of the country! why
With goatskin glove an ancient friend defy?
Think timely (for our coming years are few)
Their worst diseases mortals may subdue;
Which, if they grow around the loftier mind,
Death, when ourselves are smitten, leaves behind.
Our frowardness, our malice, our distrust,
Cling to our name and sink not with our dust.
Like peer's and pauper's are our flesh and blood,
Perish like them we can not, if we would.
Is not our sofa softer when one end
Sinks to the welcome pressure of a friend?
If he hath rais'd us from our low estate,
Are we not happier when they call him great?
Some who sat round us while the grass was green
Fear the chill air and quit the duller scene:
Some, unreturning, through our doors have past,
And haply we may live to see the last.

10

[ll. 1-2, 3-18=ll. 311-13, 340-55 of *Satire on Satirists*, 1836, for which see vol. iii, p. 379] 1 Why] But 1836. 6 smitten] gathered 1836. 9 peer's . . . are] prince and pauper in 1836. 10 can not . . . would] cannot . . . wou'd 1836. 13 from] in 1836. 15 sat] sate 1836. 17 through] thro' 1836.

POEMS' ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO LEIGH HUNT, ON AN OMISSION IN HIS *FEAST OF THE POETS*

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

LEIGH HUNT! thou stingy man, Leigh Hunt! May Charon swamp thee in his punt, For having, in thy list, forgotten So many poets scarce half rotten, Who did expect of thee at least A few cheese-parings from thy <i>Feast</i> . Hast thou no pity on the men Who suck (as babes their tongues) the pen,	Until it leaves no traces where It lighted, and seems dipt in air. 10 At last be generous, Hunt! and pry thee Refresh (and gratis too) in Lethe Yonder sick Muse, surcharged with poppies And heavier presentation-copies. She <i>must</i> grow livelier, and the river More potent in effect than ever.
---	--

TO MACAULAY

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE dreamy rhymers' measured snore Falls heavy on our ears no more; And by long strides are left behind The dear delights of woman-kind, Who win their battles like their loves, In satin waistcoats and kid gloves, And have achieved the crowning work When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk. Another comes with stouter tread,	And stalks among the statelier dead. 10 He rushes on, and hails by turns High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns, And shows the British youth, who ne'er Will lag behind, what Romans were, When all the Tuscans and their Lars Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.
--	---

TO H.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

SNAPPISH and captious, ever prowling
For something to excite thy growling;
He who can bear thee must be one
Gentle to beasts as Waterton.

[H. was doubtless meant for Henry Hallam, believed by Landor to have written a criticism of *The Pentameron* in *The British and Foreign Review*.—W.] 4 Waterton
[Charles Waterton, ob. 1865, traveller and naturalist.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[G. P. R. JAMES]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

ONWARD, right onward, gallant James, nor heed
The plunging prancers of a grease-heel'd breed.
Onward, our leader thro' the tower-lit scenes
Of genial Froissart and of grave Commynes.
Minisht by death, by sickness, and by pain,
Poitiers sends forth her glorious few again:
Again o'er pennons gay and hawberks bright
The sable armour shines in morning light:
And cries of triumph from the brave and true,
And those who best reward them, swell for you.

10

Title not in either ed.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

PLEASANT it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him? who bid him off?
Invidious or morose! Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much unless 'tis mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed,
While the broad chump leans back against the stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till night.

10

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

UNJUST are they who argue me unjust
To thee, O France! Did ever man delight
More cordially in him who held the hearts
Of beasts to his, and searcht into them all,
And took their wisdom, giving it profuse
To man, who gave them little in return,
And only kept their furs and teeth and claws.
What comic scenes are graceful, saving thine?
Where is philosophy like thy Montaigne's!
Religion, like thy Fenelon's? Sublime
In valour's self-devotion were thy men,
Thy women far sublimer: but foul stains
At last thou bearest on thy plume; thy steps

10

TO FRANCE

Follow false honour, deviating from true.
A broken word bears on it worse disgrace
Than broken sword; erewhile thou knewest this.
Thou hughest thy enslaver: on his tomb
What scrolls! what laurels! Are there any bound
About the braver Corday's? Is one hymn
Chaunted in prayers or praises to the Maid
To whom all maidens upon earth should bend,
Who at the gate of Orleans broke thy chain?

20

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

If hatred of the calm and good,	Ye arbiters of nations, spare
And quenchless thirst of human	The land of Rabelais and Molière,
blood,	But swing those panthers by the
Should rouse a restless race again,	ears
And new Napoleonsscour the plain,	Across the grating of Algiers.

TO MICHELET

ON HIS PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

MICHELET! Time urges me down life's descent,
Yet suffers me to breathe and look abroad
And view one object, grand and luminous,
In the clear south: 'tis thou; apart, alone,
Brave combatant, above all bravery
Of proudest battle-field! No eloquence
In thy own land, altho' that land pour'd forth
From Paschal and from Bossuet such as Rome
And Athens never heard, is warm as thine.
To raise the feeble, to abase the proud,
To strike the mask from frockt Hypocrisy,
Is worthy of thy genius. Deign to hear
One more applauder. If unfit to judge
How far above all others of our day
Thou standest, how much higher every hour
Will come to raise thee, deign to hear a voice
That falters with thy own, while that large heart
Swells o'er a mother's dust. Albeit too poor
Wert thou to bury her, the glorious son
Hath now erected over her a tomb
Such as, with all his wealth, no king to king,
No grateful nation to protector rais'd.

10

20

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO MICHELET

ON HIS *PEOPLE*

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

I PRAIS'D thee, Michelet, whom I saw
At Reason's Feast, by Right and Law.
Must then, when Discord's voice hath ceast,
And when the faggot fails the priest,
All present Frenchmen, like all past,
Cry for a lap of blood at last?

1 prais'd] praise 1876 [*misprint*].

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

ONE leg across his wide arm-chair,
Sat Singleton, and read Voltaire;
And when (as well he might) he hit
Upon a splendid piece of wit,
He cried: "I do declare now, this
Upon the whole is not amiss."
And spent a good half-hour to show
By metaphysics why 'twas so.

2 Singleton [? Thomas Singleton (1783-1842), Archdeacon of Northumberland.—W.]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO ELIZA LYNN

ON HER *AMYMONE*

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 22, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. ccli), 1876.]

HIGH names, immortal names, have women borne;
In every land her amaranthine crown
Virtue hath placed upon the braided brow;
In many, courage hath sprung up and shamed
The stronger man's unbrave audacity;
In many, nay in all, hath Wisdom toucht
The fairer front benignly, and hath kist
Those lids her lessons kept from their repose.
Only for Hellas had the Muses dwelt
In the deep shadow of the gentler breast,
To soothe its passions or repeat its tale.

10

Title Walter Savage Landor *om.* 1853. [Eliza Lynn: afterwards Mrs. Lynn Linton (1828-98). *Amyone* was published in 1848.—W.] 11 passions] passion 1853.

TO ELIZA LYNN

They lived not but in Hellas. *There* arose
 Erinna, *there* Corinna, *there* (to quench
 The torch of poesy, of love, of life,
 In the dim water) Sappho. Far above
 All these, in thought and fancy,* she whose page
 The world's last despot seiz'd and trampled on,
 Casting her forth where Summer's gladdened sun
 Shone o'er the nightless laurel from the Pole.
 Before her advent, England's maidens heard
 The *Simple Story*: other voices since
 Have made their softness sound thro' manly tones
 And overpower them. In our days, so sweet,
 So potent, so diversified, is none,
 As thine, Protectress of Aspasia's fame,
 Thine, golden shield of matchless Pericles,
 Pure heart and lofty soul, Eliza Lynn!

20

* Savary, by order of Bonaparte, seized the whole impression of *Madame de Staël's Germany*, and forced her to take refuge in Sweden. [L.]

21 *Simple Story* [By Mrs. Inchbald, 1791.—W.]

EPISTLE TO ARNDT

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLXI), 1876.]

AGAINST the frauds of France did Europe rise
 And seize the robber who had lost his way,
 Blinded with blood; she threw him upon rocks
 Where none but gulls wail'd over him; she heav'd
 (Well may the Muses blush to speak the word)
 A tallow-tub on her indignant breast,
 And mid her shrieks and writhings the sword's point
 Scrawl'd on the foul bulk-head four letters, K.I.N.G.
 'Twas at thy voice, O Arndt, that Europe rose,
 England's was weak, and Germany's was tuned
 To orchestras, and lower'd to palace ears;
 But thy loud clarion waked all living, waked
 The dead to march among them. Prussia saw
 Her warrior burst his cerements; Blucher strode
 Aside the old man's charger, even-paced,
 Along the path where glory shone austere,
 Shedding a dim but no uncertain light.

10

Title. Epistle om. 1853.
 11 orchestras] theatres 1853.
 covenants; Blucher 1853.

7 mid] , midst 1853.
 palace] ducal 1853.
 16 shone] shines 1853.

8 Scrawl'd] Graved 1853.
 14 cerements; Blucher]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Cry out again, brave Arndt! cry out the words
 Proclaim'd of old, "*Learn justice! * Be forewarn'd!*"
 And tell the princes of thy native land 20
 That, sprung from robbers, they are robbers too;
 Cry out, "*Abstain! or forfeit crown and life!*"
 There is a nation high above the rest
 In virtue and in valour: we have wrong'd,
 We Englishmen have wrong'd her, we her sons;
 We owe her more than riches can repay,
 Or penitence or sympathy atone;
 Let us at least the arms we seiz'd restore,
 And drive the cow'd invader from her coast.
 Arndt! thou art stronger than the strongest arm 30
 That wields in Germany a patriotic sword,
 How much then stronger than whichever wields
 One temper'd not by justice! 'Tis to thee
 Alone, the greatest of God's great, I call,
 I, who alone can now be heard so far;
 For (let me whisper) we have ribbon'd lute
 And rural fiddle, trumpet we have none.
 He who had bled for Wallace, at his side
 Lies with due honours; due, but long deferr'd:
 He too, the great magician, multiform, 40
 Who sang the fate of Marmion, and convoked
 From every country all who shone most high
 In arms or beauty, drain'd the bowl of grief
 And sleeps! Another, his compatriot bard,
 Whose thunder shook the Baltic and the Nile,
 And stay'd the Danaw swoln with ice and blood,
 Lies . . . dead as Nelson . . . nor more dead than he.
 Our richest fruits grew under northern skies;
 We have no grafts; we have but sprigs and leaves.
 Up thou! burst boldly through the palace-gate, 50
 Announce thy errand, bid a king be just;
 So mayest thou, good Arndt, as heretofore,
 When first I claspt that guiding hand at Bonn,
 Return with other laurels, and enjoy
 Thy ripening orchard and domestic peace.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* *Discite iustitiam moniti. VIRGIL. [L. Æneid, vi. 620.]*

29 cow'd] ooward 1853. 31 patriotic] patriot 1853. 37 fiddle,] fiddle; corri-
 genda 1853 fiddle but text 1853. 39 honours] honors 1853. 45 Baltic] Baltick
 1853. 49 sprigs] twigs 1853. Signature om. 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO AUBREY DE VERE

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 7, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. CCXLIII), 1876.]

WELCOME! who last hast climbed the cloven hill,
 Forsaken by its Muses and their God!
 Show us the way; we miss it young and old.
 Roses that cannot clasp their languid leaves,
 Puffy, and colourless, and overblown,
 Encumber all our walks of poetry.
 The satin slipper and the mirror boot
 Delight in pressing them: but who hath trackt
 A Grace's naked foot amid them all?
 Or who hath seen (ah! how few care to see!) 10
 The close-bound tresses and the robe succinct?
 Thou hast; and she hath placed her palm in thine.
 Walk ye together in our fields and groves.
 We have gay birds and graver, we have none
 Of varied note, none to whose harmony
 Late hours will listen, none who sings alone.
 Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
 Aubrey de Vere! Fling far aside all heed
 Of that hyæna race whose growls and smiles
 Alternate, and which neither blows nor food, 20
 Nor stern nor gentle brow, domesticate.
 Await some Cromwell, who alone hath strength
 Of heart to dash down its wild wantonness,
 And fasten its fierce grin with steady gaze.
 Come, reascend with me the steeps of Greece
 With firmer foot than mine. None stop our road,
 And few will follow: we shall breathe apart
 That pure fresh air, and drink the untroubled spring.
 Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight
 May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on; 30
 Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.

September 23, 1848.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

4 cannot] can not 1853. 5 colourless] odorless 1853. 16 Late hours] Time
 long 1853. 19 whose] which 1853. 24 steady] steddly 1853. 25 reascend]
 re-ascend 1853. 26 our] the 1853. Date and signature om. 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 24, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. cccxxxi), 1876.]

THE tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed*
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out,

"All nations spoke thro me."

The other,

*True; and thro this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man.
Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* French ministers, under kings the most bestial, have promoted the extension of their language: English ones, even under the least bestial, never. Pitt said, "*Let letters take care of themselves.*" Fox dabbled in them; but deeper in the dice-box. Canning, a clever epigrammatist, cared as little for his country's honour as for his own, surrendering Spain, black all over with English blood, to the Jesuit, the Inquisitor, and the Bourbon. If ministers have done nothing for the procession of a language which a younger nation will extend over the globe, parliamentarians have done much. Grote is unwilling that Napier should be our only great historian. Another comes close after: and the superficialities of Macintosh dry up under the fervour of Macaulay. W. S. L.

Footnote and signature om. after 1849.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *MARY BARTON*

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 17, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. cclxviii), 1876.]

A FEW have borne me honor in my day,
Whether for thinking as themselves have thought
Or for what else I know not, nor inquire.
Among them some there are whose name will live
Not in the memories but the hearts of men,
Because those hearts they comforted and rais'd,
And, where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn feature and disfigured limb.
Such thou art, pure and mighty! such art thou,
Paraclete of the Bartons! Verse is mute
Or husky in this wintery eve of time,

10

[*Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life*, by Mrs. Gaskell, was published in 1848.—W.] 6 rais'd] cheer'd 1853.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *MARY BARTON*

And they who fain would sing can only cough:
 We praise them even for that. Men now have left
 The narrow field of well-trimm'd poetry
 For fresher air and fuller exercise;
 And they do wisely: I might do the same
 If strength could gird and youth could garland me.
 Imagination flaps her purple wing
 Above the ancient laurels, and beyond.
 There are brave voices that have never sung
 Olympic feats or Isthmian; there are hands
 Strong as were his who rein'd the fiery steeds
 Of proud Achilles on the Phrygian plain;
 There are clear eyes, eyes clear as those that pierced
 Thro Paradise and Hell and all between.
 The human heart holds more within its cell
 Than universal Nature holds without.
 This thou hast taught me, standing up erect
 Where Avon's Genius and where Arno's meet.
 I hear another voice, not thine nor theirs,
 But clear, and issuing from the fount of Truth. . .
None can confer God's blessing but the poor,
None but the heavy-laden reach His throne.

20

30

March 11.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

14 We . . . now] And yet we praise them. Some more strong 1853. 15 trimm'd] trim'd 1853. 16 fuller] wider 1853. For l. 21 1853 substitutes:
 Aye, there are harps that never rang aloft
 22 feats] deeds 1853. 23 as . . . who] even as those that 1853. 24 Phrygian] Dardan 1853. 29 taught] shown 1853. Between ll. 29-30 1853 inserts one line:
 While I sat gazing, deep in reverent awe,
 l. 31 om. 1853. 32 But . . . from . . . Truth . . .] And thou hast taught me at . . . Truth; 1853. 33 *None can*] That none 1853. 33, 34 not in italics in 1853.
 Date and signature om. 1853.

THE HEROINES OF ENGLAND

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 2, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. cclxvi), 1876.]

HEREDITARY honors who confers?
 God; God alone. Not Marlboro's heir enjoys
 A Marlboro's glory. Ye may paste on walls,
 Thro' city after city, rubric bills,
 Large-lettered, but ere long they all peel off,
 And others take their places. 'Tis not thus

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Where genius stands; no monarch here bestows,
No monarch takes away; above his reach
Are these dotations, yea, above his sight.
Despise I then the great? no; witness Heaven! 10
None better knows or venerates them higher,
Or lives among them more familiarly.
Am I a sycophant, and boaster too?
A little of a boaster, I confess,
No sycophant. Now let me teach my lore.

Those are the great, who purify the hearts,
Raise lofty aspirations from the breasts,
And shower down wisdom on the heads of men.
Children can give, exchange, and break their toys,
But giants can not wrench away the gifts 20
The wise, however humble, may impart.

I have seen princes, but among them all
None I would own my equal; I have seen
Laborious men, and patient, Virtue's sons,
Men beyond Want, yet not beyond the call
Of strict Frugality from embered hearth,
And inly cried, "*O, were I one of these!*"
How many verses, verses not inept,
But stamp'd for lawful weight and sterling ore,
Are worth one struggle to exalt our kind! 30

Here let me back my coursers, and turn round.
Hereditary honors! few, indeed,
Are those they fall to. Norton! Dufferin!
Rich was your grandsire in the mines of wit,
Strong in the fields of eloquence, but poor
And feeble was he when compared with you.

O glorious England! never shone the hour
With half so many lights; and most of these
In female hands are holden. Gone is she
Who shrouded *Casa-Bianca*,* she who cast 40
The iron mould of *Ivan*, yet whose song
Was soft and varied as the nightingale's,
And heard above all others. Few are they
Who well weigh gems: instead of them we see
Flat noses, cheek by jowl, not over-nice,
Nuzzle weak wash in one long shallow trough.

* Felicia Hemans. [L.]

THE HEROINES OF ENGLAND

Let me away from them! fresh air for me!
I must to higher ground.

What glorious forms
Advance! No *man* so lofty, so august.
In troops descend bright-belted Amazons . . . 50
But where is Theseus in the field to-day?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1853.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *FESTUS*

ON THE CLASSICK AND ROMANTICK

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 29, 1849; reprinted with additions 1853
(No. CCXXXVIII), 1876.]

PHILIP! I know thee not, thy song I know:
It fell upon my ear among the last
Destined to fall upon it: but while strength
Is left me, I will rise to hail the morn
Of the stout-hearted who begin a work
Wherin I did but idle at odd hours.

The Faeries never tempted me away
From higher fountains and severer shades;
Their rings allured me not from deeper tracks
Left by Olympick wheels on ampler plains, 10
Yet could I see them and can see them now
With pleasurable warmth, and hold in bonds
Of brotherhood men whom their gamesome wreath
In youth's fresh slumber caught, and still detains.
I wear no cestus; my right-hand is free
To point the road few seem inclined to take.
Admonish thou, with me, the starting youth,
Ready to seize all nature at one grasp,
To mingle earth, sea, sky, woods, cataracts,
And make all nations think and speak alike. 20

Some see but sunshine, others see but gloom,
Others confound them strangely, furiously;
Most have an eye for colour, few for form.
Imperfect is the glory to *create*,
Unless on our creation we can look
And see that all is good; we then may rest.

Title "Festus" [By Philip James Bailey: 1839.—W.] 9 tracks] track 1853.
10 wheels . . . plains.] wheel . . . plain; 1853. 14 still] stil 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

In every poem train the leading shoot;
 Break off the suckers. Thought erases thought,
 As numerous sheep erase each other's print
 When spongy moss they press or sterile sand. 30
 Blades thickly sown want nutriment and droop,
 Altho' the seed be sound, and rich the soil.
 Thus healthy-born ideas, bedded close,
 By dreaming fondness, perish overlaid.
 We talk of schools . . . unscholarly; of schools.
 Part the romantick from the classical.
 The classical like the heroick age
 Is past; but Poetry may reassume
 That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
 With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin, 40
 And not with Roman and with Greek alone.

The name is graven on the workmanship.
 The trumpet-blast of *Marmion* never shook
 The walls of God-built Ilion; yet what shout
 Of the Achaïans swells the heart so high?
 Shakespeare with majesty benign call'd up
 The obedient classicks from their marble seats,
 And led them thro dim glens and sheeny glades,
 And over precipices, over seas

32 Altho'] Although 1853.
 1853 inserts seventeen lines:

34 overlaid] overlain 1853.

Between ll. 34-5

A rose or sprig of myrtle in the hair
 Pleases me better than a far-sought gem.
 I chide the flounce that checks the nimble feet,
 Abhor the cruel piercer of the ear,
 And would strike down the chain that cuts in two
 The beauteous column of the marble neck.
 Barbarous and false are all such ornaments,
 Yet such hath poesy in whim put on.
 Classical hath been deem'd each Roman name
 Writ on the roll-call of each pedagogue
 In the same hand, in the same tone pronounced;
 Yet might five scanty pages well contain
 All that the Muses in fresh youth would own
 Between the grave at Tomos, wet with tears
 Rolling amain down Getick beard unshorn,
 And that grand priest whose purple shone afar
 From his own Venice o'er the Adrian sea.

Tomos [On the Black Sea. Ovid died there.—W.] Grand priest [Cardinal Bembo.—W.]
 35 of schools.] if schools 1853. 44 walls . . . -built] God-built walls of 1853.

Between ll. 45-6 1853 inserts two lines:

Nor fainter is the artillery-roar that booms
 From Hohenlinden to the *Baltick* strand.

47 seats] seat 1853.

48 glens . . . glades] glen . . . glade 1853.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *FESTUS*

Unknown by mariners, to palaces 50
 High-archt, to festival, to dance, to joust,
 And gave them golden spurs and vizors barred,
 And steeds that Pheidias had turn'd pale to see.
 The mighty man who opened Paradise,
 Harmonious far above Homerick song,
 Or any song that human ears shall hear,
 Sometimes was classical and sometimes not.
 Rome chain'd him down, the younger Italy
 Dissolved, not fatally, his Sampson strength.
 I leave behind me those who stood around 60
 The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy, but unclean;
 To hurry past the opprobrious courts and lanes
 Of the loose pipers at the Belial feasts,
 Past mimes obscene and grinders of lampoons . .
 Away the petty wheel, the callous hand!
 Goldsmith was classical, and Gray almost.
 Cowper had more variety, more strength,
 Gentlest of bards! stil pitied, stil beloved!
 Romantick, classical, the female hand
 That chain'd the cruel Ivan down for ever, 70
 And followed up, rapt in his fiery car
 The boy of Casabianca to the skies.
 Wordsworth, in sonnet, is a classick too,
 And on that grass-plot sits at Milton's side;
 In the long walk he soon is out of breath
 And wheezes heavier than his friends could wish.
 Follow his pedlar up the devious rill,
 And, if you faint not, you are well repaid.
 Large lumps of precious metal lie engulph't

50 mariners] mariner 1853. 52 spurs . . . vizors] spur . . . vizor 1853. 59 Sampson so in all editions. 63 feasts] feast 1853. 64 mimes . . . grinders . . . lampoons] mime . . . grinder . . . lampoon 1853. Between ll. 66-7 1853 inserts two lines:

So was poor Collins, heart-bound to Romance:
 Shelley and Keats, those southern stars, shone higher.

Between ll. 68-9 1853 inserts three lines with foot-note:

Shrewder in epigram than polity
 Was Canning; Frere more graceful; Smith more grand;*
 A genuine poet was the last alone.

* Bobus Smith [L.]

Between ll. 72-3 1853 inserts five lines:

Other fair forms breathe round us, which exert
 With Paphian softness Amazonian power,
 And sweep in bright array the Attick field.
 To men turn now, who stand or lately stood
 With more than Royalty's gilt bays adorn'd.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

80

In gravelly beds, whence you must delve them out,
 And thirst sometimes and hunger; shudder not
 To wield the pickaxe and to shake the sieve.
 Too weak for ode or epick, and his gait
 Somewhat too rural for the tragick pall,
 Which never was cut out of duffel grey,
 He fell, entangled, "on the grunsel-edge"
 Flat on his face, "and shamed his worshippers."

Classick in every feature was my friend
 The genial Southey: none who ruled around
 Held in such order such a wide domain . . .
 But often too indulgent, too profuse. 90

The ancients see us under them, and grieve
 That we are parted by a rank morass,
 Wishing its flowers more delicate and fewer.
 Abstemious were the Greeks; they never strove
 To look so fierce: their muses were sedate,
 Never obstreperous: you heard no breath
 Outside the flute; each sound ran clear within.
 The Fauns might dance, might clap their hands, might shout,
 Might revel and run riotous; the Nymphs 100
 Furtively glanced, and fear'd, or seem'd to fear:
 Descended on the lightest of light wings,
 The strong tho' graceful Hermes mused awhile,
 And now with his own lyre and now with voice
 Tempered the strain; Apollo calmly smiled.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

80 gravelly] gravely 1853. 82 sieve.] sieve, 1853. 83 or epick] and epick 1853.
Between ll. 82-3 1853 inserts one line:

Well shall the labour be (tho hard) repaid.

86-7 edge" . . . "and] edge . . . and 1853 [quotation marks being wrongly omitted: see
*Milton, Par. L., i. 460-1.—W.] 96 muses] Muses 1853. 103 strong . . . awhile]
 graceful son of Maia mused apart 1853. *Between ll. 103-4 1853 inserts one line:**

Graceful, but strong; he listen'd; he drew nigh;

105 tempered] temper'd 1853. *Signature om. 1853.*

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

[Published in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. CLXXVIII), 1876.]

Askest thou if in my youth I have mounted, as others have mounted,
 Galloping Hexameter, Pentameter cantering after,
 English by dam and by sire; bit, bridle, and saddlery, English;
 English the girths and the shoes; all English from snaffle to crupper;

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

Everything English around, excepting the tune of the jockey?
 Latin and Greek, it is true, I have often attach'd to my phaeton
 Early in life, and sometimes have I ordered them out in its evening,
 Dusting the linings, and pleas'd to have found them unworn and un-
 tarnisht.

Idle! but Idleness looks never better than close upon sunset.
 Seldom my goosequill, of goose from Germany, fatted in England, 10
 (Frolicsome though I have been) have I tried on Hexameter, knowing
 Latin and Greek are alone its languages. We have a measure
 Fashion'd by Milton's own hand, a fuller, a deeper, a louder.
 Germans may flounder at will over consonant, vowel, and liquid,
 Liquid and vowel but one to a dozen of consonants, ending
 Each with a verb at the tail, tail heavy as African ram's tail.
 Spenser and Shakspeare had each his own harmony; each an enchanter
 Wanting no aid from without. *Chevy Chase* had delighted their fathers,
 Though of a different strain from the song on the *Wrath of Achilles*.
 Southey was fain to pour forth his exuberant stream over regions 20
 Near and remote: his command was absolute; every subject,
 Little or great, he controll'd; in language, variety, fancy,
 Richer than all his compeers, and wanton but once in dominion;
 'T was when he left the full well that for ages had run by his homestead,
 Pushing the brambles aside which encumber'd another up higher,
 Letting his bucket go down, and hearing it bump in descending,
 Grating against the loose stones 'til it came but half-full from the
 bottom.

Others abstain'd from the task. Scott wander'd at large over Scotland;
 Reckless of Roman and Greek, he chaunted the *Lay of the Minstrel*
 Better than ever before any minstrel in chamber had chaunted. 30
 Never on mountain or wild hath echo so cheerily sounded,
 Never did monarch bestow such glorious meeds upon knighthood,
 Never had monarch the power, liberality, justice, discretion.
 Byron liked new-papared rooms, and pull'd down old wainscoat of cedar;
 Bright-color'd prints he preferr'd to the graver cartoons of a Raphael,
 Sailor and Turk (with a sack), to Eginate and Parthenon marbles.
 Splendid the palace he rais'd—the gin-palace in Poesy's purlieus;
 Soft the divan on the sides, with spittoons for the qualmish and queesy.
 Wordsworth, well pleas'd with himself, cared little for modern or
 ancient.

5 around] about 1853.
 has two lines:

6 attach'd] attacht 1853.

Between ll. 30–1 1853

Marmion mounted his horse with a shout such as rose under Ilion;
 Venus, who sprang from the sea, had envied the *Lake and its Lady*.

32 meeds] meed 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the mountain, the wood-
land 40

Scatter'd with trees far and wide, trees never too solemn or lofty,
Never entangled with plants overrunning the villager's foot-path.
Equable was he and plain, but wandering a little in wisdom,
Sometimes flying from blood and sometimes pouring it freely.
Yet he was English at heart. If his words were too many; if Fancy's
Furniture lookt rather scant in a whitewasht homely apartment;
If in his rural designs there is sameness and tameness; if often
Feebleness is there for breadth; if his pencil wants rounding and
pointing;

Few of this age or the last stand out on the like elevation.

There is a sheepfold he rais'd which my memory loves to revisit, 50
Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a stone of the
palace.

Still there are walking on earth many poets whom ages hereafter
Will be more willing to praise than they are to praise one another:
Some do I know, but I fear, as is meet, to recount or report them,
For, be whatever the name that is foremost, the next will run over,
Trampling and rolling in dust his excellent friend the precursor.
Peace be with all! but afar be ambition to follow the Roman,
Led by the German uncomb'd, and jiggling in dactyl and spondee,
Lumbering shapeless jackboots which nothing can polish or supple.
Much as old metres delight me, 'tis only where first they were nurtured,
In their own clime, their own speech: than pamper them here I would
rather 61

Tie up my Pegasus tight to the scanty-fed rack of a sonnet.

46 homely] and homely 1853. *Between ll. 51-2 1853 has four lines:*

Keats, the most Grecian of all, rejected the meter of Grecians;
Poesy breath'd over him, breath'd constantly, tenderly, freshly;
Wordsworth she left now and then, outstretcht in a slumberous languor,
Slightly displeased . . . but return'd, as Aurora return'd to Tithonus.

52 Still] Stil 1853. 53 they] we now 1853. 60 metres] meters 1853.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 5, 1850; reprinted in 1853 (No. CCXL), 1876.]

CALL we for harp or song?	Richer and nobler now
Accordant numbers, measured out,	Than when the close-trim'd laurel
belong	markt his brow,
Alone, we hear, to bard.	And from one fount his thirst
Let him this badge, for ages worn,	Was slaked, and from none other
discard;	proudly burst

6 brow,] brow. 1853.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

Neighing, the winged steed.
Gloriously fresh were those young
days indeed! 10

Clear, if confined, the view:
The feet of giants swept that early
dew;

More graceful came behind,
And golden tresses waved upon
the wind.

Pity and Love were seen
In earnest converse on the humble
green;

Grief too was there, but Grief
Sat down with them, nor struggled
from relief.

11 if] tho 1853.

view:] view; 1853.

Strong Pity was, strong he,
But little Love was bravest of the
three. 20

At what the sad one said
Often he smiled, tho Pity shook
her head.

Descending from their clouds,
The Muses mingled with admiring
crowds:

Each had her ear inclined,
Each caught and spoke the lan-
guage of mankind

From choral thralldom free . .
Dickens! didst thou teach *them*,
or they teach *thee*?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature in 1850 only.

DANTE

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *Fraser's Magazine*, December 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. cxcix), 1876.]

ERE blasts from northern
lands
Had covered Italy with barren
sands,

Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was
heard no more.

Centuries twice seven had past
And crusht Etruria rais'd her head
at last.

A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three
worlds the law.

When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of
her foes; 10

Religion, sick to death,
Lookt doubtful up, and drew in
pain her breath.

Both to one grave are gone;
Altars still smoke, still is the God
unknown.

Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger
love,

Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And ledest from the *Garden* and
the *Porch*,

Where gales breathe fresh
and free,

And where a Grace is call'd a
Charity, 20

To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his house-
hold cease . .

Bids it, and bids again,
But to the purple-vested speaks in
vain.

Sub-title om. 1853.

2 covered] cover'd 1853.

5 Centuries . . . seven] Twelve

centuries 1853.

14 still (*bis*)] still 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Crying, "Can this be borne?" The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn; While, leaving tumult there,	To quiet idols young and old repair, In places where is light To lighten day . . and dark to darken night.
---	---

30

NIL ADMIRARI

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, March 22, 1851; reprinted 1853
(No. CXLIX), 1876.]

i	iv
HORACE and Creech, Thus do ye teach? Sad silly speech!	Sages require Much to admire; Nought to desire.

10

ii	v
One idle pen Writes it, and ten Write it agen.	God! grant thou me, Nature to see Admiringly.

iii	vi
Pope! and could you Sanction it too? 'Twill never do.	Giving the flower, Child of the hour, Part of thy power.

vii	
Lo! how the wise Read in her eyes, Thy mysteries!	

20

Title. Nil Admirari] Nil Admirari, &c. 1853. *Sub-title om.* 1853. ll. 1, 7 [see Pope's *Imitation of Horace, Epistles*, i. 5.—W.] 3 Sad silly] One idle 1853. *Stanzas ii and iii transposed in* 1853. ll. 16–18 *om.* 1853.

ON MRS. SOUTHEY'S PENSION

[Printed on a leaflet 1852 (?); nine lines with variants also printed in Forster's
Landor: a Biography, 1869, and there dated, perhaps wrongly, January, 1851.]

STANLEY! I never saw thy face Nor strove to see it, yet I trace In thee the foremost of thy race. Whether they cared for worth or not I never heard, or have forgot, But thou hast peept into the pot	That Southey left behind him cold And empty. Shameful to be told Of those who fattened on our gold. Food comes when he no food can eat, Call'd by God's voice with Him to meet His peers, with Him to take his seat.
---	--

11

1 Stanley [On the Earl of Derby's recommendation a crown pension of £200 was granted to Southey's widow in 1852.—W.] ll. 1–27 *not in* 1869.

ON MRS. SOUTHEY'S PENSION

Stouter than he, in heart or pen,
Lived none among our living men,
Nor will there ever live agen.

English in every thought and word,
Our language his decree restored,
The high-court judge, the rightful
lord.

From the church-top his plummet-
line

He hung, and found the tower
decline 20

Which its own masons undermine.

How happen'd it our patriot died
With Peel for friend and none
beside

Among the sons of wealth and
pride?

How happen'd it? I tell ye how . .

He bore the laurel on his brow
Too high for rival to allow.

Poet hates poet the world over.
Wisely will Clio's favoured lover
Keep to the woods, nor think of
clover. 30

O inconsiderate advice!

What housewife could persuade
the mice

To shun the honey-jar and rice?

Tennyson none who knows can
hate,

Yet all are envious of his state
And wish he were not quite so great.

He too must go where Southey's
gone,

And, nobler than the rest, shall one
Lay gifts upon his sacred stone.

W. S. L.

31 O inconsiderate] Rash, rash to offer such 1869. 32 What . . . persuade] Did
ever housewife teach 1869. 33 shun . . . and] keep from sugar and from 1869.
34 Tennyson none] 'Tennyson'. True; him none 1869. ll. 37-9 not in 1869.

TO BERANGER AT TOURS

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 25, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLVIII), 1876.]

O HARP of France! why hang un-
strung

Those poplar-waving iles among
Which thinly shade the sunny
Loir?

Beranger! bid that harp once more
Resound to Seine's polluted shore,
And wake to shame thy slum-
bering choir.

Beauty and love and joyous feast
Become thee, but become thee
least

In these dark days when none
rejoice;

Yet thou hast deeper tones, and
those 10

Can shake with terror freedom's
foes:

Strike, sing; they shall not
drown thy voice.

Bid France lift up her brow agen,
Nor cower before the bravest men,
Remembering those her prime
had borne;

Hated, distrusted, hath she been,
But never until now hath seen

So near, so dark, the scowl of
scorn.

3 Loir] Loire 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Write on the rampire of Marseilles
Here Power in Virtue's presence
quails, 20

And warns the patriot from the
pier:

Yet the self-exiled sons of Greece*
 Reposed their shattered limbs in
 peace,
 With barbarous nations round
 them, here.

October 12.

In inextinguishable flame
 Write thine with Abdel-Kader's
 name.

On Amboise's high prison-wall:
 Add, Beranger, these words be-
 low,

Defiance to the advancing foe!
Grace to the vanquish'd! faith to
all! 30

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* The Phocæans, founders of Marseilles. [L.]

26 Abdel-Kader. [Imprisoned by the French at Amboise on the Loire 1848-52.—W.]
Date and signature om. 1853.

WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX

ON READING A POEM OF WORDSWORTH'S

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 31, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. cccxxvi), 1876. See
 note at end of volume.]

DERWENT! Winander! sweetest of all sounds
 The British tongue e'er uttered! lakes that Heaven
 Reposes on, and finds his image there
 In all its purity, in all its peace!
 How are your ripples playing round my heart
 From such a distance? while I gaze upon
 The plain where William and where Cæsar led
 From the same Gaulish coast each conquering host,
 And one the Briton, one the Saxon name,
 Struck out with iron heel. Well may they play,
 Those ripples, round my heart, buoyed up, entranced. 10

Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
 Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.
 Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes,
 His friend and mine, and every man's who lives
 Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
 Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
 Among the sages of Antiquity,
 Under his hospitable roof whose life
 Surpasses theirs in strong activity, 20
 Whose Genius walks more humbly, stooping down
 From the same highth to cheer the weak of soul

8 coast] strand 1853.

WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX

And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
Hail ye departed! hail thou later friend,
Julius!* but never by my voice invoked
With such an invocation! hail . . . and live!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

l. 25 * Archdeacon Hare. [L.] 26 invocation! hail . . .] invocation . . hail, 1853.
Signature om. 1853.

ON THE STATUE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT BY NEVILLE BURNARD

Ordered by the working men of Sheffield

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 8, 1853; reprinted 1853 (No. *CLXXXIII*), 1876.]

GLORY to those who give it! who erect
The bronze and marble, not where frothy tongue
Or bloody hand points out, no, but where God
Ordains the humble to walk forth before
The humble, and mount higher than the high.

Wisely, O Sheffield, wisely hast thou done
To place thy Elliott on the plinth of fame,
Wisely hast chosen for that solemn deed
One like himself, born where no mother's love
Wrapt purple round him, nor rang golden bells,
Pendent from Libyan coral, in his ear,
To catch a smile or calm a petulance,
Nor tickled downy scalp with Belgic lace;
But whom strong Genius took from Poverty
And said *Rise, mother, and behold thy child!*
She rose, and Pride rose with her, but was mute.

10

Three Elliotts there have been, three glorious men
Each in his generation. One was doom'd
By Despotism and Prelaty to pine
In the damp dungeon, and to die for Law,
Rackt by slow tortures ere he reacht the grave.*
A second hurl'd his thunderbolt and flame

20

* See Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*. [L. 1876 has: Forster's "Life of Eliot".]

[Burnard's bronze statue of Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn Law rhymer", was set up in the market place, Sheffield, in 1854 and removed to Weston Park in 1875.—W.]
22 a second [George Augustus Elliott, Lord Heathfield (ob. 1790), defender of Gibraltar.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

When Gaul and Spaniard moor'd their pinnaces,
 Screaming defiance at Gibraltar's frown,
 Until one moment more, and other screams
 And other writhings rose above the wave,
 From sails afire and hissing where they fell,
 And men halfburnt along the buoyant mast.
 A third came calmly on, and askt the rich
 To give laborious hunger daily bread,
 As they in childhood had been taught to pray
 By God's own Son, and sometimes have prayed since.
 God heard; but they heard not: God sent down bread;
 They took it, kept it all, and cried for more,
 Hollowing both hands to catch and clutch the crumbs.

30

I may not live to hear another voice,
 Elliott, of power to penetrate, as thine,
 Dense multitudes; another none may see
 Leading the Muses from unthrifty shades
 To fields where corn gladdens the heart of Man,
 And where the trumpet with defiant blast
 Blows in the face of War, and yields to Peace.
 Therefor take thou these leaves . . fresh, firm, tho scant
 To crown the City that crowns thee her son.

40

She must decay; Toledo hath decayed;
 Ebro hath half-forgotten what bright arms
 Flasht on his waters, what high dames adorn'd
 The baldric, what torne flags o'erhung the aile,
 What parting gift the ransom'd knight exchanged.
 But louder than the anvil rings the lyre;
 And thine hath rais'd another city's wall
 In solid strength to a proud eminence,
 Which neither conqueror, crushing braver men,
 Nor time, o'ercoming conqueror, can destroy.
 So now, ennobled by thy birth, to thee
 She lifts with pious love the thoughtful stone.
 Genius is tired in search of Gratitude;
 Here they have met; may neither say farewell!

50

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

32 prayed] praid 1853.
 51 rais'd] raised 1853.

45 decayed] decaid 1853.
Signature om. 1853.

48 torne] torn 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO THE AUTHOR OF *THE PLAINT OF FREEDOM*

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 23, 1853; reprinted 1858.]

LAUDER of Milton! worthy of *his* laud!
How shall I name thee? art thou yet unnamed?
While verses flourish hanging overhead
In looser tendrils than stern Husbandry
May well approve, on thee shall none descend?
At Milton's hallowed name thy hymn august
Sounds as the largest bell from minster-tower
Above the tinkling of Comasco boy.
I ponder; and in time may dare to praise;
Milton had done it; Milton would have graspt
Thy hand amid his darkness, and with more
Impatient pertinacity because
He heard the voice and could not see the face.

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. July 14.

Title "The Plaint of Freedom" [By William James Linton, 1852.—W.] 1 Lauder
... laud] Praiser ... praise 1858. 7 -tower] -tower. 1858. l. 8 om. in 1858.
8 boy misprint for buoy, as used on Lake Como by fishermen. Signature and date
om. 1858.

ON CATULLUS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. vi); reprinted 1876.]

TELL me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio . .
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are . . as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.

COWLEY'S STYLE*

[Published in 1853 (No. xxi); reprinted 1876.]

DISPENSER of wide-wasting woe,
Creation's laws you overthrow.
Mankind in your fierce flames you burn
And drown in their own tears by turn.
Deluged had been the world in vain,
Your fire soon dried its clothes again.

* Cowley's style in poetry is like Lamartine's in prose; he in his "Raphaëlle" thus writes of a lover who burns the letters of his beloved. "*Je les ai brûlées parce que la cendre même en eût été trop chaude pour la pensée, et je l'ai jetée aux vents du ciel.*" [*Raphaël: pages de la vingtième année, par A. de Lamartine. Paris, 1849, p. 218.*]

The French are returning to their *ancien régime*, we see. [L. Om. 1876.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

YOUNG

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXVIII); reprinted 1876.]

THOU dreariest droll of puffy short-breath'd writers!
All thy *night-thoughts* and day-thoughts hung on miters.

[Published in 1853 (No. x0); reprinted 1876.]

"*A Paraphrase on Job*" we see
By Young: it loads the shelf:
He who can read one half must be
Patient as Job himself.

[*A Paraphrase on the Book of Job*, by Edward Young (author of *Night Thoughts*), London, 1719.—W.]

[GOLDSMITH'S PUN]

[Published in 1853 (No. x011); reprinted 1876. See note at the end of volume.]

It often happens a bad pun
Goes farther than a better one.
A miss is often not a bit
Less startling than the fairest hit:
This (under high-raised eyebrows seen)
Poor Goldsmith proved on *Turnham-green*.

Title not in either ed.

[COWPER]

[Published in 1853 (No. c0viii); reprinted 1876.]

TENDEREST of tender hearts, of spirits pure
The purest! such, O Cowper! such wert thou,
But such are not the happiest: thou wert not,
Til borne where all those hearts and spirits rest.
Young was I, when from latin lore and greek
I played the truant for thy sweeter Task,
Nor since that hour hath aught our Muses held
Before me seem'd so precious; in one hour,
I saw the poet and the sage unite,
More grave than man, more versatile than boy!
Spenser shed over me his sunny dreams;
Chaucer far more enchanted me; the force
Of Milton was for boyhood too austere,
Yet often did I steal a glance at Eve:
Fitter for after-years was Shakespeare's world,
Its distant light had not come down to mine.

10

Title not in either ed.

COWPER

Thy milder beams with wholesome temperate warmth
Fill'd the small chamber of my quiet breast.

I would become as like thee as I could;

First rose the wish and then the half-belief,

20

Founded like other half and whole beliefs

On sand and chaff! "We must be like," said I,

"I loved my hare before I heard of his."

'Twas very true; I loved him, though he stamp'd

Sometimes in anger, often moodily.

I am the better for it: stil I love

God's unperverted creatures, one and all,

I dare not call them brute, lest they retort.

And here is one who looks into my face,

Waving his curly plumes upon his back,

30

And bids me promise faithfully, no hare

Of thine need fear him when they meet above.

ON SOUTHEY'S BIRTHDAY, Nov. 4

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxi); reprinted 1876.]

No Angel borne on whiter wing

Hath visited the sons of men,

Teaching the song they ought to sing

And guiding right the unsteady pen.

Recorded not on earth alone,

O Southey! is thy natal day,

But there where stands the choral throne

Show us thy light and point the way.

Title Nov. 4 [But Southey was born August 12, 1774.—W.]

[BYRON]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxiii); reprinted 1876.]

CHANGEFUL! how little do you know

Of Byron when you call him so!

True as the magnet is to iron

Byron hath ever been to Biron.

His color'd prints, in gilded frames,

Whatever the designs and names,

One image set before the rest,

In shirt with falling collar drest,

And keeping up a rolling fire at

Patriot, conspirator, and pirate.

10

Title not in either ed.

4 Biron] Byron 1876.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[PURSUERS OF LITERATURE]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxxviii); reprinted 1876.]

MATTHIAS, Gifford, men like those,
Find in great poets but great foes;
In Wordsworth but a husky wheeze,
In Byron but a foul disease,
In Southey one who softly bleats,
And one of thinnest air in Keats.
Yet will these live for years and years,
When those have felt the fatal shears.

1 Matthias [*sc.* Thomas James Mathias (*ob.* 1835), author of *Pursuits of Literature*, &c.—W.] 4 In Byron] *so in corrigenda* 1853. *Misprinted* Or Byron *in text* 1853.

ON MOORE'S DEATH

[Published in 1853 (No. clxxi); reprinted 1876.]

Idol of youths and virgins, Moore!	Til the gross spirit sank below. Thy closing days I envied most,
Thy days, the bright, the calm, are o'er!	When all worth losing had been lost. 20
No gentler mortal ever prest His parent Earth's benignant breast.	Alone I spent my earlier hour While thou wert in the roseate bower,
What of the powerful can be said	And raised to thee was every eye,
They did for thee? They <i>edited</i> .	And every song won every sigh.
What of that royal gourd? Thy verse	One servant and one chest of books
Excites our scorn and spares our curse.	Follow'd me into mountain nooks, Where shelter'd from the sun and breeze
Each truant wife, each trusting maid,	Lay Pindar and Thucydides.
All loves, all friendships, he betraid. 10	There antient days came back again,
Despised in life by those he fed, By his last mistress left ere dead, Hearing her only wrench the locks Of every latent jewel-box.	And British kings renew'd their reign; 30
There spouse and husband strove alike,	There Arthur and his knights sat round
Fearing lest Death too soon should strike,	Cups far too busy to be crown'd; There Alfred's glorious shade ap- pear'd,
But fixt no plunder to forego	Of higher mien than Greece e'er rear'd.

ON MOORE'S DEATH

I never sought in prime or age	Erected on the tower of Hope.
The smile of Fortune to engage,	From Pindus and Parnassus far
Nor rais'd nor lower'd the tele-	Blinks cold and dim the Georgian
scope	star.

40

TO SHELLEY

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxxv); reprinted 1876.]

SHELLEY! whose song so sweet was sweetest here,
We knew each other little; now I walk
Along the same green path, along the shore
Of Lerici, along the sandy plain
Trending from Lucca to the Pisan pines,
Under whose shadow scatter'd camels lie,
The old and young, and rarer deer uplift
Their knotty branches o'er high-feather'd fern.
Regions of happiness! I greet ye well;
Your solitudes, and not your cities, stay'd
My steps among you; for with you alone
Converst I, and with those ye bore of old.
He who beholds the skies of Italy
Sees ancient Rome reflected, sees beyond,
Into more glorious Hellas, nurse of Gods
And godlike men: dwarfs people other lands.
Frown not, maternal England! thy weak child
Kneels at thy feet and owns in shame a lie.

10

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

[Published in 1853 (No. clxxix); reprinted 1876.]

Gale of the night our fathers call'd thee, bird!
Surely not rude were they who call'd thee so,
Whether mid spring-tide mirth thy song they heard
Or whether its soft gurgle melted woe.
They knew not, heeded not, that every clime
Hath been attemper'd by thy minstrelsy;
They knew not, heeded not, from earliest time
How every poet's nest was warm'd by thee.
In Paradise's unpolluted bowers
Did Milton listen to thy freshest strain;
In his own night didst thou assuage the hours
When Crime and Tyranny were crown'd again.

10

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Melodious Shelley caught thy softest song,
And they who heard his music heard not thine;
Gentle and joyous, delicate and strong,
From the far tomb his voice shall silence mine.

[LORD CAMPBELL'S *LIVES*]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXXI); reprinted 1876.]

JACK CAMPBELL! if few are	Beware lest Macaulay,
So stealthy as you are,	Hard-fisted, should maul ye
Few steal with so honest a face:	When he catches you sucking his
But recollect, when	Bacon.
You pluck a fresh pen,	At Lister's church-yard 10
That where the soil's richest is	There is station'd no guard;
deepest the trace.	Creep over; <i>his</i> spoils may be taken.

Title not in either ed. 10 Lister's [sc. Thomas Henry Lister, ob. 1842, author of *Life, &c.*, of first Earl of Clarendon.—W.]

[CARLYLE]

[Published in 1853 (No. CX); reprinted 1876.]

STRIKE with Thor's hammer, strike agen
The skulking heads of half-form'd men,
And every northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aim'd blow, Carlyle!

Title not in either ed.

[TO TENNYSON]

[Published in 1853 (No. XVI); reprinted 1876.]

I ENTREAT you, Alfred Tennyson,	There's a stock of it within,
Come and share my haunch of	And as sure as I'm a rhymers,
venison.	Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
I have too a bin of claret,	Come; among the sons of men is
Good, but better when you share	one
it.	Welcomer than Alfred Tenny-
Tho 'tis only a small bin,	son? 10

Title not in either ed.

HELLAS TO AUBREY DE VERE ON HIS DEPARTURE

[Published in 1853 (No. COLXIX); reprinted 1876.]

TRAVELER! thou from afar that explorest the caverns of Delphi,
Led by the Muses, whose voice thou rememberest, heard over ocean,
Tell the benighted at home that the spirit hath never departed

HELLAS TO AUBREY DE VERE

Hence, from these cliffs and these streams: that Apollo is stil *King*
Apollo,

And that no other should rule where Olympus, Parnassus, and Pindus
Are what they were, ages past; that, if barbarous bands have invaded
Temple and shrine heretofore, it is time the reproach be abolisht,
Time that the wrong be redrest, and the stranger no more be the ruler.
Whether be heard or unheard the complaint of our vallies and moun-
tains,

From the snow-piles overhead to the furthestmost iland of Pelops, 10
Peace be to thee and to thine! And, if Deities hear under water,
Blandly may Panopè clasp and with fervor the knee of Poseidon!
Blandly may Cymodameia prevail over Glaucos, dividing
With both her hands his white beard and kissing it just in the middle,
So that the seas be serene which shall carry thee back to thy country
Where the sun sinks to repose. But ever be mindful of Hellas!

TO LAYARD, DISCOVERER OF NINEVEH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclxx); reprinted 1876.]

No harps, no choral voices, may enforce
The words I utter. Thebes and Elis heard
Those harps, those voices, whence high men rose higher
And nations crown'd the singer who crown'd *them*.
His days are over. Better men than his
Live among *us*: and must they live unsung
Because deaf ears flap round them? or because
Gold lies along the shallows of the world,
And vile hands gather it? My song shall rise,
Altho none heed or hear it: rise it shall, 10
And swell along the wastes of Nineveh
And Babylon, until it reach to thee,
Layard! who raisest cities from the dust,
Who driest Lethe up amid her shades,
And pourest a fresh stream on arid sands,
And rescuest thrones and nations, fanes and gods
From conquering Time; he sees thee and turns back.

The weak and slow Power pushes past the wise,
And lifts them up in triumph to her car:
They, to keep firm the seat, sit with flat palms 20
Upon the cushion, nor look once beyond
To cheer thee on thy road. In vain are won
The spoils; another carries them away;
The stranger seeks them in another land,

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Torn piecemeal from thee. But no stealthy step
Can intercept thy glory.

Cyrus raised

His head on ruins: he of Macedon
Crumbled them, with their dreamer, into dust:
God gave thee power above them, far above;
Power to raise up those whom they overthrew, 30
Power to show mortals that the kings they serve
Swallow each other like the shapeless forms
And unsubstantial which pursue pursued
In every drop of water, and devour
Devoured, perpetual round the crystal globe.*

* Seen thro a solar microscope. [L. Cf. "The Solar Microscope", p. 429.—W.]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXIV); reprinted 1876.]

PEOPLE may think the work of	Acknowledge that at every wheeze,
sleep	At every grunt and groan,
That deep-indented frown;	You hear his verses; do not
Its post of honor let it keep,	these
Nor draw the nightcap down.	Proclaim them for his own?

[Cf. "A Poet Sleeping", p. 429. W.]

[Published in 1853 (No. XLVII); reprinted 1876.]

WE know a poet rich in thought, profuse
In bounty; but his grain wants winnowing;
There hangs much chaff about it, barndoor dust,
Cobwebs, small insects: it might make a loaf,
A good large loaf, of household bread; but flour
Must be well bolted for a dainty roll.

[Published in 1853 (No. CXVII); reprinted 1876.]

YE throw your crumbs of bread into the stream,
And there are fish that rise and swallow them;
Fish too there are that lie along the mud,
And never rise, content to feed on worms.
Thus do we poets; thus the people do.
What sparkles is caught up; what sparkles not
Falls to the bottom mingled with the sludge,
And perishes by its solidity.
The minnows twinkle round and let it pass,
Pursuing some minuter particle, 10
More practicable for the slender gill.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. XII); reprinted 1876.]

EARLY I thought the worst of lies
In poets was, that beauty dies;
I thought not only it must stay,
But glow the brighter every day:
Some who then bloom'd on earth are gone,
In some the bloom is overblown.

FABLE FOR POETS

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXV); reprinted 1876.]

A FLEA had nestled to a dove Closely as Innocence or Love. Loth was the dove to take offence As Love would be, or Innocence. When on a sudden said the flea "I wonder what you think of me." Timidly, as becomes the young, The dove thus answer'd. "You are strong And active, and our house's friend." "No doubt! and here my merits end?"	The dove said, "Should not I love best, The constant partner of my nest?" "Come! that won't do: I wish to hear Which is most handsome, not most dear." Innocence in advance of Love Prompted, and thus replied the dove. "He may have richer colors" . . . "He? What! and do you too speak of me Disparaging?" Off bounced the flea.
10 Cried the pert flea. A moth flew by. "Which pleases most, that moth or I?"	20

GERMAN HEXAMETERS

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXIV); reprinted 1876.]

GERMANY! thou art indeed to the bard his Hercynian forest;
Puffy with tufts of coarse grass; much of stunted (no high-growing)
timber;
Keeping your own, and content with the measure your sires have
bequeath'd you,
Germans! let Latium rest, and leave the old pipe where ye found it;
Leave ye the thirtyfold farrow so quietly sucking their mother
On the warm sands; they will starve or run wild in the brakes and the
brambles,
Swampy, intangled, and dark, and without any passable road through:
Yet there are many who wander so far from the pleasanter places,

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Airy and sunny and sound and adorn'd with the garden and fountain,
 Garden where Artemis stands, and fountain where Venus is bathing, 10
 All the three Graces close by: at a distance, and somewhat above her,
 (Only the sky overhead) is Apollo the slayer of Python:
 Opposite, minding him not, but intent upon bending his own bow,
 Stands other archer, less tall, whom the slayer of Python had knelt to
 Often, when Daphne was coy, and who laugh'd at his handful of laurel.
 Flounder in mud, honest men, then smoke to the end of the journey,
 Only let me undisturb'd enjoy the lone scenes ye relinquish:
 Strike we a bargain at once: give me these; and to you I abandon
 Carpenter, cordwainer, tapster, host, pedlar, itinerant actor,
 Tinker and tailor and baker and mender of saddles and bellows, 20
 With whomsoever ye list of *Odd Fellows*, of *Old Free-And-Easy*.
 Never shall enter my lips your tobacco-pipe, never your beverage,
 Beverage that Bacchus abhors: let it fuddle the beast of Silenus.
 Frere is contented to smile, but loud is the laughter of Canning.

23 let . . . Silenus.] when it fuddles the beast of Silenus [Lander's MS. correction in
 a copy of *Last Fruit* given to his brother Henry. Without this ll. 23, 24 are unintel-
 ligible.—W.]

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 29, 1854; reprinted, 1858, 1876. See note at end
 of volume.]

THE hay is carried; and the Hours
 Snatch, as they pass, the linden-
 flow'rs;
 And children leap to pluck a spray
 Bent earthward, and then run
 away.
 Park-keeper! catch me those
 grave thieves
 About whose frocks the fragrant
 leaves,
 Sticking and fluttering here and
 there,
 No false nor faltering witness bear.
 I never view such scenes as these,
 In grassy meadow girt with trees,
 But comes a thought of her who
 now 11
 Sits with serenely patient brow

July 24, '54.

2 linden-flow'rs] linden flow'rs 1858.
nature om. 1858.

Amid deep sufferings: none hath
 told
 More pleasant tales to young and
 old.
 Fondest was she of Father Thames,
 But rambled to Hellenic streams;
 Nor even there could any tell
 The country's purer charms so
 well
 As Mary Mitford.

Verse! go forth

And breathe o'er gentle breasts
 her worth. 20
 Needless the task . . but should
 she see
 One hearty wish from you and me,
 A moment's pain it may assuage . .
 A roseleaf on the couch of Age.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

25 roseleaf] rose-leaf 1858. *Date and sig-*

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

GIBBON

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

GIBBON! if sterner patriots than thyself
With firmer foot have stamp'd our English soil;
If Poesy stood high above thy reach,
She stood with only one on either hand
Upon the cliffs of Albion tall and strong:
Meanwhile gregarious songsters tramp around
On plashy meadow-land, mid noisome flowers
Sprung from the rankness of flush city-drains.
In other regions graver History
Meets her own Muse; nor walk they far below.

10

The rivulets and mountain-rills of Greece
Will have dried up while Avon stil runs on;
And those four rivers freshening Paradise
Gush yet, tho' Paradise had long been lost
Had not one man restored it; he was ours.
Not song alone detain'd him, tho' the song
Came from the lips of Angels upon his,
But strenuous action when his country call'd
Drew him from those old groves and that repose
In which the enchantress Italy lulls all.
No Delphic laurel's trembling glimmery leaves
Checked thy gravel-walk; 'twas even'er ground,
Altho' mid shafts and cornices o'ergrown
With nettles, and palatial caverns choakt
With rubbish from obliterated names.

20

There are who blame thee for too stately step
And words resounding from inflated cheek.
Words have their proper places, just like men.
I listen to, nor venture to reprove,
Large language swelling under gilded domes,
Byzantine, Syrian, Persepolitan,
Or where the world's drunk master lay in dust.
Fabricius heard and spake another tongue,
And such the calm Cornelia taught her boys,
Such Scipio, Cæsar, Tullius, marshaling,
Cimber and wilder Scot were humanized,
And, far as flew the Eagles, all was Rome.

30

Thou look'dst down complacently where brawl'd

33 Fabricius [see Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 844.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

The vulgar factions that infest our streets,
 And turnedst the black vizard into glass
 Thro which men saw the murderer and the cheat
 In diadem and cowl. Erectly stood,
 After like work with fiercer hand perform'd,
 Milton, as Adam pure, as Michael strong,
 When brave Britannia struck her bravest blow,
 When monstrous forms, half-reptile and half-man,
 Snatcht up the hissing snakes from off Hell's floor
 And flung them with blind fury at her crest.
 Two valiant men sprang up, of equal force,
Protector and Defender each alike. 40

Milton amid the bitter sleet drove on,
 Shieldbearer to the statelier one who struck
 That deadly blow which saved our prostrate sires
 And gave them (short the space!) to breathe once more.

History hath beheld no pile ascend
 So lofty, large, symmetrical, as thine,
 Since proud Patavium gave Rome's earlier chiefs
 To shine again in virtues and in arms.
 Another rises from the couch of pain,
 Wounded, and worn with service and with years, 60
 To share fraternal glory, and ward off
 (Alas, to mortal hand what vain essay!)
 The shafts of Envy.

May Thucydides,
 Recall'd to life among us, close his page
 Ere come the Pestilence, ere come the shame
 Of impotent and Syracusan war!
 Lately (how strange the vision!) o'er my sleep
 War stole, in bandages untinged with wounds,
 Wheezing and limping on fat nurse's arm
 To take a draught of air before the tent, 70
 And for each step too fast or wide rebuked.
 Peace stood with folded arms nor ventured near,
 But Scorn ran closer, and a shout went up
 From north and south above the Euxine wave.

August 22.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

39 factions] fractions *mispr.* 1876. 59 pain] pain * with footnote by Forster *
 [Sir William Napier.] *Date and signature om.* 1858.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOLDSMITH AND GRAY

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 16, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

SWEET odors and bright colors swiftly pass,
Swiftly as breath upon a looking-glass.
Byron, the schoolgirl's pet, has lived his day,
And the tall maypole scarce remembers May.
Thou, Nature, bloomest in perennial youth . .
Two only are eternal . . thou and Truth.
Who walks not with thee thro' the dim Churchyard?
Who wanders not with Erin's wandering bard?
Who sits not down with Auburn's pastor mild
To take upon his knee the shyest child?
These in all hearts will find a kindred place,
And live the last of our poetic race.

10

W. S. L.

Signature om. 1858.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT]

[Published in 1857 when inserted in *Letter to Emerson*.]

YE who have lungs to mount the Muse's hill,
Here slake your thirst aside their liveliest rill:
Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping-hot,
Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott.

ll. 3-4 recur in the poem printed below.

TO RECRUITS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

YE who are belted and alert to go
Where bays, won only in hard battles, grow,
Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping-hot,
Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott.
Along the coast prevail malignant heats,
Halt on high ground behind the shade of Keats.

ll. 3-4: see preceding poem.

SWIFT ON POPE

(Imaginary)

[Published in 1858.]

POPE, tho' his letters are so civil,
Wishes me fairly at the devil;
A little dentifrice and soap
Is all the harm I wish poor Pope.

3 dentifrice] dentrifrice in text.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

FANNY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

FANNY would flatter me: she said
"I think you need not be afraid
Of Byron, tho' the greatest man
At verses since the world began."

"Ah! I replied, a poet's curse is
Not only in another's verses,
But in his youth and beauty too,
If they are felt by one like you."

"Stuff! I should never mind
such things
In poets, not if they were kings. 10
You are not quite so tender, quite
So resolute by day and night.
And could you . . much I doubt it
. . swim
Across the Hellespont, like him?

Was ever such a dear white throat!
And what a *duck* without his coat!
If he had seen me, he had tried
(No doubt of it) to raise my pride;
And that is what you never did,
But only just what you were
bid. 20

Some there are who might more
expect,
And call your careless way *neglect*.
I never would; for you alone
Have given me the proper tone;
You call'd me, what you made me,
wise,
And kist, but never prais'd, my
eyes."

CAUGHT

[Published in 1858.]

HIDE not that book away, nor fear
I shall betray the fallen tear.
Believe me, at a single look
I know the cover of that book.
Nothing with such assiduous care
Is studied in the Book of Prayer;
And never did I see arise

Blushes from David's melodies.
I sadly fear that wicked "*Corsair*,"
Fiery as flint and rough as horse-
hair, 10
More tears from those dim eyes
hath won
Than David shed on Absalom.

MACAULAY'S PEERAGE

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

MACAULAY is become a peer;
A coronet he well may wear;
But is there no one to malign?
None: then his merit wants the sign.

INOPPORTUNE

[Published in 1858.]

A CRUNCHING bear inopportunely bit
Thy finger, Reade!*

It should have been ere thy first verse was writ,
It should indeed!

* John Edmund [L. For Reade, see p. 386.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THERMOMETER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

If the Rhætian Alps of old
Were insufferably cold,
Colder ten degrees are they
Since *Reade's Poems blew that way,
And those bleak and steril scalps
Now are call'd the Readian Alps.

* John Edmund. [L.]

REWARDS

[Published in 1858.]

To bring is better than to cause
Good news, say they who frame
our laws.

The bravest soldier is not half
Rewarded as a telegraph,
And Royalty puts no such spurs
on

A veteran's heels as those of Cur-
zon.

Yet, poor blind Fanny Brown! at
last

On thee a royal glance is cast,
Altho' none ever heard thee
praise

Spaniel or poodle all thy days: 10

How sadly then those days were
spent!

Repent, O Fanny Brown, repent!
And thus, perhaps, in time to
come,

A parish girl may lead thee home
In thy old age, and thou mayst
find

One heart that feels for lame and
blind:

But, having yet some vigor, hope
Reward for rubbing Windsor soap
On (if benignant fate so will)

Smock royal and field-marshal
frill. 20

6 Curzon [Captain Leicester Curzon (afterwards General Sir Leicester Smyth), ob. 1891, was A.D.C. to Lord Raglan in the Crimea, and was sent home with dispatches. —W.] 7 Brown [Frances Brown, known as the blind poetess of Ulster, lost her sight after small-pox when an infant. Some of her poems were printed in *The Athenæum*, *Fraser*, and other serials. She was given, on Sir Robert Peel's recommendation, a pension of £20 a year.—W.]

ON THE GRASSHOPPER

BY DUNSTERVILLE BRUCKS

[Published in 1858.]

GRASSHOPPER! thou art not the same
Either in form or voice or name
As once the Teian sung, and he
Who mourn'd the loss of reedy lea
With Tityrus, while over-head
Its broad cool shade the beech outspred.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Whether thou lovedst sun or dew
Most dearly, neither of them knew;
But both were better pleased than I
At hearing thine incessant cry.
I do not recognise the same
Now thou hast changed thy note and name
And form and color, and art come
To cheer the meadows nearer home.
No poet ever sang thy praise
In dewy or in sunny days
Sweetly as he where sounds less shrill
Repeat the name of Dunsterville.

10

[See *Autumn Leaves* by Dunsterville Brucks, 1857, p. 46. "To a Grasshopper."
George Alexander Dunsterville Brucks died February 3, 1857.—W.]

WITH DIGBY'S *AGES OF FAITH*

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

I AM not learned in such lore divine;
Take it: in scenes which other thoughts invade,
It may one hour cast round a cooler shade,
Yet darken not that gentle breast of thine.

It tells of Peace, and those she call'd to dwell
Apart with her, when desperate Sin opprest
The struggling Earth; it can not reach thy breast,
But troubles may; so take this holy spell.

[See *Mores Catholici: or Ages of Faith*, by Henry Kenelm Digby (1831-1842).—W.]

TO JUDGE HALIBURTON

[Published in 1858.]

ONCE I would bid the man go hang,
From whom there came a word of slang;
Now pray I, tho' the slang rains thick
Across the Atlantic from *Sam Slick*,
Never may fall the slightest hurt on
The witty head of Haliburton,
Wherein methinks more wisdom lies
Than in the wisest of our wise.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

A POET SLEEPING

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THE poet sleeps: at every wheeze,
At every grunt and groan
You cry, "His verses how like these!
He marks them for his own."

[Cf. poem on p. 420.—W.]

THE SOLAR MICROSCOPE

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

You want a powerful lens to see
What animalcules those may be,
Which float about the smallest drop
Of water, and which never stop,
Pursuing each that goes before,
And rolling in unrest for more.

Poets! a watery world is ours,
Where each floats after, each devours,
Its little unsubstantial prey . .
Strange animalcules . . we and they!

10

[Cf. end of poem on p. 420.—W.]

WE DRIVE THE HOOP

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

WE drive the hoop along the green of life
And hear no voice behind us: one cries out
'Tis *lesson-time*: on rolls the hoop: at last
It reels and falls: we then look round and shout,
Who took my apples and my nuts away?
Our playmates crunch the apples, crack the nuts,
And pat us on the back and laugh amain.
Poets! the moral of my verse ye know.

REVIVAL OF POETS

[Published in 1858.]

POETS had kept the <i>Long Vacation</i>	But such narcotic strong perfumes
Of thirty years in every nation;	Grew vapid in close English
In England suddenly were heard	rooms,
Two, and in Italy a third.	And in our garden scarce a hive
Loose-girted Germany sent forth	Did they, in passing, leave alive;
Puff after puff that warm'd the	Recovered now, the cluster swells,
north:	And purer honey fills the cells. 12

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO A POET

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

POET! too trustful and too tender,
Let not your fire o'erleap the fender,
Or you perhaps may be unable
To save the papers on the table.
Prepare for now and then a theft
If these, which others want, are left.

TO A YOUNG POET

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THE camel at the city-gate	I swear it, by myself and thee;
Bends his flat head, and there	Rise, cheer thee up, and look
must wait.	around,
Thin in the desert is the palm,	All earth is not for deer and hound;
And pierced the thorn to give its	Worms revel in the slime of kings,
balm.	But perish where the laurel
The Land of Promise thou shalt see,	springs. 10

TRIPOS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DULL ESSAYS", NAMELY,
"IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS", ETC.

[Published in 1858.]

I.

GAFFER LOCKHART! Gaffer Lockhart!
Thou no inconvenient block art,
Tho' unoil'd and coarse the stone,
To repass my razor on.

II.

Lockharts who twitch my skirt may feel
Some day a buffet from my heel,
Which Nature has thought fit to place
Exactly level with their face.
Kind to his cattle, blind or lame,
Murray will feed them just the same. 10

III.

Who would have thought the heaviest particle
That ever sank into an Article,
Blown by a whiff or two of mine,
Should cross the Ocean and the Line,

TRIPOS

Sparkle beneath both setting sun
And rising? Yet all this is done:
Nay, more: another insect I
Quicken by electricity.
My friend the generous Crosse will own
Life-giving is not his alone.

20

19 Crosse [For Andrew Crosse see vol. iii, p. 23. He had died in 1855.—W.]

PALINODIA

[Printed on a leaflet.]

So, after all, I mist the mark
And shot poor Lockhart in the dark!
He only had thrown back the door
And pusht his luckless man before,
Who seiz'd unsoberly the pen,
Stared, sprawl'd . . and vomited agen.
I wish my enemy no ill,
But some one else shall make my will.
His office may he long enjoy,
Ennobled by a prince of Troy,
(Altho' at present dull the trade is,
Hertford gone off and Hertford's ladies;)
And may he from the world have slipt
Unhang'd, unpilloried, unwhipt!

10

ON THE DEATH OF ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT

[Published in *The Athenæum*, February 25, 1860; also printed from MS. 1897; and from another MS., in H. C. Minchin's *W. S. Landor: Last Days*, 1934.]

ARNDT! in thy orchard we shall meet no more
To talk of freedom and of peace revived.

We stood, and looking down across the Rhine
Heard fifes and choral voices far below.

"*What an enthusiastic song*, O Arndt!" said I,
"*Is that!*" Then smil'd he, and he turn'd aside
My question.

"Why not deem our Teuton tongue

[Landor when he spent a few days at Bonn toward the end of 1832 paid visits to W. von Schlegel and Arndt. In 1847 Crabb Robinson found Arndt reading Landor's works and full of admiration of his just perception of the Italian life and character. Arndt died January 29, 1860.—W.]

4 fife] fights 1897 (*mispr.*). 5 song [*sc. Was ist das deutsche Vaterland*, written by Arndt.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Worthy to have been learnt with ancient Rome's,
 Whose we converse in? When an Attila,
 Far less ferocious, far more provident, 10
 Than his successor, storm'd the Capitol,
 He broke no oaths, no vows, no promises;
 But he who since laid waste our fertile fields
 And handcuff'd our weak princes, broke them all.
 I am among the many better men
 Whose head he had devoted. I am he
 The framer of that anthem; they who now
 Sing it, would then have sung it o'er my grave,
 And found their own in singing it."

He stopt

Suddenly, then ran forward; swiftly ran 20
 The septuagint, and overtook the youth
 Who carried the light weight of six years less;
 For he had seen an apple drop and roll
 Along the grass: he stoopt, and took it up
 And wiped the dew away, and gave it me.
 "Take it, for there are better in the house,"
 Said he, "and this is over-ripe; one pip
 Keep in remembrance of our converse here."

I sow'd them all; but kill'd were the new-born,
 Ere slender stem could bear its first twin-leaves, 30
 And all were swept away maliciously
 By one who never heeded sage or sire.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

9 Whose] Which 1897. 17 . . . they who sing it
 Would then have sung it o'er my grave, and found
 Their own in singing it. 1934.

21 veteran] septuagint 1934. 22 six] ten 1897. 26 Take] Keep 1897. 30 its]
 the 1934.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 135; reprinted 1876.]

To see the cities and to know the men
 Of many lands, in youth was Homer's lot;
 In age to visit his far home agen
 The Gods, who never feel it, granted not.

[Published in 1863, p. 176; reprinted 1876.]

FLIES have alighted on the shanks of Pan,
 And some have settled upon Homer's head;
 We whisk them off with jewel-studded fan
 Till few escape and many more lie dead.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 236; reprinted 1876.]

DOCTOR'D by Bacon and Mon-	Until they stumbled into jokes;
taigne	Incontinent I quitted these
My eyebrows may sprout forth	To stroll with Aristophanes.
again,	I'd rather sup on cold potato,
Worne by hard rubbing to make	Than on a salmi cookt by Plato, 10
out	Who, always nice but never
Plato's interminable doubt.	hearty,
Around him were some clever	Says Homer shall not join the
folks	party.

10 salmi] *so in corrigenda 1863; mispr. salmon in text 1863 and 1876.*

WRITTEN IN A CATULLUS

[Published in 1863, p. 178; reprinted 1876.]

AMONG these treasures there are some
That floated past the wreck of Rome;
But others, for their place unfit,
Are sullied by uncleanly wit.
So in its shell the pearl is found
With rank putridity around.

[Published in 1863, p. 229; reprinted 1876.]

A SPARROW was thy emblem, O Catullus!
A dove was thine, tender and true Tibullus!
No truer and no tenderer was the dove
Whom Noe chose all other birds above
To be the parent inmate of his ark,
When earth was water and the sun was dark.

TIBULLUS

[Published in 1863, p. 259; reprinted 1876.]

ONLY one poet in the worst of days
Disdain'd the usurper in his pride to praise.
Ah, Delia! was it wantonness or whim
That made thee, once so tender, false to him?
To him who follow'd over snows and seas
Messala storming the proud Pyrenees.
But Nemesis avenged him, and the tear
Of Rome's last poet fell upon his bier.

2 the usurper] Augustus 1876. 6 proud] steep 1876. 7 Nemesis [*Delia's*
successor, idem l. 31.—W.] 8 Rome's last poet [Ovid. *See his Amor.* iii. 9.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

INVITATION OF PETRONIUS TO GLYCON

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 241; reprinted 1876.]

TRYPHÆNA says that you must come To dine with us at Tusculum. She has invited few to share Her delicate but frugal fare. Contrive the dinner to make out With venison, ortolans, and trout; These may come after haunch of boar, Orneck, which wisemen relish more; And, Glycon, 'twould not be un- pleasant To see among them spring a pheasant. 10 I voted we should have but two	At dinner, these are quite enow. One of them, worth half Rome, will meet us, Low-station'd high-soul'd Epictet- tus. He told his mind the other day To ruby-finger'd Seneca, Who, rich and proud as Nero, teaches The vanity of pomp or riches. Just Epictetus can assure us How continent was Epicurus, 20 How gorged and staggering Ro- mans claim With hiccups that immortal name.
--	--

After l. 22 six lines which do not belong to this poem were added to it: see below.

[EASTERN FABLES]

[Published in 1863, p. 242, as part of preceding poem.]

WOULD you hear fables from the east
Told gravely by a tonsured priest,
When he has counted out so many,
Out with your purse and pay your penny,
Else will he, having power divine,
Blast all your limbs from nape to chine.

[DANTE OF MAIANO]

[Published in 1863, p. 179; reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

TOWARD Maiano let me look again Across my narrow plain. What there to see? an image, nothing more. Nina, in days of yore, There listened to the warbling of that bird Whose voice last night I heard Just opposite my terrace; it had kept My heart awake, nor slept	All night itself . . Maiano, she may claim The grandest Tuscan name. 10 Nina of Dante; she it was whose song Was felt our woods, among Before the mightier Alighieri rose To blast his country's foes. Above these olives I shall often see, Nina! the Shade of thee.
--	--

Title not in either ed. 13 mightier Alighieri] mighty Alfieri 1876.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[DANTE ALIGHIERI]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 175; reprinted 1876.]

With frowning brow o'er pontif-kings elate,
Stood Dante, great the man, the poet great.
Milton in might and majesty surpast
The triple world, and far his shade was cast.
On earth he sang amid the Angelic host,
And Paradise to him was never lost.
But there was one who came these two between
With larger light than yet our globe had seen.
Various were his creations, various speech
Without a Babel he bestow'd on each. 10
Raleigh and Bacon towered above that earth
Which in their day had given our Shakespeare birth,
And neither knew his presence! they half-blind
Saw not in him the grandest of mankind.

Title not in either ed.

THE DAUGHTER OF DANTE

[Published in 1863, p. 137.]

Thou, Beatrice, hast found an earlier rest*
Than did thy father (holy as thyself)
In this Ravenna. May we hope that he
Shall view from heaven his countrymen at last
Loose from Teutonic and from Gallic chains,
And other more disgraceful forged at Rome.

* In the Convent of St. Stefano dell' Uliva. [L. In 1350 Boccaccio brought her ten gold crowns given by a Florentine gild. See Baldelli's *Vita di Boccaccio*, 1806, p. 378.—W.]

TO [HENRY FRANCIS] CARY

ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO A LOW OFFICE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

[Published in 1863, p. 122; reprinted 1876.]

CARY! I fear the fruits are scanty	The porter's lodge of the Museum
Thou gatherest from the fields of	May daily hear thee sing <i>Te Deum</i> .
Dante,	Peaches and grapes are mostly
But thou hast found at least a shed	found
Wherin to cram thy truckle-bed;	Richest the nearest to the ground:

Title, and line 1 Cary misspelt Carey 1863, 1876. Sub-title a low an 1876. [He and Landor went to Rugby in January, 1783.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Our gardeners take especial care	Is straiten'd and drawn tight by
To keep down low all boughs that	thine:
bear.	10 Hell, devil, dog, in force remain,
Dante's long labyrinthine line	And Paradise blooms fresh again.

11 labyrinthine] intertwisted 1876.

TO ALFIERI

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 118; reprinted 1876.]

ALFIERI, thou art present in my sight
 Tho' far removed from us, for thou alone
 Hast toucht the inmost fibres of the breast,
 Since Tasso's tears made damper the damp floor
 Whereon one only light came thro' the bars;
 Love brought it, and stood mute, with broken wing.
 The vision of Leonora could not raise
 His heavy heart, and staid long nights in vain.

Thou scornedst thy own country, scorn thou wouldst
 Many who dwell within it now her bonds
 Are broken: adulation at all times
 Was her besetting sin, nor leaves her yet,
 But thou couldst tell her, and couldst make her hear,
 That Corsic honey* which attracts the hive
 Is poison . . turn then from the mortal taste.

10

* Much of the honey in Corsica is extracted from the flower of box and unwholesome. [L.]

TO CHAUCER

[Published in 1863, p. 142; reprinted 1876.]

CHAUCER, O how I wish thou wert	Whose magic made the Muses
Alive and, as of yore, alert!	dream
Then, after bandied tales, what	Of things they never knew before,
fun	And scenes they never wandered
Would we two have with monk	o'er.
and nun.	I dare not follow, nor again
Ah, surely verse was never meant	Be wafted with the wizard train.
To render mortals somnolent.	No bodyless and soulless elves
In Spenser's labyrinthine rhymes	I seek, but creatures like ourselves.
I throw my arms o'erhead at times,	If any poet now runs after
Opening sonorous mouth as wide	The Faeries, they will split with
As oystershells at ebb of tide.	laughter,
10 Mistake me not: I honour him	Leaving him in the desert, where
	20

TO CHAUCER

Dry grass is emblematic fare.	Course against law the summer
Thou wast content to act the	hare, 30
squire	Nor takes to heart the frequent
Becomingly, and mount no higher,	crack
Nay, at fit season to descend	Of whip, with curse that calls him
Into the poet with a friend,	back.
Then ride with him about thy	The lesser Angels now have
land	smiled
In lithesome nutbrown boots well-	To see thee frolic like a child,
tann'd,	And hear thee, innocent as they,
With lordly greyhound, who would	Provoke them to come down and
dare	play.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 224; not reprinted.]

WRONGS I have suffer'd, great and	He, of our craft the worthy fore-
many,	man,
Insufferable never any	Stood gallantly against the Nor-
Like that prepensely murderous	man, 10
one	And in good humour tried to
An Oxford hang-dog rogue has	teach
done,	Reluctant churls our native speech.
Who shov'd me on a bench with	Now I must mount my cob and
men	hurry
Biting the point of Chaucer's pen.	To join his friends at Canterbury,
Chaucer I always loved, for he	A truly English merry party,
Led me to woo fair Poesie.	Tho' none so jocular and hearty.

4 [See *A Course of Reading* by the Rev. James Pycroft, 4th ed. 1861, p. 62: "Neither Moore, Byron, nor W. S. Landor could appreciate Chaucer."—W.]

SHAKESPEARE IN ITALY

[Published in 1863, p. 234; reprinted 1876. A copy of this piece sent to Miss Kate Field was dated July 1, 1860.]

BEYOND our shores, past Alps and Appennines,
 Shakespeare, from heaven came thy creative breath,
 Mid citron groves and over-arching vines
 Thy genius wept at Desdemona's death.
 In the proud sire thou badest anger cease
 And Juliet by her Romeo sleep in peace;
 Then rose thy voice above the stormy sea,
 And Ariel flew from Prospero to thee.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

MILTON IN ITALY

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 232; reprinted 1876. Another version (F) was sent to Miss Kate Field in 1861 and published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1866.]

O MILTON! couldst thou rise again and see
The land thou lovedst in thy earlier day,
See springing from her tomb fair Italy
(Fairer than ever) cast her shroud away,
That tightly-fasten'd triply-folded shroud,
Torn by her children off their mother's face!
O couldst thou see her now, more justly proud
Than of an earlier and a stronger race!

2 thy] an F. For ll. 7-8 F substitutes three lines:

Around her, shameful sight! crowd upon crowd,
Nations in agony lie speechless down,
And Europe trembles at a despot's frown.

"The despot", Miss Field notes, "is of course Louis Napoleon".

[Published in 1863, p. 225; reprinted 1876.]

O IMMORTALITY of fame!	Resume ere long their common
What art thou? even Shake-	clay,
speare's name	And worms are longer lived than
Reaches not Shakespeare in his	they.
grave.	At last some gilded letters show
The wise, the virtuous, and the	What those were call'd who lie
brave,	below.

[Published in 1863, p. 127; reprinted 1876.]

JONSON to Shakespeare was preferr'd
By the bell-jingling low-brow'd herd,
Cowley to Milton. Who would mind
The stumbles of the lame and blind?
We may regret their sad estate,
But can not make them amble strait.

[Published in 1863, p. 238; reprinted 1876.]

THAT critic must indeed be bold	Than sparkling easy-ambling Wal-
Who pits new authors against old.	ler.
Only the ancient coin is prized,	Waller now walks with rhyming
The dead alone are canonized:	crowds,
What was even Shakespeare until	While Milton sits above the clouds,
then?	Above the stars, his fixt abode, 11
A poet scarce compared with Ben:	And points to men their way to
And Milton in the streets no taller	God.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

WRITTEN ON MILTON'S DEFENCE

PRO POPULO ANGLICANO

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 196.]

IBERIANS! Belgians! Gauls! ye rage in vain,
Cromwell shall rule the land, and Blake the main.
A greater man, if greater man there be,
Milton, hath undersign'd the Lord's decree.

[The poem is repeated on page 216 of *Heroic Idyls* with title: "The Former Day".
—W.]

[Published in 1863, p. 268; reprinted 1876.]

POETS as strong as ever were,	Waller was easy, so was Sedley,
Formerly breath'd our British	Nor mingled with the rhyming
air:	medley.
Ours now display but boyish	Descending from her higher places
strength,	The Muse led Prior to the Graces:
And rather throw themselves full	He was the first they condescended
length.	To visit . . are their visits ended?

GIBBON

[Published in 1863, p. 270; reprinted 1876.]

GIBBON has planted laurels long to bloom
Above the ruins of sepulchral Rome.
He sang no dirge, but mused upon the land
Where Freedom took his solitary stand.
To him Thucydides and Livius bow,
And Superstition veils her wrinkled brow.

[Published in 1863, p. 236; reprinted 1876.]

GIBBON! tho' thou art grave and grand
And Rome is under thy command,
Yet some in cauliflower-white wigs,
Others put lately into brigs,
Instead of bending back and knee,
Would pull thy chair from under thee.

DISTRIBUTION OF HONOURS FOR LITERATURE

[Published in 1863, p. 266; reprinted 1876.]

THE grandest writer of late ages
Who wrapt up Rome in golden pages,
Whom scarcely Livius equal'd, Gibbon,
Died without star or cross or ribbon.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 228; reprinted 1876.]

I own I like plain dishes best, And those the easiest to digest. Take in the fresher, tougher, harder, But hook them longer in the larder.	Show me that humble village inn Where Goldsmith tuned his violin, Then leave me, at the close of day, To muse in the churchyard with Gray.
---	---

BYRON

[Published in 1863, p. 203.]

LIKE mad-dog in the hottest day Byron runs snapping strait away, And those unlucky fellows judge ill Who go without a whip or cudgel.	Yet, I confess it, I am loth, People should see them daub'd with froth, Tho' dogs that rave with this disease
The boots I wear are high and strong, Wherefore I take no whip or thong;	Lift not their heads above my knees, It's prudent not to carry home The worst of poison in their foam.

[Published in 1863, p. 256.]

THERE is a restless mortal who Feeds on himself, and eats for two. Heartburn all day and night he feels And never tries to walk but reels. Boy! on the table set the taper	And bring your lucifer; this paper I must without delay set fire on Or folks may fancy I mean Byron. Be petty larcenies forgiven, The fire he stole was not from heaven.
---	---

REMONSTRANCE AND ADVICE

TO BYRON

[Published in 1863, p. 148.]

SAY, Byron, why is thy attar Profusely dasht with vinegar? Each of them in its place is good, But neither fit for daily food. Open thy latticed window wide For breezes from the Ægæan tide; And from Hymettus may its bee Bear honey on each wing to thee:	But keep apart these two per- fumes For hospitals and drawing-rooms. Now one more counsel: let alone The fatty that outflanks the throne, Nor fancy you can cure a leper With poultices of cayenne-pepper.
--	---

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 181; reprinted 1876.]

SQUIBS, crackers, serpents, rockets, Bengal lights,
Lead thousands running to the Dardanelles,
Where girls by sackfuls bubble thro' the wave;
I, leaving good old Homer, not o'erlong,
Enjoy the merriment of Chaucer's tales
Or louder glee of the large-hearted Burns,
And then partaking Southey's wholesome fare,
Plenteous, and savoury, without spice, I turn,
To my own sofa, where incontinent
Wordsworth's low coo brings over me sound sleep.

10

[Published in 1863, p. 184; reprinted 1876.]

THOU hast not lost all glory, Rome!
With thee have found their quiet home
Two whom we followers most admire
Of those that swell our sacred quire;
And many a lowered voice repeats
Hush! here lies Shelley! here lies Keats!

3 Two] so in errata, To in text.

[Published in 1863, p. 256; reprinted 1876.]

SHELLEY and Keats, on earth unknown
One to the other, now are gone
Where only such pure Spirits meet
And sing before them words as sweet.

[Published in 1863, p. 187.]

COME lads, the day is all before ye,
Jerrold will tell a merry story,
And ere ye go to bed ye may
Regale on Wordsworth's curds and whey.
I can not join you, for I question
If such things suit with my digestion.

5 join] so in errata, own in text.

[Published in 1863, p. 243; reprinted 1876.]

'Twas far beyond the midnight hour	Not Porson so; his stronger pate
And more than half the stars	Could carry more of wine and
were falling,	Greek
And jovial friends, who lost the	Than Cambridge held; erect he
power	sate;
Of sitting, under chairs lay	He nodded, yet could somehow
sprawling;	speak.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

<p>"'Tis well, O Bacchus! they are gone, Unworthy to approach thy altar! 10 The pious man prays best alone, Nor shall thy servant ever falter."</p>	<p>Then Bacchus too, like Porson, nodded, Shaking the ivy on his brow, And graciously replied the God- head, "I have no votary staunch as thou."</p>
---	--

ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 257; reprinted 1876.]

PORSON was askt what he thought of hexameters written in English:
"Show me," said he, "any five in continuance true to the meter,
Five where a dactyl has felt no long syllable puncht thro' his midrif,
Where not a trochee or pyrric has stood on one leg at the entrance
Like a grey fatherly crane keeping watch on the marsh at Cayster.
Zounds! how they hop, skip, and jump! Old Homer, uplifting his eye-
brows,

Cries to the somnolent Gods . . "O ye blessed who dwell on Olympos!
What have I done in old-age? have I ever complain'd of my blind-
ness?

Ye in your wisdom may deem that a poet sings only the better
(Some little birds do) for *that*; but why are my ears to be batter'd 10
Flat to my head as a mole's or a fish's, if fishes have any?
Why do barbarians rush with a fury so headstrong against me?
Have they no poet at home they can safely and readily waylay?"

Then said a youth in his gown, "I do humbly beg pardon, Professor,
But are you certain that you, to whom all the wide Hellas is open,
Could make Homer, who spoke many dialects with many nations,
Speak, as we now have attempted to teach him, our pure Anglo-saxon?"

Then the Professor, "I wager a dozen of hock or of claret,
Standing on only one foot I can throw off more verses and better 19
Than the unlucky, that limp and halt and have "*no foot to stand on.*"
"'Pon my word, as I live!" said a younger, "I really think he has
done it,

Every soul of us here, by a score of hexameters, quizzing."*

* It is to be hoped that Milton may escape this profanation. Dryden, the master of rhyme, would have violated the Muse of Zion. That poet's ears must be stiff with indurated wax which receive not at least an equal pleasure from the cadences of Milton's verse as from Homer's. Every people has its pet poet; one unwieldy like Dante, another skittish like Voltaire; but Homer and Milton have been venerated wherever have been prominent the organs of veneration. May no iconoclast prevail against them. [L. Om. 1876.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO PORSON

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 220.]

LET alone, my old friend, our best poet; ask Parr
If I keep not stout harness well buckled for war.
Of the birch in my field I have wasted no twig
On a petulant Jeffrey or any such prig;
But run not *you* foul on the wise and the kind,
Or you'll soon have to clap your ten fingers behind.

[Published in 1863, p. 206; reprinted 1876.]

THE Graces now are past their dancing days,
The Muses have forgot their earlier lays,
And of the latter you would give a score
For one fresh ballad of light-hearted Moore.
Of the nine sisters eight are grown uncouth,
And even the ninth has lost the bloom of youth.
Some jealous poet may have written so;
Is there some truth in it? Tell me, yes or no.

REMONSTRANCE TO MACAULAY, ON ATTACKING THE MEMORY OF W. PENN

[Published in 1863, p. 147.]

MACAULAY! Envy's self must	That some are brave yet never	
praise	fought,	10
The spirit of thy Roman " <i>Lays</i> ."	Who dared mid fiercest hordes to	
None cheer'd more heartily than I	stand	
When the triumphal car roll'd	With open breast and open hand.	
by,	He show'd them what their soil	
Follow'd by songs which well	could bear	
become	Better than tomahawk and spear;	
The chaste and stately Muse of	That the Great Spirit, lord of all	
Rome.	More gladly hears the widow's	
Why drawest thou a gall-black	call	
pen	Than cruelly exultant yell	
Across the face of quiet men?	Shaking the very gate of Hell.	
Deserves he this who mildly	Macaulay! let one hero rest	
taught	By millions after millions blest.	20

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

CONFESSION OF JEALOUSY

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 218; reprinted 1876.]

JEALOUS, I own it, I was once,
That wickedness I here renounce.
I tried at wit . . . it would not do . . .
At tenderness . . . that fail'd me too,
Before me on each path there stood
The witty and the tender Hood.

[Published in 1863, p. 186.]

"SONG OF THE SHIRT." Strange! very strange,
This shirt will never want a change,
Nor ever will wear out so long
As Britain has a heart or tongue.

DICKENS

[Published in 1863, p. 164; reprinted 1876.]

You ask me what I see in Dickens . .
A game-cock among bantam chickens.

[Published in 1863, p. 265; reprinted 1876.]

UNDER his pulpit lies poor Sydney,*
And few are left us of his kidney.
With me, my friends, you can but lunch,
For a good dinner go to Punch.

* Sydney Smith. [L.]

[Published in p. 167, 1863.]

MY verses, all I wrote of late,
To Vulcan I would dedicate,
But it is right that you precede
With larger offering, gentle Reade!

[JOHN EDMUND READE]

[Published in 1863, p. 231.]

AN, Reade! a bear is not a kitten
Else were thy hand less fiercely bitten.
Sometimes a pen, sometimes a bear
Objects to handling; so beware.

Title not in text. [Cf. 'Inopportune', p. 428.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THE POETS OF SCOTLAND

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 127; reprinted 1876.]

THOMSON, there born where mist and snow Are the sole change the Seasons know, Saw them alternate in his dreams, And woke to charm the Nymphs of Thames.	The generous Scott and stalwart Burns Blew Caledonia's pipe by turns; And Campbell with no fainter voice Bade her in one more bard rejoice, When Hohenlinden made reply To " <i>Glorious death or victory!</i> " 10
---	--

1 Thomson] misspelt Thompson 1863.

TO SCOTCH CRITICS

[Published in 1863, p. 269.]

WHY should ye sourly criticise A poet more profuse than wise? The gentle Muse would not send from her Her Ovid, tho' preferring Homer.	Mind, wise was gentle Ovid too, And equal'd in his art by few. Sirs, malice is a worse disease Than all your itch and all your fleas.
--	---

TO THE AUTHOR OF *VESTIGES OF CREATION*

[Published in 1863, p. 266.]

WISE was Democritos, nor less the sage
Whom Philip call'd to guide his wilful son,
Not tardy to shake off the dust that fell
Upon the eyelids of the Athenian youths
From quaintnesses and quibbles in a school
Where Truth, if ever sought, was never found.
Our teachers find her, some of them on earth,
Some in the wilderness above the skies.
Thou hast gone after them and close behind,
Briton! thou who hast traced the vestiges
Of God's creation! Deem it not presumption
If I dare question thee why thou hast call'd
The vulture, wolf, and boa, the police
Ordain'd to keep in order and suppress
Us bipeds, when we come in crowds too dense.
Were it not better to reward the stout

10

[*Vestiges of the Creation*, by Robert Chambers (1802-1871), published anonymously in 1844.—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

And vigilant, for every bird and beast
Of rapine they shall kill? Even in our land
Vipers and snakes and hawks and kites are seen.
Is there no shame in this? why not propound
A stated price for every head of them?
Were it not better so than fifty-fold
For fellow men to slaughter fellow men
And feed the hungry cannon's mouth alone?
Is there none brave enough to seize the scourge
Now sounding in our ears? let that be done,
Then to the vipers and the birds of prey.

20

ON THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL

By WASHINGTON IRVING

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 270; reprinted 1876.]

CHAUCER I fancied had been dead
Some centuries, some four or five;
By fancy I have been misled
Like many: he is yet alive.

The Widow's Ordeal who beside
Could thus relate? Yes, there is one,
He bears beyond the Atlantic wide
The glorious name of Washington.

Title On . . . Ordeal om. 1876, which has A Tale by Washington Irving.

[Published in 1863, p. 248.]

KIND friends forgive me, if you can, For calling Slick an honest man. Derision is enough; I see Wit lies remote from irony. Let me devise, if I am able, Instead of irony, a fable. A dog by sudden spring had got A pudding, smoking from the pot. He was a wise old dog and knew In this dilemma what to do.	He dipt it in the gutter, then Ran on with it and dipt again. Boys, girls, and women, trundled after And clapt their hands and roar'd with laughter. When clear of them, the bag he tore And lickt the dainty o'er and o'er, Until it was less hot; at last He broke outrageously his fast,
--	---

[See *The Athenæum*, July 26, 1851, which described *The English in America*, by the author of *Sam Slick*, as "a vulgar and violent political pamphlet". See 'To Judge Haliburton', p. 428.—W.]

'KIND FRIENDS, FORGIVE ME'

Then licked his lips by way of
grace,
And sought some cool and quiet
place 20
Where his siesta he could take,
Nor hear what cries the cook
might make.

Men may learn much from dogs,
and Slick
Learnt from said dog his clever
trick.
He lowers his muzzle and he eats
With ravening maw the foulest
meats.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 128.]

In youth I heard a story told,
Written, it seems, in days of old,
About a lawyer and a dog,
And it was styled an *Apologue*.

Perhaps it may be truth; if so,
It must have happened long ago,
For now the name of Slick is known
Among the Americans alone.

[Published in 1863, p. 244; reprinted 1876.]

WILL nothing but from Greece or
Rome
Please me? is nothing good at
home?
Yes; better; but I look in vain

For a Molière or La Fontaine.
Swift in his humour was as strong
But there was gall upon his tongue.
Bitters and acids may excite,
Yet satisfy not appetite.

[Published in 1863, p. 174.]

WE have old women and to spare:
None fit to judge like thine, Molière;
Youngsters and dotards shove to teach,
And carp at what they can not reach.

1 spare:] *no point after spare in 1863.*

[Published in 1863, p. 186; reprinted 1876.]

Of those who speak about Vol-
taire
The least malicious are unfair.
The groundlings neither heed nor
know
The victories of Apollo's bow;

What powers of darkness he with-
stood
And stampt upon the Python's
blood.
Observing stil his easy pace,
They call it levity, not grace.

[Published in 1863, p. 180; reprinted 1876.]

SOMETIMES a Jesuit's* words are true,
For proof one specimen may do.
"To malice all an ear incline,
"Even the few who don't malign."

* Vavassor. [L. See *De Epigrammate, &c.*, by Francis Vavassor, 1678, p. 99: "Maledicentia grata cunctis, etiam iis, qui neque sibi maledici, neque maledicere ipsi aliis velint."—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

VICTOR HUGO

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 160; reprinted 1876.]

WHETHER a poet yet is left
In France I know not, and who knows?
But Hugo, of his home bereft,
In quiet Jersey finds repose.
Honour to him who dares to utter
A word of truth in writ or speech!
In Hugo's land the brave but mutter
Half one, in dread whose ear it reach.

TO A GERMAN

[Published in 1863, p. 170; reprinted 1876.]

You think all liquor must be weak if clear,
Find wit in Goethe, miss it in Voltaire.
Your beer has plenty both of malt and hop,
But of the bright and sparkling not a drop.

[Two versions (A, B) published in 1863, pp. 197, 267; both reprinted 1876.]

WE hear no more an attic song,
Teuton cuts out the Athenian's tongue,
And witches, ghosts, and goblins fill
Each crevice of the Aonian hill.

3 and goblins] hobgoblins (B).

[ON GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS]

[Published in 1863, p. 233.]

THE *Revelations* want a guide
To draw the mystic veil aside;
For these perhaps one guide may do,
But Goethe's *Epigrammes* want two.

ON GESNER'S IDYLS

[Published in 1863, p. 265; reprinted 1876.]

GESNER, to Sicily he does no wrong
Who listens fondly to thy pastoral song.
The Muses, nurst by Nature, bow'd the head
And sigh'd in silence when thy spirit fled.

[Solomon Gessner, Swiss painter and poet, ob. 1788.—W.]

ON GESNER'S IDYLS

Homer's sole rival, Mincio's youthful swain
To catch Sicilian tones essay'd in vain.
None dared take up the broken pipe, for none
Among the wistful claim'd it as his own.
A sunny clime call'd many a piper forth,
But only thy strong pinion braved the north.

10

5 Mincio's . . . swain [Virgil.—W.].

ADVICE TO AN OLD POET

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 183; reprinted 1876.]

AFTER edition comes edition,
And scarce a dozen copies gone;
Suppose you take another "mission"
And let the weary press alone.

TO YOUNG POETS

FROM AN OLDER

[Published in 1863, p. 211; reprinted 1876.]

CHILDREN! why pull ye one another's hair?
May not Callimachus or Bion wear
A sprig of bay or myrtle they have found
Lying since nightfall on neglected ground?

REPLY TO SOME HUDIBRASTICS

[Published in 1863, p. 206; reprinted 1876.]

O COULD I cull such rhymes as thou
Cullest from under cloudless brow;
Such as were erst the Faeries gift
To Butler and his godson Swift.
But here 'tis plainly seen that I'm
A very bad one at a rhyme.

[Published in 1863, p. 169; reprinted 1876.]

THERE are a hundred now alive
Who buz about the summer hive,
Alas! how very few of these
Poor little busy poet bees
Can we expect again to hum
When the next summer shall have come.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 220.]

A MUSE would visit an old man, And fluently her flattery ran. "Ay, ay!" replied he, "well I know You only come to mock and mowe. Too often have I seen my betters	Entangled in your flowery fetters: Too long they held me, and too fast, But I am fairly free at last. Tho' young and old alike are vain, I will not dance in them again." 10
--	---

TO A POET

[Published in 1863, p. 247.]

I NEVER call'd thy Muse splay- footed, Who sometimes wheez'd, and sometimes hooted, As owls do on a lonely tower, Awaiting that propitious hour When singing birds retire to rest,	And owls may pounce upon the nest. I only wish she would forbear From sticking pins into my chair, And let alone the friends who come To neutralize thy laudanum. 10
--	--

THE SPITEFUL

[Published in 1863, p. 130.]

THERE are who, when they read a book And find not that for which they look, Spit venom over every page With viperine and deadly rage.	What hurts them so? if hurt is done 'Tis by their home-fed scorpion. Imprudently they lick their sore, A rabid tongue inflames it more.
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[TRACTS FOR THE TIMES]

[Published in 1863, p. 245.]

"I WISH you would but read those <i>Tracts</i> I sent you." I have red the <i>Acts</i> : And these, if duly follow'd, teach What jarring churchmen ought to preach. Well have I beaten brake and stubble, And bagg'd what ill repaid the trouble.	Where is the pointer or retriever That can scent out the true be- liever? Moravians share the meal of Christ, His home-made bread and meat unsiced: 10 But these poor souls are not the people To venerate the stole and steeple.
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Title not in text.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[TO EMILIA]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 249.]

CEASE to contend upon that slippery field
In which alone, Emilia, you must yield.
There comes one stronger, in whose steps we trace
All Dryden's vigour and all Prior's grace.
Ivan from madden'd sire none else could save,
Or Casabianca from the flaming wave.
No maid of Hellas ever rais'd so high
A strain as she, 'twould crack your voice to try.
Felicia's varied harmonies run o'er,
But close the copybook and write no more.

10

Title not in text.

[Published in 1863, p. 231.]

THE scriptures teach us that our	In evil hour I strove to read
Lord	Some poems of one lately dead,
Writes in his bookman's idlest word.	And humbly hoped the sable pall
Now surely he must find it worse	Might cover and atone for all.
Than what he suffered on the cross.	

[HENRY KETT]

[Published in 1863, p. 177.]

WHY wouldst thou hang thyself, O Kett?
If all God's laws thou didst forget,
One English law was worth recalling
To memory . . . that against forestalling.

Title not in text. [The Rev. Henry Kett was a Fellow of Trinity when Landor was an undergraduate. He was drowned on June 30, 1825, at Stanwell, Middlesex. It was supposed that he had been seized with cramp when out of his depth. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1825.)—W.]

[ON THE SAME]

[Printed in *Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson*, 1869, ii. 482.]

"THE Centaur is not fabulous," said Young.
Had Young known Kett,
He had said, "Behold one put together wrong;
The head is horseish; but, what yet
Was never seen in man or beast,
The rest is human; or, at least,
Is Kett."

Title not in text. 1 [See *The Centaur is not Fabulous*, by Edward Young, 1755.—W.]
4 horseish ["Horse Kett", as he was called at Oxford, did not resent the epithet, and would say that he was "going to trot down High Street".—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[SOUTHEY POET LAUREATE]

[Published in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, i. 435.]

"I am reminded . . . that I wrote some verses on your laureateship. They are these." [*Landon to Southey from Como, August 31, 1817.*]

BREATH of what god hath blown the mists away,
That thou whose influence filled the solitude,
Whose music was for souls that shun the world,
At length from thronging cities art beheld
And hail'd from pinnacles of palaces
Far under thee, O Southey! late-beheld,
As were the greater of the first-born stars
The nearest to their mighty Maker's throne.
Sit light of heart in the clear cool serene,
Where other voice than that which call'd thee none
Is heard around, nor other harp than thine.

10

What serpents slid athwart thy noontide path!
What birds of evil omen flapped their wings
Heavily, lower and lower! their darksome eye
Saw not that radiant visage burst the clouds,
That right hand beckon upward, and that left
Point toward Python with the golden bow.

If this be earth, so lofty and so pure,
Thou hast not left it utterly, divine
Astrea! She who led the son of Jove,
And fixed his choice, perform'd her office here;
But Thou upon the summit hast received
Him whom she brought, and from thy righteous hand
(Nine white-robed virgins hymning slow before)
Upon his brow I saw the crown descend.

20

Title not in 1869.

BYRON AND WORDSWORTH

[Written at Bath in 1845 and published by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, ii. 424.]

"A lady here, a friend of yours, has been lecturing me on my hostility to Wordsworth. In the course of our conversation I said what I turned into verse half an hour ago."
[*Landon to Forster, Bath, 1845.*]

BYRON's sharp bark and Wordsworth's long-drawn wheeze
Issue alike from breasts that pant for ease.
One caught the fever of the flowery marsh,
The other's voice intemperate scorn made harsh.
But each hath better parts: to One belong

BYRON AND WORDSWORTH

Staffs for the old and guide-posts for the young:
The Other's store-room downcast eyes approve,
Hung with bright feathers dropt from moulting Love.

AT WORDSWORTH'S DESIRE

[Published by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, ii. 245, as having been written in 1832 for Dora Wordsworth's album. See note at end of the volume.]

GLORIOUS the names that cluster here,
The loftiest of our lofty isle—
Who can approach them void of fear,
Though Genius urge and Friendship smile?
To lay one stone upon the hill,
And show that I have climb'd so high,
Is what they bid me. Wordsworth's will
Is law, and Landor must comply.

[TO MATHIAS]

[From a letter to Mrs. Paynter, dated Florence, 3 April (? 1833), quoted by Lord Houghton in *The Edinburgh Review*, July 1869.]

THE Piper's music fills the street, Hand us a Sonnet cool and dry as
The Piper's music makes the heat Your very best, and we shall
Hotter by ten degrees: freeze.
Hand us a Sonnet, dear Mathias,

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

[Printed in *Notes and Queries*, September 10, 1887; and from a letter to R. Brown-ing, Feb. 11, 1860, in H. C. Minchin's *W. S. Landor: Last Days*, 1934.]

If ought so damping and so dull were
As these "last days" of Dandy Bulwer,
And had been cast upon the pluvius
Rockets that issued from Vesuvius,
They would no more have reached Pompeii
Than Rome or Tusculum or Veii.

2 these] the 1934. 3 And you had thrown it on the 'pluvius' 1934. 4 Rockets]
Fire-flakes 1934. 5 would] could 1934.

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

[Published in *Letters, &c., of Walter Savage Landor*, 1897.]

HAVE I no sympathy for kings? I have,
And plant a laurel on a royal grave.
James! I will never call thy fortunes hard,
A happy lover and unrival'd bard.
For Chaucer, Britain's first born, was no more,
And the Muse panted after heavy Gower.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

DANIEL DEFOE

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

Few will acknowledge all they owe	That precious volume, lest the
To persecuted, brave Defoe.	morrow
Achilles, in Homeric song,	For unlearnt lesson might bring
May, or he may not, live so long	sorrow? 10
As Crusoe; few their strength had	But nobler lessons he has taught
tried	Wide-awake scholars who fear'd
Without so staunch and safe a	naught:
guide.	A Rodney and a Nelson may
What boy is there who never laid	Without him not have won the
Under his pillow, half afraid,	day.

[THE SAME]

[Published in 1897.]

STRANGERS in vain enquire, for none can show
Where rests thy mutilated frame, Defoe!
Small men find room enough within St. Paul's,
The larger limb'd must rest outside the walls.
Be thou content, no name hath spread so wide
As thine, undamaged stil by time and tide.
Never hath early valour been imprest
On gallant Briton's highly-heaving breast
So deeply as by Crusoe; therefor Fame
O'er every sea shall waft your social name. 10

THE POET WHO SLEEPS

[Published in 1897.]

ONE day, when I was young, I read	Many the things we poets feign.
About a poet, long since dead,	I feign'd to sleep, but tried in vain.
Who fell asleep, as poets do	I tost and turn'd from side to side,
In writing—and make others too.	With open mouth and nostrils
But herein lies the story's gist,	wide. 12
How a gay queen came up and kist	At last there came a pretty maid,
The sleeper.	And gazed; then to myself I said,
“Capital!” thought I.	“Now for it!” She, instead of kiss,
“A like good fortune let me try.”	Cried, “What a lazy lout is this!”

2 a poet [Clément Marot, Landor says in a note, but it was Alain Chartier whom Margaret Stuart, the Dauphin's wife, kissed on his mouth, “de laquelle sont issus tant d'excellents propos, matières graves et paroles élégantes.”—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

CERVANTES

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

CERVANTES was among my first delights,
Nor was forgotten in maturer age;
I dare not ask myself if Freedom urged
My steps to Spain more powerfully than he,
When that inveterate and infuriate foe
Of England and of Europe vaulted o'er
The Pyrenees. I went there not unarm'd,
Nor left unhonour'd, tho' my stay was brief.
When Blake retreated to unsafe Seville
I stayed behind, but would not go aboard, 10
Tho' Digby call'd to welcome me, but went
To view La Mancha, where no human step
Disturb'd the silence, where the lizard clung
Upright and panted on the sultry wall.
My sword was idle, not the hand that bore it.
There were who wanted that, nor sued in vain.
O birthplace of Cervantes! proud of *him*!
Proud of the giver of another world!
Proud of immortal poets! hast thou risen
Only to fall again? Bring back the hour
(Ah, couldst thou!) when I rode along thy downs 20
While war raged under me; some duty done,
I slept more soundly where the cistus helpt
My slumber, and the weaker thyme gave way.

9 Blake [*sc.* General Joachim Blake (*ob.* 1827). See Landor's "Three Letters to Don Francisco Riquelma", 1809.—W.] 11 Digby [? Captain George Digby, R.N., H.M.S. *Cossack*.—W.] 17 Cervantes [Landor had forgotten that Cervantes was born in New Castile and may have been thinking of a visit paid in 1808 to Santillana, as the birthplace of Gil Blas.—W.]

JEFFREY CRITICISING SOUTHEY

[Published in 1897.]

JEFFREY! the rod and line lay by,
Or only fish for little fry.
On dace and gudgeon you may fare,
Too deep for you lies Derwent Char.

1 Jeffrey [Landor disliked the *Edinburgh Review* and its editor. "I was once asked", he wrote to Southey, "whether I would be introduced to this gentleman. My reply was: 'No, nor to any other rascal.'"—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

WILLIAM GIFFORD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

HOLD hard! let puffing Giff reach first
The sacred spring, for fierce his thirst.
Press not too nigh lest he bespatter
Each rival with the muddied water.

1 Giff [Landon liked Gifford of the *Quarterly* even less than he liked Jeffrey. Gifford saw in Landon "a most rancorous and malicious heart".—*Memoirs of John Murray*. W.]

WITS AND BORES

[Published in 1897.]

THERE are few wits who never Nor pelt the poor old buck that
speak ill strays.
In prose or rhyme, such wits are Those thirst the most who are as
Jekyl dry as
And Luttrell: like this couple let Gifford or bell-wether Mathias.
us At flabby pens why frown offended?
Gather our honey from Hymettus: By the best blade can they be
Let the kid suck, the mother graze, mended. 10

2 Jekyl [*sc.* Joseph Jekyll, ob. 1837. Landon met him at Dr. Parr's.—W.] 3 Luttrell [Henry Luttrell, ob. 1851, author of *Advice to Julia*, &c.—W.] 4 Hymettus [Thymettus 1897 (misprint). 8 -wether] -weather 1897.

THOMAS PAINE

[Published in 1897.]

MOBS I abhor, yet bear a crowd
Which speaks its mind, if not too loud.
Willingly would I hear again
The honest words of pelted Payne.
Few dared such homely truths to tell,
Or wrote our English half so well.

MEN OF THE DAY

[Published in 1897.]

DISPARAGE not our age, such thought were wrong,
Ask not a poet is it worth a song;
To this ye might hear Tennyson reply
At times in accents deep, at times in high.
Here has been in our iland one great man

MEN OF THE DAY

Who, beyond all, the race of glory ran.
Beneath the rising and the setting sun,
The helm and scymeter of Wellesley shone.
And who was he who later [dared] to brave
The icy barrier of the Baltic wave? 10
Nor have our gentle poets since been mute,
Although contented with their softer flute.
O'er the wide Continent, despotic Power
Is seen in threatening thunder-clouds to lour,
And there if any loftier heads remain
They raise them not, aware 'twould be in vain.
From thousand *city bards* no voice is heard
Above the twitterings of a household bird.
While in our happy Britain there is stil
Breath left the trumpet of fair fame to fill. 20

9 he [*sc.* Admiral Sir Charles Napier.—W.]

WILLIAM VON SCHLEGEL

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

SCHLEGEL; where first I met thee was at Bonn:
I knew thee but by name, and little thought
The only mortal who could comprehend
Shakespeare, in all his vastness, stood before me.
I wondered, when I lookt on thee, at tags
Of ribbon, buckles, crosses, round thy breast;
As, on their birthday, boys display new drums,
High feather in the hat and fierce cockade.
Is this the man, thought I, but held my tongue,
Who knew the heart of Shakespeare, and his ways 10
Thro' every walk of life, o'er land and sea,
And into regions where nor sea nor land
Are peopled, but where other Beings dwell,
Above, below?

Schlegel, he recognized
In thee his privy-counselor, bade step
With him thro' treacherous courts, courts dark with blood,
Bade thee bare witness how Othello stabb'd
His Desdemona, bade thee hold the pall
Of virgin white that cover'd Juliet's bier,
Then gather daisies, rosemary and rue, 20
And columbine, as crazed Ophelia will'd.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

No sadness ever toucht my heart like hers:
I think, but dare not own it, I have cried
As child, who to his tongue applies a bee
And, as he tastes the honey, feels the sting.
Master of mind, in every form it takes,
And universal as the Universe,
Is Shakespeare, ambient as the air we breathe,
Bright as the sun that warms it, vast and high
As that dispenser to all worlds around
Of light and life, wherever life exists:
Many are the stars that gem the throne of Night
But veil their lustrous eyes when he walks forth.
So are there poets in our hemisphere
Who glimmer, not obscurely; they approach,
Gazing with bated breath and front abashed:
Barr'd in a tower where none can touch them lie
His sceptre, sword and coronation robes.

30

FUGITIVE PIECES

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

FUGITIVE pieces! no indeed,
How can those be whose feet are lead?

TO AN OLD POET

[Published in 1897.]

"TURN on the anvil twice or thrice
Your verse," was Horace's advice:
Religiously you follow that,
And hammer it til cold and flat.

ADVICE TO A POET

[Published in 1897.]

If you are jealous as pug-dog, O poet,
Button your bosom tight, and never show it.
If you are angry at the world's disdain,
What the world gives you, give the world again.
The Muses take delight in poets' sighs,
But they hear few ascending from the wise.
"*The more the merrier*" (wicked jades!) they say,
Laugh in your face, and turn their own away.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THE SONNETEER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

SONNET is easy in the Tuscan tongue, And poets drop it as they walk along. A young professor was invited once To try his hand, and this was the response: "I never turn'd a sonnet in my life, I had no mistress, and I <i>have</i> a wife.	If anything should happen, then the Muse To help me at a pinch might not refuse. Fancy and tenderness, I have enough For that occasion—but she is <i>so</i> tough."	10
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ADVICE IN RETURN FOR CANTOS

[Published in 1897.]

AH! heap not canto upon canto Which you must drag a weary man to, But try such themes as may be brief And, if they tire, soon comes relief. The Greeks have done it, and our neighbours The French succeed in these light labours.	Firm mansions oft are built of stone Less than a waggon-load each one; And oaks that o'er the forest frown For pleasure-boats are not cut down. A poem of ten thousand verses Is parent of as many curses.	10
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SAPPHO TO PHAON

[Published in 1897.]

TIME has not made these eyes so dim;
I never have complain'd of *him*:
Of one how different I complain!
Come, Phaon, bring them light again.

TO MRS. BROWNING

[Privately printed in *To Elizabeth Barrett Browning and other Verses, by Walter Savage Landor, 1917.*]

IN Latian verse thy name would I inscribe,
But thou hast graven it in adamant
Where Shakespeare and where Milton once wrote theirs.
Browning! if Sappho and Corinna bore

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

The prize of beauty, they both waft aside
The crown of laurel, now another's due.
Envious all poets are, and I confess
I envy one as women envy thee.

[Printed from a copy in Browning's hand dated October 3, 1859.—W.]

HUMBOLT'S CORRESPONDENCE

[Printed from MS.]

HUMBOLT! thou latest of the lofty wise
Revisitest thy earth: thy spirit soar'd
Above its nations, and illumined all
While thou wert only mortal . . . Short sojourn!
For what are ninety which we compute
As years? What are they which an elephant,
A tortoise, or, for aught we know, a worm,
May in sound health enjoy?

Thou knewest men,
Their teachers, and their rulers, and couldst weigh
Each to a grain: the hand that poised the globe
And sea surrounding it, and scann'd alike
Not ours alone, but those that overhang
Others which Saturn's ring could not inclose,
Nor his light pierce thro' ages.

10

Such wast thou.
Wast did I say? All that thou wast thou art,
And more, but more we see not, we below.
I read thy latest words, and read aright
What thy experience teaches.

Thou hast seen*
In royal court invited guests, [barons, counts]
Courtiers and courtesans (small [difference])
In name, and less in character . . .
Instructors of the youth in Go[tha] . . .
Classt with the dancers on the [stage] "Alike
Hired their performances!" O Heaven and Earth,

20

* "What a disgrace", says Humboldt speaking of the King of Hanover, "that such a man should pass for a German Prince." [L.]

[“The constitutional Roi des Landes said yesterday again at his table, before forty people—the Gottingen professors had spoken in an address of their patriotism:—‘Professors have no country at all. Professors, whores (that there should be no mistake in the matter, he added *des putains*), and *danseuses* were to be had anywhere for money; they will go wherever they are offered a few groschen more.’ What a shame to call that a German prince!” Letter of April 6, 1842.—W.]

[*Humboldt's Correspondence*, i.e. *Letters of Alexander von Humboldt to Varnhagen von Ense*, 1860.—W.]

HUMBOLT'S CORRESPONDENCE

Could any but a Guelph, the most insane
Eruct this thought? and leave ye him unbound?
Men above men! God's trusty delegates!
Up to your highth ye can not raise the weak,
They are too heavy; sieze them by their wrists
And draw them farther from the slippery sludge
And bid them hold their heads up, and march strait.

30

TRELAWNY

[Published in *The Times Literary Supplement*, December 13, 1928.]

It is not every traveler
Who like Trelawny can aver
In every State he left behind
An image the Nine Months may find.

Considerate, he perceived the need
Of some improvement in the breed,
And set as heartily to work
As when he fought against the Turk.

LANDOR ON HIS OWN WRITINGS

[PROEM]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

O FRIENDS! who have accompanied thus far
My quickening steps, sometimes where sorrow sate
Dejected, and sometimes where valour stood
Resplendent, right before us; here perhaps
We best might part; but one to valour dear
Comes up in wrath and calls me worse than foe,
Reminding me of gifts too ill deserved.
I must not blow away the flowers he gave,
Altho' now faded; I must not efface
The letters his own hand has traced for me.

10

Here terminates my park of poetry.
Look out no longer for extensive woods,
For clusters of unlopt and lofty trees,
With stately animals coucht under them,
Or grottoes with deep wells of water pure,
And ancient figures in the solid rock:
Come, with our sunny pasture be content,

Title not in any edition, but the proem is prefixed to the first sequence of "miscellaneous" poems in *Works*, 1846, ii. 619-59.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Our narrow garden and our homestead croft,
And tillage not neglected. Love breathes round;
Love, the bright atmosphere, the vital air,
Of youth; without it life and death are one.

20

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

ONE morning in the spring I sate
Kicking my heels upon a gate,
The birds were singing all around,
And cowslips sunn'd the sheeny
ground,
And next to me above the post
A certain shrub its branches tost,
Seeming to whisper in my ear,
"Have you no song for her so
dear?"
Now never in my life could I
Write at command; I know not
why. 10
I tried to write; I tried in vain;
The little birds, to mock my pain,

Sang cheerily; and every note
Seem'd rushing from a clearer
throat.
I was half-mad to think that they
So easily should win the day.
The slender shrub I thought held
down
Its head to whisper "What a
clown!"
Stung by its touch and its re-
proof,
And saying, "Keep your thorns
aloof," 20
Unconsciously I spoke the name,
And verses in full chorus came.

WITH AN ALBUM

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

I KNOW not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd:
Therefore pray let me disengage
My verses from the motley page,
Where others far more sure to
please

Pour out their choral song with ease.
And yet perhaps, if some should tire
With too much froth or too much
fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine. 10

INTERLUDE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

My guest! I have not led you thro'
The old footpath of swamp and
sedges;
But . . mind your step . . you're
coming to
Shingle and shells with sharpish
edges.

Here a squash jelly-fish, and
here
An old shark's head with open
jaw
We hap may hit on: never fear
Scent rather rank and crooked
saw.

Title not in either ed., but it completes the first sequence of "miscellaneous" poems in 1846, and is followed by the rest on pp. 657-75 of *Works*, 1846, vol. ii.

INTERLUDE

Step forward: we shall pass them soon, And then before you will arise 10 A fertile scene; a placid moon Above, and star-besprinkled skies.	And we shall reach at last (where ends The field of thistles, sharp and light) A dozen brave and honest friends, And there wish one and all good-night.
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[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

DOES it become a girl so wise, So exquisite in harmonies, To ask me when do I intend To write a sonnet? What? my friend! A sonnet? Never. Rhyme o'er- flows Italian, which hath scarcely prose; And I have larded full three-score With <i>sorte, morte, cuor, amor</i> . But why should we, altho' we have Enough for all things, gay or grave, 10 Say, on your conscience, why should we	Who draw deep seans along the sea, Cut them in pieces to beset The shallows with a cabbage-net? Now if you ever ask again A thing so troublesome and vain, By all your charms! before the morn, To show my anger and my scorn, First I will write your name a-top, Then from this very ink shall drop A score of sonnets; every one 21 Shall call you star, or moon, or sun, Till, swallowing such warm-water verse, Even sonnet-sippers sicken worse.
---	---

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

IDLE and light are many things you see
 In these my closing pages: blame not me.
 However rich and plenteous the repast,
 Nuts, almonds, biscuits, wafers, come at last.

REMONSTRANCE AND REPLY

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 15, 1851, as 'Poemetti. By Walter Savage Landor, vii'; reprinted 1853 (No. cxxxxiii), 1876.]

So then! I feel not deeply: if I did,
 I should have seized the pen, and pierced therewith
 The passive world! And thus thou reasonest?
 Well hast thou known the lover's, not so well
 The poet's heart. While that heart bleeds, the hand
 Presseth it close. Grief must run on, and pass

Title not in 1853.
 [seth] Presses 1853.

1 then! . . . deeply:] then, . . . deeply! 1853. 6 Pres-

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Into the memory's more quiet plain,
 Before it can compose itself in song.
 He who is agonised, and burns to show
 His agony to those who sit around,
 Seizes the pen in vain: thought, fancy, power,
 Rush back into his bosom: all the strength
 Of genius cannot draw them into light
 From under mastering Grief; but memory,
 The muse's mother, nurses, rears them up,
 Informs, and keeps them with her all her days.

10

7 the memory's] near Memory's 1853. plain,] shade 1853. 9 burns] turns
 1853. 13 cannot] can not 1853. 14 memory] Memory 1853. 15 muse's]
 Muse's 1853.

DYING SPEECH OF AN OLD PHILOSOPHER

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 3, 1849; reprinted 1853 (p. vi), and with
 facsimile of manuscript in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife:
 Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
 I warm'd both hands before the fire of Life;
 It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

W. S. L.

Title and signature omitted 1853. [Landor wrote this quatrain on January 30, 1849,
 his birthday. Forster and Dickens, who had come to Bath to see him, had left a few
 hours before.—W.]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxx); reprinted 1876. Also printed with
 variants in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. See p. 385.]

ONE lovely name adorns my song,
 And, dwelling in the heart,
 For ever falters at the tongue,
 And trembles to depart.

1 One] That 1895. 2, dwelling . . . the] dwells upon my 1895. 3 For . . . the]
 Tremble then every other 1895.
 For l. 4 1895 has: Tears from all eyes then start.

[Published in 1853 (No. lxx); reprinted 1876.]

No easy thing to hit the mind What a good blade and skill can do.
 That wavers with each gust of Damascus sabres at one stroke
 wind, Cut lightest plume or hardest oak.
 Nor worth the while, unless to I let your feathers sweep the plain
 show And sheath my scymeter again.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO JOHN FORSTER

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xcv); reprinted 1876.]

CENSURED by her who stands	I turn in confidence to you.
above	Now, Forster, did you never stop
The Sapphic Muse in song and	At orange-peel or turnip-top,
love,	To kick them from your path, and
"For minding what such people	then
do,"	Complacently walk on agen?

[Published in 1853 (No. cvi); reprinted 1876.]

WEARERS of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxix); reprinted 1876.]

ENVY ne'er thrust into my hands her torch,
The robe of those who mount up higher to scorch.
On old Greek idols I may fix my eyes
Oftener, and bring them larger sacrifice,
Yet on the altar where are worshipt ours
I light my taper and lay down my flowers.

[Published in 1853 (No. clxviii); reprinted 1876.]

WHY do I praise a peach
Not on my wall, no, nor within my reach?
Because I see the bloom
And scent the fragrance many steps from home.
Permit me stil to praise
The higher Genius of departed days.
Some are there yet who, nurst
In the same clime, are vigorous as the first,
And never waste their hours
(Ardent for action) among meadow flowers.
Greece with calm eyes I see,
Her pure white marbles have not blinded me,
But breathe on me the love
Of earthly things as bright as things above:

10

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

There is (where is there not?)
In her fair regions many a desert spot;
Neither is Dircè clear,
Nor is Ilissus full throughout the year.

JEALOUSY ACKNOWLEDGED

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxv).]

Too happy poet! true it is indeed
That I am jealous of thee. Bright blue eyes
(Half eye half heaven) look up into thy face
From Tuscan bonnet of such sunny straw,
In wonderment . . . Glorious is poetry;
But give me pretty girls, give youth, give joy;
If not *my* youth, another's; not *my* joy,
Then too another's. I, alas! have lost
My quailpipe: I must not approach thy marsh,
To lift the yellow goslings off the ground 10
And warm them in my bosom with my breath.
Sorely this vexes me; not all thy wares.
I have mill'd verses somewhat solider
And rounder and more ringing: what of that?
Meanwhile the bevy flutters home again,
And thou canst blandly lower thy head to one,
Murmuring the sonnet, whispering the roundelay,
Or haply . . . such things *have* been done before . . .
Give her, as from thy pantry, not from mine,
The crumbs of my seed-cake, all soakt in milk. 20

[Published in 1853 (No. ccxxxiv); reprinted 1876.]

LITTLE you think, my lovely friend,
While o'er these easy lines you bend
That they can give you many days,
You little think, to whom belong
The purer streams of sacred song,
He from the tomb the prey of Death can raise:
He can, and will; for this is due
From him above the rest to you,
Tho with the rest he shares your smile:
Ah! most he wants it, as you know . . . 10
One, only one, would soothe his woe . . .
Beguile not him . . . and all but him beguile!

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO ELIZA LYNN

WITH THE *FIVE SCENES*

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclxxii); reprinted 1876.]

ELOQUENCE often draws the mind awry
By too much tension, then relaxes it
With magic fires round which the Passions stand
Crazed or perverse; but thine invigorates,
By leading from the flutter of the crowd,
And from the flimsy lace and rank perfume
And mirror where all faces are alike,
Up the steep hill where Wisdom, looking stern
To those afar, sits calm, benign; the Gods
But just above, the Graces just below, 10
Regarding blandly his decorous robe:
There are, my lovely friend, who twitch at thine;
Suffer it; walk strait on; they will have past
Soon out of sight. The powerfulest on earth
Lose all their potency by one assault
On Genius or on Virtue. Where are they
Who pelted Milton? Where are they who raised
Fresh Furies round Rousseau? Where he accurst,
Thrice a deserter, thrice a fugitive,
Always a dastard, who by torchlight shedd 20
A Condé's blood? His march the wolf and bear
Most signalized; he gorged them til they slept
And howl'd no longer; men alone howl'd there,
Under sharp wounds and Famine's sharper fang.
He ridged the frozen flats of Muscovy
And bridged the rivers, paved the roads, with men,
Men in the morning, blocks of ice at noon.
Myriads of these are less than one he threw
To death more lingering in a dungeon's damp,
The sable chief who made his brethren free. 30
Malevolence in guise of Flattery
Will bow before thee. Men I know of old
In whose wry mouths are *friendship, truthfulness,*
And *gentleness*, and *geniality*,
And *good old customs, sound old hearts*. Beware
Lest they come sideling, lest they slily slip
Some lout before thee whose splay foot impedes

Sub-title, see p. 6, Beatrice Cenci.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Thy steps, whose shoulder hides thee from thy friends:
Leave such behind; let pity temper scorn.
With this encouragement, with this advice, 40
Accept my Christmas gift, perhaps my last.
Behold *Five Scenes*, scenes not indeed most fit
For gentle souls to dwell in; but the worst
Lie out of sight, dark cypresses between;
Another dared pass thro them, I dare not.
Askest thou why none ever could lead forth
My steps upon the stage? . . I would evoke
Men's meditation, shunning men's applause.
Let this come after me, if come it will;
I shall not wait for it, nor pant for it, 50
Nor hold my breath to hear it, far or nigh.
Orestes and Electra walkt with me,
And few observ'd them: then Giovanna shedd
Her tears into my bosom, mine alone.
The shambling step in plashy loose morass,
The froth upon the lip, the slaverling tongue,
The husky speech interminable, please
More than the vulgar, tho the vulgar most.
How little worth is fame when even the wise
Wander so widely in our wildering field! 60
Easy it were for one in whose domain
Each subject hath his own, and but his own,
Easy it were for him to parcel out
A few more speeches, filling up the chinks;
Difficult, far more difficult, to work
Wards for the lock than hinges for the gate.
I who have skill for wards have also strength
For hinges; nor should they disgrace the door
Of noblest temple Rome or Athens rear'd.
Content am I to go where soon I must; 70
Another day may see me, now unseen;
I may perhaps rise slowly from my tomb
And take my seat among the living guests.
Meanwhile let some one tell the world thy worth,
One whom the world shall listen to, one great
Above his fellows, nor much lower than thou:
He who can crown stands very near the crown'd.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

APOLOGY FOR *GEBIR*

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1854; reprinted in 1858, 1876.]

SIXTY the years since *Fidler** bore
My grouse bag up the Bala moor,
Above the lake, along the lea
Where gleams the darkly yellow
Dee.

Thro' crags, o'er cliffs, I carried
there

My verses with parental care,
But left them, and went home again
To wing the birds upon the plain.
With heavier luggage half-forgot,
For many months they followed
not. 10

When over Tawey's † sands they
came,

Brighter flew up my winter flame,
And each old cricket sang alert
With joy that they had come un-
hurt.

Gebir! men shook their heads in
doubt

If we were sane: few made us out,
Beside one stranger; in his heart
We after held no niggard part.

The songs of every age he knew,
But only sang the pure and true.
Poet he was, yet was his smile 21
Without a tinge of gall or guile.

Such lived, 'tis said, in ages past;
Who knows if Southey was the
last?

Dapper, who may perhaps have
seen

My name in some late magazine,
Among a dozen or a score
Which interest wise people more,

Wonders if I can be the same
To whom poor Southey augured
fame, 30

Erring, as usual, in his choice
Of one who mocks the public
voice,

And fancies ten or twelve are
worth

Far more than all the rest on
earth.

Dapper, in tones benign and clear
Tells those who treasure all they
hear,

"Landor would have done better
far

Had he observed the northern star;
Or Bloomfield might have shown
the way

To one who always goes astray; 40
He might have tried his pen upon
The living, not the dead and gone.
Are turban'd youths and muffled
belles

Extinct along the Dardanelles?
Is there no scymeter, no axe?
Daggers and bow-strings, mutes
and sacks,

Are they all swept away for ever
From that sky-blue resplendent
river?

Do heroes of old times surpass
Brown, Cambridge, Somerset,
Dundas? 50

Do the Sigæan mounds inclose
More corses than Death swept
from those?"

* *Fidler*, a Welsh pony. [L. Om. 1858.] † Swansea river. [L. Om. 1858.]

6 parental] paternal 1858. 33 ten or twelve] two or three 1858. 45 scymeter]
scimitar 1858. 50 [General Sir George Brown, Duke of Cambridge, Lord Raglan,
Admiral Sir James Whitley Deans Dundas.—W.] Brown, Cambridge] Cardigan 1858.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

No, no: but let me ask in turn
Whether, whene'er Corinthian urn
With ivied Faun upon the rim
Invites, I may not gaze on him?
I love all beauty: I can go
At times from Gainsboro to
Watteau;

Never from Titian's Alpine scene
To Morland's sty, however clean.
Even after Milton's thorough-bass
I bear the rhymes of Hudibras, 62
And find more solid wisdom there
Than pads professor's easy chair:
But never sit I quiet long
Where brodered cassock floats
round Young,
Whose pungent essences perfume
And quirk and quibble trim the
tomb;
Who thinks the holy bread too
plain,
And in the chalice pour'd cham-
paign. 70
I love old places and their climes,

Nor quit the syrinx for the chimes.
Manners have changed; but hearts
are yet
The same, and will be while they
beat.
Ye blame not those who wander
o'er
Our earth's remotest wildest shore,
Nor scoff at seeking what is hid
Within one-chambered pyramid;
Let me then, with my coat untorn
By your acacia's crooked thorn, 80
Follow from Gades, to the coast
Of Egypt, men thro' ages lost.
Firm was my step on rocky
steeps . .
Others slipt down loose sandhill
heaps.
I knew where hidden fountains
lay . .
Hoarse was their thirsty camels
bray;
And presently fresh droves had past
The beasts expiring on the waste.
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ll. 59-60 om. 1858. 70 pour'd champaign] pours champagne 1858. 86 camels]
camels' 1858. Signature omitted in 1858.

OLD-FASHIONED VERSE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

In verse alone I ran not wild
When I was hardly more than child,
Contented with the native lay
Of Pope or Prior, Swift or Gay,
Or Goldsmith, or that graver bard
Who led me to the lone churchyard.
Then listened I to Spencer's
strain,
Til Chaucer's Canterbury train

Came trooping past, and carried me
In more congenial company. 10
Soon my soul was hurried o'er
This bright scene: the "solemn
roar"
Of organ, under Milton's hand,
Struck me mute: he bade me stand
Where none other ambled near . .
I obey'd, with love and fear.

7 Spencer *miepr.*] Spenser 1876. 12 "solemn roar" [? a confused recollection of
Milton's "sullen roar" of the curfew (*Il Penseroso*).—W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THE MATRON

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

BECOME a matron, grave and sage, You, reprehending every page That pleas'd you not long since, seem now To ask from under frowning brow, "Ha! what audacity hath placed This volume in a hand so chaste?	A volume where fictitious names Cover, not hide, forbidden flames." Be merciful! and let him pass; He is no longer what he was: 10 He wrote as poets wrote before, And loved like them . . but rather more.
--	---

ACCUSED OF INDIFFERENCE TO PRAISE

TO SOPHIA

[Published in 1858.]

ACUTE in later as in earlier days
Hath ever been the poet's ear to praise;
Indifferent to its loudest voice am I,
And would exchange it for your faintest sigh.

THE SOLE ASSAILANT

[Published in 1858.]

FEW, I believe (but can not say Exactly) try to block my way Thro' Letter-land; and one alone, Of name across his street un- known, Shouting to raise a ragged row, Persists to pelt and hoot me now. He might have earn'd his daily bread	By honest work, but chose instead In the dank lane to gather nettle Or any trash to fill the kettle, 10 Flavor'd with dirty salt that falls From rancid flitch on smoky walls. Boys who, by opening you a gate, In broken hat off broken pate Might catch a penny, yet prefer To toss into your boot a bur.
--	---

SERMONI PROPRIORA

[Published in 1858.]

LITTLE do they who glibly talk of verse
Know what they talk about, and what is worse,
Think they are judges if they dare to pass
Sentence on higher heads.

 The mule and ass
Know who have made them what they are, and heed

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

From far the neighing of the generous steed.

Gell, Drummond, Hare, and wise and witty Ward*
Knew at first sight and sound the genuine bard,
But the street hackneys, fed on nosebag bran,
Assail the poet and defame the man.

10

Let them but try to write as good a line
As that, however bad, which they malign,
And tho' their life upon the task were spent,
Scarce would that life accomplish that intent.

I never was too bashful, yet have stood
Low in the shadow of the Delphic wood,
While Bobus,† older than myself, four years,
Sat with the Muse's first-created peers,
The high Choregus of the classic song
To whom alone all ancient lyres belong,
To whom from Dirce's rock came Pindar down
And proud Lucretius held his fresher crown.

20

* Lord Dudley and Ward. [L. John William, fourth Viscount Dudley and Ward, cr. Earl of Dudley, 1827, ob. 1833.—W.]

† Robert Smith. [L.]

7 Southey and Hare and Hamilton and Ward *MS. and first proof, 1858*. Drummond and Gell, the triad Hares, and Ward *Letter*. Drummond and Hare and wise and witty Ward *second proof 1858*. sc. Sir William Gell, ob. 1836. Sir William Drummond, ob. 1828. Francis, Augustus, and Julius Hare, ob. 1842, 1834, 1855. ? Sir William Rowan Hamilton, ob. 1865. [W.]

VERSES WHY BURNT

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

How many verses have I thrown
Into the fire because the one
Peculiar word, the wanted most,
Was irrecoverably lost.

APPENDIX TO THE *HELLENICS*

[Published in 1859.]

*A heartier age will come; the wise will know**
If in my writings there be aught of worth,
Said ardent Milton, whose internal light
Dispel'd the darkness of despondency,

* Veniet cordatior ætas;
Siquid meremur sana posteritas sciet.
Μηρον, *Poemata*. [*Silvarum liber. ad Johannem Rousium.*—W.]

APPENDIX TO THE *HELLENICS*

Before he with imperishable gold
 Damaskt the hilt of our Protector's blade.
 Wonder not if that seer, the nighest to heaven
 Of all below, could have thus well divined.

I, on a seat beneath, but on his right,
 Neither expect nor hope my verse may lie 10
 With summer sweets, with albums gaily drest,
 Where poddle snifts at flower between the leaves.
 A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,

And find not overmuch to pare away.
 The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,
 In some dark room laid up when others rot.

Southey and Hare and, on his deathbed, Ward,
 And others of like stamp, have nodded praise.
 Unchallenged I have crost the Argive tents,
 Alone; and I have wrestled with the prime 20
 Of shepherds on the plains of Sicily,
 And her young maidens placed me by their side,
 And bade my rival listen while I sang.

Meanwhile not querulous nor feverish
 Hath been my courtship of the passing voice,
 Nor panted for its echo. Time has been
 When Cowley shone near Milton, nay, above!
 An age roll'd on before a keener sight
 Could separate and see them far apart.
 Thus in our day hath Ireland's noble sage 30
 Brought down to human ken and shown how vast
 The space between two stars, which few had seen,
 And none seen separate.

We upon earth
 Have not our places and our distances
 Assign'd, for many years; at last a tube,
 Rais'd and adjusted by Intelligence,
 Stands elevated to a cloudless sky,
 And place and magnitude are ascertain'd.

If I extoll'd the virtuous and the wise,
 The brave and beautiful, and well discern'd 40
 Their features as they fixt their eyes on mine;
 If I have won a kindness never wooed;
 Could I foresee that . . fallen among thieves,
 Despoil'd, halt, wounded . . tramping traffickers

12 poddle] poodle [*conjecture*].
 Rowan Hamilton, 1805-66.—W.]

30 Ireland's noble sage [Probably Sir William

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Should throw their dirt upon me, not without
Some small sharp pebbles carefully inclosed?
However, from one crime they are exempt;
They do not strike a brother, striking *me*.

This breathes o'er me a cool serenity,
O'er me divided from old friends, in lands
Pleasant, if aught without old friends can please,
Where round their lowly turf-built terraces
Grey olives twinkle in this wintery sun,
And crimson light invests yon quarried cliff,
And central towers from distant villas peer
Until Arezzo's ridges intervene.

50

Festival I would keep before I leave
The land where I am tarrying; to this end
Muses! who often heard me, hear me now!
Come, and invite my neighbours on the marsh
To lay aside the homely bowl for once;
Come, tell them, at my table they may taste
The generous wines of Cypros and of Crete,
And hear the chaunt in honor of that God
Who gave the mask and buskin to the stage,
Which the wise Goddess from her fane aloft
Surveyed with stedfast eyes, nor disapproved.

60

Let me look back upon the world again!
Ah! let me look upon the graves of friends
Departed; let me rest my eyes at last
Upon one happy mansion, hers whose pure
And holy light fell down on me when first
It dawned, and few had ever gazed at mine.

70

Quitting our poplars and our cypresses,
And the secluded scene they overhang,
Run glibly on, my little Affrico,
Content to cool the feet of weary hind
On thy smooth pavement, strown for him with moss;
Regretting not thy vanisht lake, and maids
Aside its bank, each telling tale for tale;
Revert thee rather, and with pride record
Here blythe Boccaccio led his *Fair Brigade*,*
Here Galileo with the stars conversed,
And Milton soar'd above them to his God.

80

* Called *La bella Brigata* by him.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO ARCHDEACON HARE

WITH THE IDYL OF 'PAN AND PITYS'

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 225.]

JULIUS, the playful sylvan Muse,	She sigh'd in saying he was gone
Leaving her grot by Syracuse,	And left his reed to me alone.
Whisper'd me that no other man	Ah, could I half her words believe!
Should sing of Pitys and of Pan.	But the nine sisters all deceive.

Pan and Pitys. [See p. 187.—W.]

[ON 'HOMER AND LAERTES']

[Published in 1863, p. 235.]

WHAT! show Laertes meanly fed,	We meet on yon unthrifty shore."
And offering an old guest stale	Each lord here reapt his rye and
bread?	oats
Yes; Ithaca bore then no wheat,	And stored the stubble for his
I doubt if she bears any yet,	goats;
And the coast opposite so bleak,	Yet each brought stoutly down
None there that golden treasure	the hill
seek.	Wherewith their well-dried skins
Ceres, when Pluto bore away	to fill,
Her Proserpine, was heard to say,	And housewives, frugal and exact,
"Laugh, Bacchus, laugh . . . but	Took special care they never
never more	crackt.

[Published in 1863, p. 239; reprinted 1876.]

You ask how I, who could converse	But would amuse the children
With Pericles, can stoop to worse:	too;
How I, who once had higher aims,	Beside, my breath is short and
Can trifle so with epigrams.	weak,
I would not lose the wise from	And few must be the words I
view,	speak.

[Published in 1863, p. 247.]

WHAT my <i>Last Fruits</i> are when	I do remember well the day
you see,	When many others worse than
Don't wish 'em longer on the	they
tree,	Were for my sake received with
Nor, touching with the finger-	grace,
tips,	And found the warmest resting-
Refuse to let 'em reach your lips.	place.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TRASH

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 201.]

I HAVE thrown more behind the grate
Than would have bought a fair estate.
And I might readily have sold
My drops of ink for grains of gold.
A bladder sounds with peas within,
Boys shake it and enjoy the din:
There is some poetry that bears
Its likeness, made for boyish ears.

[Published in 1863, p. 210.]

I STRUGGLE not when varlets poke
Me back on stouter outside folk.
These catch and hug me, for they know
One who lived with 'em long ago,
And say, "Too hearty to complain,
Thou shalt live with us few again."

1 varlets] *so in errata, mispr. valets in text.*

[Published in 1863, p. 259; reprinted 1876.]

LATELY our poets loiter'd in green lanes,
Content to catch the ballads of the plains;
I fancied I had strength enough to climb
A loftier station at no distant time,
And might securely from intrusion doze
Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus flows.
In those pale olive grounds all voices cease,
And from afar dust fills the paths of Greece.
My slumber broken and my doublet torn,
I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

10

1 poets] *songsters 1876.*

[Published in 1863, p. 271; reprinted 1876.]

No, I will never weave a sonnet,
Let others wear their patience on it;
A better use of time I know
Than tossing shuttles to an fro.

4 an] *and 1876.*

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[BOOKS OF BEAUTY]

[Sent to Lady Blessington, April 25, 1835. Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

Out of thy books, O Beauty! I had been
For many a year,
Till she who reigns on earth thy lawful queen,
Replaced me there.

[Two Imaginary Conversations, printed in *Heath's Book of Beauty for 1834*, ed. by Lady Blessington, were Landor's first contribution to that annual.—W.]

HOW TO READ ME

[Sent to Lady Blessington, July 17, 1839. Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855; with variants in 1858, 1876. See note at end of volume.]

To turn my volume o'er nor find
To chide or discommend
Some vestige of a wandering mind,
Sweet unsuspecting friend!

Believe that all were loved like you,
With love from blame exempt,
Believe that all my griefs were true
And all my joys were dreamt.

Title not in 1855. 1 volume] volumes 1858. ll. 2 and 4 transposed in 1858.
3 a wandering] an erring 1858. 4 (=2 in 1858) Sweet . . . friend!] (Sweet . . .
friend!) 1858. 8 were] but 1858.

[FRAGMENT]

[Published in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

EACH unreservedly child-hearted still,
Nor crawl like Storno * round our olive-mill.

I shall bequeath you more than eastern tales
For fondest Faery's favorite devise;
My orange ailes, my choir of nightingales,
My sunny moonshine of Italian skies,
Shewing the calmness of the bravely wise

To heaven and earth; Kosciusko, Hofer, George
The staid Virginian, standing side by side . .
To strike such men how vainly kinglets forge
The brittle playthings of their puny pride,
Tho grave old women counsel [?] them and guide!

10

* *Storno*, an old ox. [L.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

I've dropt my Inventory on the stair,
Whisking the flies from those three heads that o'er
All other heads rise eminent, but these
I should have added to the moonshine store
Three hundred books, worth thirty crowns and more.

Reverence the early, love the later bard,
Nor think it very faulty that he live:
The dead have left you richly, but tis hard
If those who *leave* be prized o'er those who *give*.
Shall none but marble heads our crowns receive?

20

Ye all are thoughtful; yet, some vacant hour
Of Youth divinest Idleness requires;
She wooes the quiet Spirit to her bower,
The restless blinks before her embery fires,
And close behind creep petulant desires.

Dear boys &c.

ON THE HEIGHTS

[Published in *Letters, &c., of W. S. Landor*, 1897.]

THE cattle in the common field	My mansion stands beyond it,
Toss their flat heads in vain,	high
And snort and stamp; weak	Above where rushes grow;
creatures yield	Its hedge of laurel dares defy
And turn back home again.	The heavy-hooft below.

INVITATION

[Published in 1897.]

If there be any who would rather
Short thyme from steep Hymettus gather,
Than thro' Hyrcanian forests trudge
In heavy boots, knee-deep in sludge,
Come, here is room enough for you,
There will be round about but few.

APOLOGY FOR THE *HELLENICS*

[Published in 1897.]

NONE had yet tried to make men	Made all the Hellenic realms his
speak	own;
In English as they would in Greek.	He was Alfieri, proud to teach
In Italy one chief alone	In equally harmonious speech.

APOLOGY FOR THE *HELLENICS*

Soon, wondering Romans heard
 again
 Brutus, who had been dumb,
 speak plain.
 Corneille stepped forth, and taught
 to dance
 The wigs and furbelows of France.
 In long-drawn sighs the soft Racine
 Bestrewed with perfumed flowers
 the scene. 12
 I wish *our* bard, our sole dramatic,
 Had never overlookt the attic:
 Tho' dried the narrow rill whereby
 The bards of Athens loved to lie,
 Yet Avon's broader, deeper stream
 Might have brought down some
 distant dream,
 Nor left for trembling hand like
 mine
 To point out forms and feats
 divine. 20

Children, when they are tired with
 play,
 Make little figures out of clay,
 And many a mother then hath
 smiled
 At the rare genius of her child;
 But neither child nor man will
 reach
 The godlike power of giving
 speech.
 Fantastic forms weak brains in-
 vent . . .
 Show me Achilles in his tent,
 And Hector drag'd round Troy,
 show *me*
 Where stood and wail'd Andro-
 mache; 30
 Her tears through ages still flow
 on,
 Still rages, Peleus, thy stern
 son.

[A POET'S LEGACY]

[Printed in *Bibliography of Landor*, 1919, from a manuscript.]

ABOVE all gifts we most should
 prize
 The wisdom that makes others
 wise:
 To others when ourselves are dust
 We leave behind this sacred trust.

We may not know, when we are
 gone,
 The good we shall on earth have
 done;
 Enough in going is the thought
 For once we acted as we ought.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

PART I

POEMS FROM THE ARABIC AND PERSIAN

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR OF *GEBIR*

[Published in 1800; reprinted without the notes 1858. See notes at end of the volume.]

PREFACE

I AM uncertain, and I am heedless, whether the public at large will receive with favor a performance ill calculated to irritate or to surprise. At a time when the total slavery, or the total emancipation, of mankind, are the objects of cold indifference, or of mere conversational curiosity, it is barely possible that supineness will be awakened by the feeble echo of a foreign song. Some poems have reached the continent, I believe in number not exceeding nine, represented as translations from the Arabic and Persian. Ignorant of both these languages, I shall not assert their authenticity. The few that I ever have met with are *chiefly* the odes of Hafez. In these, and in all the others, I observed that the final stanza contained *invariably* the poet's name. If this be peculiar to the Persian, as I think I remember it is said to be, then these must not be genuine or not be odes. In my opinion, it is quite sufficient, if, without the fatigue of travelling over a dry uninteresting waste of perhaps some hundred pages, the public be presented, whether from *Egypt* or from *France*, with a new and rich collection of undistorted images. And as these translations have afforded *some* pleasure to those who have read them, though perhaps no language is less capable than the French of transmitting with adequate spirit the charms of original poetry, I shall hesitate no longer to send them on, accompanied with my own observations.

Title and Sub-title om. 1858 which has From the Persian as heading for the first four pieces and From the Arabic for the remaining five.

Preface. Heading and all but five lines of what followed in 1800 om. 1858, which has below heading, a note:

The following were pretended as *Poems from the Persian and Arabic*. A hundred copies were printed for friends. One of these caused them to be written, by remarking to the author, who perhaps undervalued the Orientals, that "*he should be glad to see how any one would succeed in an attempt to imitate them*".

What now appear, after sixty years' occultation, were preceded by the words below. [PREFACE. Some poems have lately reached the continent, in number not exceeding nine, represented as translations from the Arabic and Persian. The few that I ever have met with are *chiefly* the odes of Hafez, in which the final stanza contains the poet's name. If this be peculiar to the Persian, as I think it is said to be, these are not genuine.]

Hafez [*sc.* Shamsu'd Din Muhammad Hafiz, ob. A.D. 1389.—W.]

POEMS FROM THE PERSIAN

ADDRESS TO THE VINE

^a FROM THE PERSIAN

^b O THOU that delightest in the gardens of Schiraz,
And bathest with coyness in her canopied streams!
Daughter of Beauty, favorite of Nature!
Where she is beneficent thou art her handmaid,
Thy voice is transport, thy bosom peace.
^c Taper is the Palm, and stately—distinguished afar by his crown;
Thou turnest away; thou regardest and listenest not.
O Vine, unrivalled in praise, how affable have I beheld thee!
I have seen thee, in sympathy with thine admirers round,
Half inclined to wantonness, half to repose. 10
I have stroked the tender cheeks of thy infants,
^d Tinged sweetly with red, and reposing in down—
And thinkest thou I perceive not the slyness of thy tendrils,
With their flexible crooks and their sleek-sprouting horns?
'Come, nestling thee yonder! raise prythee thy head from the path:
Ah, hope not, tripping me up, to inveigle me now, little minion!
Too soon may I blush with the warmth of thy blushes,
I may yield to thy blandishments too soon.

Title Address om. 1858. Sub-title om. 1858. For foot-notes ^a ^b ^c ^d om. 1858 see end of the vol. 4 handmaid] handmaiden 1858. 9 thine] thy 1858.

TO ILBRA

FROM THE PERSIAN

ILBRA! Beauty's bondmen are stricken with ' blue eyes:
Thine, when I first beheld thee, were black, O Ilbra.
I admired their silken lashes, like the cedars and cypresses
On the edge of those hills afar off there, white with snow.
The dimple of thy lips, & half shaded by ever-blooming roses,
Open and distinct, shewed candor and hospitality.
I looked again on thy eyes, O Ilbra,
^{ss} Till mine became *dim*, and thine *blue*.

Title Ilbra] Abra 1858. Sub-title om. 1858. For foot-notes ^a ⁱ ^{ss}, om. 1858, see end of the vol. 1, 2, 7 Ilbra] Abra 1858. 1 stricken] stricken 1858. 6 shewed] showed 1858. 8 [Till Til 1858.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

FROM THE PERSIAN

CANDID with thy modesty, grateful with thy shyness,
 Sweet nightingale, soon may thy passion prosper.
 I heard thee repeatedly call the Fairies,
 And saw them array with pearls the eyelashes of Ilbra.
 For she pitied thy plaint from the shadiness of our loves.
 I said to Ilbra, "*these are my pearls;*"
 She smiled, and showered them into my bosom.
 The dove was over her, the rainbow on her cheek.
 The pearls of Ilbra are now *my* pearls.

Sweet nightingale, may also thy passion prosper. 10

Sub-title om. 1858. 1 grateful] resolute 1858. 3 Fairies] Faeries 1858. 4, 6,
 9 Ilbra] Abra 1858. 10 may also] soon also may 1858.

h PRAISES OF ABU-SAID

FROM THE PERSIAN

O DULCIMER, wake from thy sunshiney sleep,
 Arise and prepare for the battle.
 Far more compliant art thou, sweet seducer, *nightingale*.
 1 And livelier than the lonely-one in the * rosebrakes of the moon.
 O dulcimer, art thou not the breeze of Samarcand?
 Thou art pleasanter than sweet Samarcand in her vallies of jonquils.
 Thou inspirest fresh airiness through the dizzy dance;
 Thou sprinklest the arcade on the sultriest side;
 1 Thou beckonest the rays that intrude, thou chidest and biddest them go.
 But behold! who descends from the mountains! 10
 Awake, golden-hair'd, from thy sunshiney sleep,
 Arise and prepare for the battle.
 His elephant moves the earth with his *m* horn, *his*
 Abu-Said turns the horn of his elephant.
 He hath indeed two horns, elephant as he is of Abu-Said:
 Famine breathes forth from one, in the dogdays of war, ✓
 The other holds manna for the friends of Abu.
 The beloved of Abu reel with it's fragrance.
 Arise then, arise; but with reverence!
 Through the dust of the valley I discover our lord; 20
 I distinguish the trappings, green like the ocean
 When the tempest hangs over the gulph of Hormuz.

Sub-title om. 1858. For foot-notes h i k l m, om. or altered 1858, see end of vol.
 1, 11 sunshiney] sunshiny 1858. 6 sweet] om. 1858. 20 Through] Thro' 1858.
 22 gulph] gulf 1858.

FROM THE ARABIC

WE now take leave of the persian, and shall notice the arabic, poems. All of them, excepting the last, were written by the son of the unfortunate Sheik Daher. The only surviving son of this great and generous man was saved by the veneration entertained for his talents in every tent of Arabia. His father was assassinated by Jezar Pacha, the Suwarrow of the East. Should the poet still be living, may he witness the overthrow of the power that oppressed him, and be recompensed for his misfortunes by the freedom of his country.

Headline not in 1800. *Introduction* printed as foot-note 1800, *om.* 1858. Sheik Daher [the Bedouin Shaikh Dahir [Tahir], Governor of Damascus, put to death by Jezzar Pasha in 1775. According to Volney (*Travels through Syria and Egypt*) three of his sons were captured and slain a few months later, but their brother Othman, a poet, was carried to Constantinople. He was known as Fazil Beg, was the author of "Zinan Nameh" (*Livre de Femmes*) and other poems, and died 1810. W.]

THE SON OF SHEIK DAHER,

ON LEAVING SYRIA AFTER THE MURDER OF HIS FATHER

O God! how painful are the chains that oppress the flying exile.
Son of Daher, thou lookest from thy mule on the running ground,
Thou beholdest thy feet, and they are veined with tears.
Can they carry thee from thy Country, *will* they carry thee to thy
father?

One step will restore thee to his lost embraces!
Slave! dastard! infidel! thou art pardoned, thou art pitied.
How cursed is the bondage that witholds thee from revenge.
My sword is not impotent, like the sword of the poet * Pharesdak;
No rust can discolor it's blade, no scabbard can hide it's refulgence.
It shall wound when my arm is withered, when my fingers are whitened
in the sand. 10

I have another which will serve me with the same fidelity
As the jewelled slave of ° Cambyzes served his master.
The enemy has sheathed it against himself for ever,
But there remains the piercer of ♀ hearts, whose realm is beyond the
grave.

Receive it, my daughter and my mother!
Receive it, Vengeance and Eternity.^a

For foot-notes * ° ♀ q, *om. or altered* 1858, *see end of vol.* 5 will] may 1858. 9 it's
... it's] its ... its 1858.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

AGAINST JEZZAR

IN the † Egyptian well of thy folly, O Slavonian,
Thou hast shewn me unguardedly the direct ray of wisdom.
I never received it from my father, whom thou murderedst,
Nor delivered in the proverbs of any more antient sage,
That the pillars which point to hatred point also to contempt.
When thy slaves would flatter thee, thou art deceived, not flattered;
Their songs admire thee, and people admire their songs,
But thou art as far as ever from admiration.
'Tis the flowers they wear in their bosom that breathe so sweetly,
'Tis not the heart within; the careless heart lies sleeping, 10
A hollow melon on a sunny bank:
* By the prophet, or rather—the peacock of idolatry—
The head of the peacock is the head of the serpent,
And the finest of his feathers are trailed in ordure.

For foot-notes †, om. or altered 1858, see end of vol. 2 shewn] shown 1858. l. 12 om. 1858.*

† ON THE AFFLICTION OF HIS WIFE

▼ MISFORTUNE! thou demon of a thousand forms!
What star in the firmament shall bruise thy head,
What amulet avert, what prayer disarm, thy sting?
A fountain of bitter tears is my beloved.
Her father is slain by the robbers of the desert.
■ The column is shivered that sustained my cottage,
And pointed out the hours with pleasant shade.
I prayed to the Almighty; I whirled myself round in phrenzy;
I staggered; passion fixed me; I strained my throat back to ▼ the
noon:
My swollen tongue was rougher than the tiger's; 10
The bowers of mine eyes are withered still.
I wept!—O boundless deluge of divine devotion,
That dashes, but supports, my solitary ark!
I wept, and she listened not; I paused, and she spake not;
I heightened, with fast-falling tears, the bright-flowing veins of her
feet;
I spanned, as it rose from the cushion, her neck's pale crescent,

Title On his Wife's Affliction 1858.] For foot-notes † ▼ ■ u x, om. or altered 1858, see end of vol. 11 still] stil 1858. 14 wept] spake erratum. See Extract from French preface. 15 heightened] hightened 1858.

FROM THE ARABIC

And fastened it to mine with the enchanting rings of her hair.
 Thy father is slain by the robbers of the desert,
 The blow hath recoiled on thy bosom, my beloved!
 They have wounded thee, O flower, and broken the spell of thy sweetness.
20

If you bruize the anemone, where is it's fragrance,
 And where, if you bruize it, the rose?
 Son of Daher! thou wilt sink also!—there is not a breeze in the waste.

Thy vallies are pointed flints and heated rocks,
 The waters thy portion are salt and bitter—
 Those vallies of airiness! those living waters!
 * No hawthorn shades thee, no tamarisk feeds thy camel;
 The tamarisk eaten to it's heart, the hawthorn stifled with dust.

17 enchanting] enchanted 1858.
 acacia 1858. 28 it's] its 1858.

21 anemone] hyacinth 1858.

27 hawthorn]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

HER voice was sweeter than the sound of waters!
 Than waters afar from cataracts
 Sweeter was the voice of my beloved.

The storm descends, and the tent flutters,
 The tent so dark by day, so musical by star-light,
 * The tent where my bosom hath ever found repose.

* Bed of bright yellow, had I left thee at Damascus
 Thou needest not have adopted cares and disquiet,
 Surrounded with dreams of gain and vows of suspended silk.

Dyed in the gall of serpents, in the wine of unbelievers,
 Thou writhest with pain or creakest with restlessness,
 ** More tiresome than birds, more incessant than jackalls.
10

Fed on the milky neck of my beloved,
 And dizzy with the fragrance of her flowering lips,
 I beheld, and I resembled, the light impassive sky.

Was it thou, unfortunate? was thine this happiness?
 O hug not the remembrance, O beat it from thy bosom,
 It may be thy enemy's, it is no longer thine.

Title On his Wife's Death 1858.] *For foot-notes* * z ** *om. or altered* 1858, *see end of vol.* 2 Than] Of 1858. 12 birds] bird 1858. jackalls] jackal 1858.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

God is great! repine not, O child and mourner of dust!
The Prophet, who could summon the future to his presence, 20
Could the Prophet himself make the past return?

ADDRESSED TO RAHDI

^{bb} O RAHDI, where is happiness?
Look from your arcade, the sun rises from Busrah;
Go thither, it rises from Ispahan.
Alas, it rises neither from Ispahan nor Busrah,
But from an ocean impenetrable to the diver.
O Rahdi, the sun is happiness!

Title. Addressed] *om.* 1858. *For foot-note* ^{bb}, *om.* 1858, *see end of vol.* 2 your]
thy 1858.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

[FROM SAPPHO]

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846, 1876.]

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But Oh, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true;
All other men may use deceit:
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

[Imitated and expanded from a fragment by Sappho (Γλυκεια μήτηρ κτλ.), perhaps found by Lander in Warton's *Essay on Pope* where it is quoted from Fulvius Ursinus. W.] I cannot] can not 1846.

FROM REDI

[Published in a foot-note to an imaginary conversation "Walton, Cotton, and Old-ways", 1829; reprinted without note in *Friendly Contributions* edited by Lady Mary Fox, 1836.]

YE gentle souls, ye tenderer of the fair,
Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline,
O stay awhile and hear me! then declare
If there was ever grief that equald mine.

Title in 1836 only. I tenderer . . . the] love-devoted 1836. 4 equald] equal'd 1836.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

There was a woman to whose hallowed breast
Faith had retired, and Honour fixed his throne . .
Pride, tho upheld by Virtue, she repressed . .
Ye gentle souls, *that* woman was my own.

Her form was fill'd with beauty from her face;
Grace was in all she did, in all she said, 10
Grace in her pleasures, in her sorrows grace . .
Ye gentle souls, *that* gentle soul is fled!

6 fixed] fixt 1836. 8 souls, *that*] souls! that 1836. 9 Her . . . from] Beauty
was more than beauty in 1836.

[FROM ALFIERI]

[Published in *The Oxford Review; or Literary Censor*, February 1807, in a review—probably by Landor—of *Tragedie di Alfieri*.]

We were willing to give a specimen of the sonnets of Alfieri, as they are much praised. Though we have attempted a translation, we are sensible that we have not reached the spirit and elegance of the original.

Who of the two brave steeds hath won the prize?
Who nobly perish'd in the swift career?
Fame with her hundred tongues, 'twixt hope and fear
Distracts my soul, as each new rumour flies.
Ah me! loud sorrow, mingled with the cries
Of pitying dames and virgins meets my ear;
And lov'd Oricia, late without a peer,
Low on the earth a senseless burthen lies:
Oricia gentlest, noblest of her kind,
Of gallant steeds the passion and delight; 10
With eye of fire, keen head, and ardent mind,
Who match'd the winged breezes in their flight;
Her justly fond Sienna mourns, consign'd
To death, 'mid well-earn'd praise and trophies bright.

[TIBULLUS]

[*Eleg. I. l. 59–60*]

[Published in *Examination of Shakespeare*, 1834; reprinted 1846, 1853, 1876.]
Doctor Glaston. Two verses . . . are from another pagan . . . : he saith:

MAY I gaze upon thee when my latest hour is come!
May I hold thy hand when mine faileth me!

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[IMITATED FROM CATULLUS, CARMEN X]

[Published in *The Monthly Repository* ("High and Low Life in Italy"), October 1837; reprinted with variants in *The Foreign Quarterly Review* ("Writings of Catullus"), July 1842, *Last Fruit* 1853, 1876. Text 1837.]

He [Mr. Talboys] . . . replied that the Signora Aurora Spinella was something like a girl he remembered to have read of in an ancient . . . He threw me the lines I am going to write out . . . (*Stivers to Lady C.*).

Introduction. Only in 1837. 1842, 1853 *edd.* have:

Instead of expatiating on this, which contains, in truth, some rather coarse expressions, but is witty and characteristical, we will subjoin a paraphrase, with a few defalcations.

VARRUS would take me t'other day To see a little girl he knew, Pretty, and witty in her way, With impudence enough for two.	"Sorry for that!" said she . . however You have brought with you I dare say, Some litter-bearers; none so clever In any other part as they."
--	---

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters, As city nymphs are wont to do, About all countries, men, and matters . . . "And, pray, what has been done for you?"	If I had told the truth I'd told her That I had no one, here or there, Who could have mounted on his shoulder The leg of an old broken chair. 20
--	--

"Bithynia, lady!" I replied, "Is a good province for a pretor, 10 For none (I promise you) beside, And least of all am I her debtor."	"Why, badly as my lot may fall," Said I, ambitious to be grand, "Eight or nine fellows, straight and tall, Are constantly at my com- mand."
--	---

6 city nymphs] pretty girls 1842, 1853.
1842, 1853. 10 good] fine 1842, 1853.
lines:

7 countries . . . and] persons, places,
16 after they. 1842, 1853 *edd.* insert four

"Bithynia is the very place
For all that 's steady [steddy 1853], tall, and strait;
It is the nature of the race.
Could not you lend me six or eight?"

17-20 In 1842, 1853 this stanza (altered) follows 21-4 (altered). 17 If . . . I'd] "You'll
send them?" "Willingly!" I 1842, 1853. 18 That] Although 1842, Altho 1853.
no one] not 1842, 1853. 19 Who . . . mounted] One who could carry 1842, 1853.
20=28 in later *edd.* 21 badly . . . fall,] six or eight of them or so. 1842, 1853.
22 ambitious] determined 1842, 1853. 23 "My fortune is not quite so low 1842, 1853.
24 Are constantly] But these are still [stil 1853] 1842, 1853.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

"My dear Catullus! what good
 hap is
 Our meeting! lend me only
 eight . .
 I would be carried to Serapis
 To-morrow."
 "Wait, fair lady! wait."

I knew the number pretty well,
 There may be eight, I said, or
 nine. 30
 I merely had forgot to tell
 That they are Cinna's, and not
 mine.

25 My . . . good] Catullus! what a charming 1842, 1853. 26 meeting! lend . . .
 eight . .] in this sort of way! 1842, 1853. 28 Wait . . . ! wait.] Stay . . . , stay!
 1842, 1853. 29 "You overvalue my intention 1842, 1853. 30 Yes, there are
 eight . . . there may be nine. 1842, 1853. 31 tell] mention 1842, 1853. 32 mine.]
 mine." 1842.

THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS

[Virgil, *Georgics*, IV. 464 ff. See note at end of volume.]

[Written in 1794. Published in *The Examiner*, October 16, 1841; reprinted in *The People's Journal*, January 16, 1847, *Dry Sticks*, 1858, and in *Landon; a Biography*, 1869. Five lines also printed in the "Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox", 1812. Text 1841.]

This has always been called the masterpiece of Virgil, and chosen as the ground of competition by translators. Wordsworth's, which is the last, is among the worst: Dryden's (who always compensates with spirit for fidelity) the best; mine, written at college, has small merit, but serves to head a few remarks made since. [*L. only in 1841.*]

THE shell assuaged his sorrows: thee he sang,
Sweet wife! thee with him on the shore alone,
At rising dawn, at parting day, sang thee!
The mouth of Tænarus, the gates of Dis,
Groves dark with dread, he enter'd; he approacht
The Manes and their awful king, and hearts
That knew not pity yet for human prayer.
Rous'd at his song the Shades of Erebus
Rose from their lowest, most remote abodes,
Faint Shades, and Spirits semblances of life;
Numberless as o'er woodland wilds the birds
That wintery evening drives or mountain storm;
Mothers and husbands, unsubstantial crests
Of high-soul'd heroes, boys, unmarried maids,
And youths on biers before their parents' eyes.
The deep black ooze and rank unsightly reed
Of slow Cocytuses unyielding pool,
And Styx confines them, flowing nine times round.
The halls and inmost Tartarus of Death
And (the blue adders twisting in their hair)

1 sorrows] sorrow 1858, 1869. 4 mouth] mouths 1858. 10 Spirits] empty 1858.
11 o'er] from 1858. 14 unmarried] unwedded 1858. 15 on biers] swept off 1858.
16 ooze] oose 1858. rank] rough 1858, 1869. 17 Cocytus] Cockytus's 1847,
1869. Cocytusis 1858. 18 nine times] ninefold 1858. nine-fold 1869.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

The Furies were astounded.

On he stept,
And Cerberus held agape his triple jaws;
On stept the bard . . Ixion's wheel stood still.*

Now past all peril, free was his return,
And now was following into upper air
Eurydice, when sudden madness seiz'd
The incautious lover: pardonable fault,†
If those below could pardon: on the verge
Of light he stood, and on Eurydice,
Mindless of fate, alas, and soul-subdued, 30
Lookt back . .

There, Orpheus! Orpheus! there was all
Thy labor shed, there burst the dynast's bond,
And thrice arose that rumour from the lake.

"Ah what," she cried, "what madness hath undone
Me, and (ah wretched!) thee, my Orpheus, too!
For lo! the cruel Fates recall me now,
Chill slumbers press my swimming eyes . . adieu!
Night rolls intense around me as I spread
My helpless arms . . thine, thine no more . . to thee."

She spake, and (like a vapor) into air 40
Flew, nor beheld him as he claspt the void
And sought to speak; in vain: the ferry-guard
Now would not row him o'er the lake agen:
His wife twice lost, what could he? whither go?
What chaunt, what wailing, move the Powers of Hell?
Cold in the Stygian bark and lone was she!

Beneath a rock o'er Strymon's flood on high
Seven months, seven long-continued months 'tis said
He breath'd his sorrows in a desert cave
And sooth'd the tiger, moved the oak, with song. 50
So Philomela mid the poplar shade
Bemoans her captive brood: the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed and took them: but all night
Grieves she, and sitting on the bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.

23 still*] *For foot-note om. 1847-69 see end of vol.* 25 following] hastening
1858. 27 fault†] *For foot-note om. 1847-69 see end of vol.* 28 those] they 1858.
32 dynast's] Dynast's 1858. 33 rumour] rumor 1858. 37 adieu] Farewell
1858, 1869. 40 vapor] vapour 1847, 1858. 43 agen] again 1858, 1869. 49 desert]
desert 1847, 1858. ll. 51-5 also printed with variants in Commentary on Memoirs
of Mr. Fox, 1812. 51 Philomela . . . poplar] Philomel beneath some poplar's 1812.
53 unplumed] unfledged 1812.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

FROM AN ESSAY ON CATULLUS

[In addition to the poem on p. 488, the following fifteen pieces were published in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, July 1842 ("Writings of Catullus"); reprinted 1853, 1876. Text 1842.

[VIRGIL. A PARAPHRASE] [ECLOGUE IX. 5-6]

We have somewhere seen a paraphrase of these heavy wriggling lines, more characteristic and natural: [L.]

BUT now we must stoop,
To the worst in the troop,
And must do whatsoever that vagabond wills:
I wish the old goat
Had a horn in his throat,
And the kids and ourselves were again on the hills.

MOSCHUS [IDYL III. 1-7 *incert.*]

Catullus [V. 4-6] had before him the best passage in Moschus, which may be thus translated. [L.]

AN! when the mallow in the croft dies down,
Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
Again they grow, another year they flourish;
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
Once covered over in the hollow earth,
Sleep a long, dreamless, unawakening sleep.

VIRGIL [GEORGICS III. 517-18]

There are many pomps and vanities in that fine poem which we would relinquish unreluctantly for one touch of nature; such as [L.]

IN sorrow goes the ploughman, and leads off
Unyoked from his dead mate the sorrowing steer.

CATULLUS

[CARMEN LXIV. 270 ff.]

Our translation is very inadequate. [L.]

As, by the Zephyr wakened, underneath
The sun's expansive gaze the waves move on
Slowly and placidly, with gentle plash
Against each other, and light laugh; but soon,
The breezes freshening, rough and huge they swell,
Afar refulgent in the crimson east.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[CARMEN IV]

The following bears a near resemblance to it in the beginning, and may be offered as a kind of paraphrase. [L. This paraphrase was also printed in 1846 with minor variants. W.]

<p>THE vessel which lies here at last Had once stout ribs and topping mast, And, whate'er wind there might prevail, Was ready for a row or sail. It now lies idle on its side, Forgetful o'er the waves to glide. And yet there have been days of yore</p>	<p>When pretty maids their posies bore To crown its prow, its deck to trim, And freight it with a world of whim. 10 A thousand stories it could tell, But it loves secrecy too well. Come closer, my sweet girl! pray do! There may be still one left for you.</p>
---	--

1 which] that 1846. 6 waves] stream 1846. 10 freight . . . a] freighted a whole 1846. 14 still] stil 1853.

[CARMEN VIII. 14 ff.]

Which we will venture to translate. [L.]

<p>BUT you shall grieve while none complains, None, Lesbia! None. Think, what remains For one so fickle, so untrue! Henceforth, O wretched Lesbia! who</p>	<p>Shall call you dear? shall call you his? Whom shall you love? or who shall kiss Those lips again?—Catullus! thou Be firm, be ever firm, as now.</p>
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ll. 1-2 *Londor suggests another reading for ll. 14-15 of the Latin: rogaberis nullo. Scelesti! nullo.*

[CARMEN XIII, 1-8]

A pleasant invitation to dinner . . . We may [Let us 1853] offer a paraphrase. [L.]

<p>WITH me, Fabullus, you shall dine, And gaudily, I promise you, If you will only bring the wine, The dinner, and some beauty too.</p>	<p>With all your frolic, all your fun, I have some little of my own; And nothing else: the spiders run Throughout my purse, now theirs alone.</p>
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[CARMEN XX, 6-15]

Exquisite verses . . . We will attempt to translate them. [L.]

<p>IN spring the many-colour'd crown, The sheafs in summer, ruddy- brown, The autumn's twisting tendrils green,</p>	<p>With nectar-gushing grapes be- tween, Some pink, some purple, some bright gold, Then shrivel'd olive, blue with cold,</p>
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FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

Are all for me: for me the goat Comes with her milk from hills remote,	And fatted lamb, and calf, pursued By moaning mother, sheds her blood.
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10

[CARMEN XXII]

This may be advantageously contracted in a paraphrase. [L.]

SUFFENUS, whom so well you know, My Varrus, as a wit and beau, Of smart address and smirking smile, Will write you verses by the mile. You cannot meet with daintier fare Than titlepage and binding are; But when you once begin to read You find it sorry stuff indeed, And you are ready to cry out	Upon this beau, <i>Ah! what a lou!</i> 10 No man on earth so proud as he Of his own precious poetry, Or knows such perfect bliss as when He takes in hand that nibbled pen. Have we not all some faults like these? Are we not all Suffenuses? In others the defect we find, But cannot see our sack behind.
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[CARMEN XXXI. 13]

Catullus, we entertain no doubt, wrote *Gaudele vosque "Iudice" lacus undæ!* [L.]

YE waves! ye revellers and dancers of the lake!

waves! ye] *om.* 1853.

[CARMEN XXXV, 8-12]

Catullus invites him [Cæcilius] to leave Como for Verona. [*Latin quoted*] Which may be rendered:

ALTHOUGH so passing fair a maid
 Call twenty times, be not delayed;
 Nay, do not be delayed although
 Both arms around your neck she throw.

[CARMEN XXXIX]

Part of the poem is destitute of merit, and indelicate: the other part may be thus translated, or paraphrased rather. [L.]

EGNATIUS has fineteeth, and those Eternally Egnatius shows. Some criminal is being tried For murder; and they open wide. A widow wails her only son; Widow and him they open on.	'Tis a disease, I'm very sure, And wish 'twere such as you could cure, My good Egnatius! for what's half So silly as a silly laugh? 10
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TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[CARMEN LXXV]

Eight verses, the rhythm of which plunges from the ear into the heart. Our attempt to render them in English is feeble and vain. [L.]

NONE could ever say that she,	I can never think again
Lesbia! was so loved by me.	Well of you: I try in vain:
Never all the world around	But—be false—do what you
Faith so true as mine was found:	will—
If no longer it endures	Lesbia! I must love you still. 10
(Would it did!) the fault is yours.	

10 still] stil 1853.

[CARMEN LXXXV]

The words [*Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris*] are flat and prosaic: the thought is beautiful. [L.]

I LOVE and hate. Ah! never ask why so!
I hate and love—and that is all I know.
I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

[CARMEN XCIII]

Catullus must have often seen . . . the conqueror of Gaul when he wrote this epigram. [L.]

I CARE not, Cæsar, what you are,
Nor know if you be brown or fair.

FROM AN ESSAY ON THEOCRITUS

[The following ten pieces were published in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October 1842 ("The Idyls of Theocritus"); reprinted 1853, 1876.]

THEOCRITUS

[IDYL I. 66 ff.]

It is unnecessary to transcribe the verses which Virgil and Milton have imitated . . . Let us try whether we cannot come toward the original with no greater deviation, and somewhat less dulness. [L.]

WHERE were ye, O ye nymphs! when Daphnis died?
For not on Pindus were ye, nor beside
Penæus in his softer glades, nor where
Acis might well expect you, once your care.
But neither Acis did your steps detain,
Nor strong Anapus rushing forth amain,
Nor high-brow'd Etna with her forest chain.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

VIRGIL

[ÆNEID IV. 523 ff.]

Out of two verses [Theocritus II. 38-9] by no means remarkable, Virgil has framed some of the most beautiful in all his works. [L.]

THE woods and stormy waves were now at rest,
But not the hapless Dido; never sank
She into sleep, never received she night
Into her bosom; grief redoubled grief,
And love sprang up more fierce the more repress.

THEOCRITUS

[IDYL III. 15]

Springing up and away from his dejection and supplication, he [the goatherd] adds wildly [Greek text quoted], [L.]

Now know I Love, a cruel God, who drew
A lioness's teat, and in the forest grew.

[IDYL V. 31 ff.]

Theocritus, always harmonious, is invariably the most so in description . . . Lacon says, [L.]

SWEETER beneath this olive will you sing,
By the grove-side and by the running spring,
Where grows the grass in bedded tufts, and where
The shrill cicala shakes the slumberous air.

[Ibid., l. 45]

Comatas . . . thus replies: [L.]

I WILL not thither: cypresses are here,
Oaks, and two springs that gurgle cool and clear,
And bees are flying for their hives, and through
The shady branches birds their talk pursue.

[IDYL VI. 17]

. . . Seeks him who loves not, him who loves, avoids:
And makes false moves,

[IDYL VIII. 53 ff.]

Of these . . . we can only give the meaning; he who can give a representation of them, can give a representation of the sea-breezes. [L.]

It never was my wish to have possess
The land of Pelops and his golden store;
But only, as I hold you to my breast,
Glance at our sheep and our Sicilian shore.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[IDYL XI. 81]

He lived more pleasantly than if he had given gold for it.

[IDYL XV. 121]

... little baskets containing mossy gardens . . . and tiny Loves flying over, [Greek text quoted]. [L.]

LIKE the young nightingales, some nestling close,
Some playing the fresh wing from bough to bough.

[IDYL XX. 6]

Eunica . . . finds fault with his [the ox-herd's] features, speech, and manners . . . [L.]

How rustic is your play!
How coarse your language!

[IDYL XXII. 34 ff.]

Pollux and . . . Castor . . . we may perhaps give some idea of the scene. [L.]

IN solitude both wandered, far away
From those they sail'd with. On the hills above,
Beneath a rocky steep, a fount they saw
Full of clear water; and below were more
That bubbled from the bottom, silvery,
Crystalline. In the banks around grew pines,
Poplars, and cypresses, and planes, and flowers
Sweet-smelling; pleasant work for hairy bees
Born in the meadows at the close of spring.
There, in the sunshine, sat a savage man,
Horrid to see; broken were both his ears
With cestuses, his shoulders were like rocks
Polisht by some vast river's ceaseless whirl.

10

[BYRON PARAPHRASED]

[HEBREW MELODIES]

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1842, "Imaginary Conversation, Southey and Porson"; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

Porson. . . . This is very pathetic; but not more so than the thought it suggested to me, which is plainer—

WE sat down and wept by the waters
Of Camus, and thought of the day,
When damsels would show their red garters
In their hurry to scamper away.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

FROM AN ESSAY ON PETRARCA

[The following six pieces were published in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, July 1843
"Francisco Petrarca"; reprinted 1853, 1876.]

PETRARCA

[TRIONFO D'AMORE IV. 79 ff.]

Speaking of his friends, Socrates and Lælius . . . he says [Italian text quoted]. We cannot render these verses much worse than they actually are . . . so we will venture to offer a translation. [L.]

THEY saw me win the glorious bough
That shades my temples even now,
Who never bough nor leaf could take
From that severe one, for whose sake
So many sighs and tears arose—
Unbending root of bitter woes.

SONETTO 17

Petrarca . . . had forgotten what he had declared . . . [L.]

If any other hopes to find
That love in me which you despise,
Ah! let her leave the hope behind:
I hold from all what you alone should prize.

[UNWRITTEN]

Petrarca thought more about her [Laura's] eyes than about those tears that are usually the inheritance of the brightest, and may well be supposed to have said, in some inedited canzone,

WHAT care I what tears there be,
If the tears are not for me?

SONETTO 39

In this beautiful sonnet . . . there is a redundancy of words: for instance,

Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
(BLEST be the day, and month, and year!)
E la stagion, e 'l tempo.

[TRIONFO DELLA MORTE II. 88 ff.]

Laura . . . comes to him in a dream . . . He then asks her a question, which he alone had a right to ask her, and only in her state of purity and bliss.

SHE sighed, and said, "No; nothing could dis sever
My heart from thine, and nothing shall there ever.
If, thy fond ardour to repress,
I sometimes frown'd (and how could I do less?)

3 ardour] ardor 1853.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

If, now and then, my look was not benign,
 'Twas but to save my fame, and thine.
 And, as thou knowest, when I saw thy grief,
 A glance was ready with relief."
 Scarce with dry cheek
 These tender words I heard her speak. 10
 "Were they but true!" I cried. She bent the head,
 Not unreproachfully, and said,
 "Yes, I did love thee; and whene'er
 I turn'd away my eyes, 'twas shame and fear.
 A thousand times to thee did they incline,
 But sank before the flame that shot from thine."

[VOLTAIRE PARAPHRASED]

HENRIADE

[Published in *Imaginary Conversation*, 1846, "Delille and Landor"; another version printed from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, "*Literary Anecdotes*", 1895.]
Landor. May not the commencement be somewhat like this,

I SING the hero, vanquisher	And fairly bit the League.	
Of France, and Mayenne too,	Descend from heaven's top-gal-	
The king of all his subjects,	lery,	
And father of no few;	Descend, O Truth august!	10
One never out-manceuvred	And sprinkle o'er my writing	
At rapier or intrigue,	Thy pink and scented dust!	
Who parried off the Spaniard		

Title. Specimen of a new translation of the *Henriade* 1895. *This and the verses were in a letter to Lady Blessington postmarked Bath, Oct. 15, 1838.* 1 hero] conquering hero 1895. vanquisher om. 1895. 7 parried off] bullied down 1895. 8 bit the League] licked the Ligue 1895. 10 Descend . . . Truth] O Verity august! 1895. 11 o'er] on 1895. 12 Thy . . . scented] your finest, pinkest 1895. *The twelve lines in 1846 make six lines in 1895.*

BEGINNING OF THE ILIAD

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal* as "Poemetti. By Walter Savage Landor. VII." February 15, 1851.]

SING thou the anger of Achilles, muse,
 Which brought a thousand sorrows on the Greeks,
 Hurrying so many to the shades below,
 While beast and bird prowld over corse and arms.

Perhaps this translation is not better than such as have preceded it. Cowper's is much the best I have seen in any language. A suspicion has sometimes risen in my mind, that Homer did not write the word *παῖς*, but a verb. Certainly the dead bodies were not

To every bird and every beast a prey.
 Many birds and beasts would let them alone. [L.]

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

[PINDAR IMITATED]

[NEMEAN ODE XI]

[Published in *Poetry: British and Foreign*, 1851; reprinted 1853.]

The conduct of the prelates on one side, and of the people on the other, may be described, by a slight variation in some verses of Pindar. [L.]

ONE Mortal shall Vain-glory cast
From the good things whereon his heart relies;
Another let his foe run past
Where he might seize him: but are these the wise?

[VIRGIL PARAPHRASED]

[ÆNEID IV. 625-6]

[Published in 1853, *Imaginary Conversation: "Archdeacon Hare and Landor"*; reprinted 1876.]

SURELY shall some one come, alert and kind,
With torch and quill to guide the blundering hind.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINES BY MADAME DE GENLIS

[Sent in a letter dated November 26, 1836, to R. Monckton Milnes and published in "Life, &c., of Lord Houghton", by T. Wemyss Reid, 1890.]

I did not imagine there was anything passable in French poetry between "*Mon cher enfantet*" (which far exceeds Simonides's *ὄτι λάρνακα*) and Béranger; but Madame Genlis has written what I have been trying to retrace, as you see. [*Landor to R. Monckton Milnes.*]

ANOTHER claims your altered vow; Matilda fades before your eye. Her only wish on earth is now Once to behold you and to die. Oh, hasten then, for death comes fast; In pity too will Edmund come While (youth's and hope's last shadows past), Vain love still hovers o'er the tomb. Should mortal paleness overspread A cheek like monumental stone,	To meet the stillness of the dead, Say not, "Matilda, thou art gone." 12 But if at your approach my ear Mark not each footfall still the same, Oh, Edmund, if when you appear, I shudder not through all my frame, When all is vanished from my view, If 'tis not you my eyes explore, If my weak heart beats not for you, Say then, Matilda is no more. 20
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Introduction. [Verses beginning *Ô cher enfantet* were supposed, till the forgery was proved in 1863, to have been written by Clotilde de Surville in the fifteenth century. See *Literary Forgeries*, by E. R. Chambers, 1891. The lines attributed to Stéphanie Félicité, comtesse de Genlis (1746-1830) have not been found. W.]

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

' A CHINESE POEM

BY TSING-TI

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; reprinted 1846, 1876. See note -
at end of volume.]

PRETTY maiden! pretty maiden! Heavily is Tsing-Ti laden With one love, and three-score woes. Sweeter than the herb Yu-lu, Or the flowering Lan, are you . . . What long eyes! and what small nose!	Pretty maiden! pretty maiden! All the verses ever laid on Beauty's tea-tray, would fall short Of your manifold perfection . . . And alas my recollection Can perform but little for 't!
Pretty maiden! pretty maiden! Sands that your short feet have stray'd on Turn to musk or ambergrise: Every other girl's seem longer, 10 Ay, and darker, than a conger, And they only make me sneeze.	Pretty maiden! pretty maiden! Sadly do I want your aid in 20 Summing up amount so rich: But if any little thing Should escape your sigh - sore Tsing Call him back, and show him which.

Title om. 1846, 1876.

' [BY A CHINESE EMPEROR]

[Published in 1846, in *Imaginary Conversation*, "Emperor of China and
Tsing-Ti"; reprinted 1876.]
Emperor. Thou rememberest my father's verses:

' THE narrow mind is the discontented one.
There is pleasure in wisdom, there is wisdom in pleasure.
If thou findest no honey in thy cake,
Put thy cake into honey with thine own right-hand,
Nor think it defiled thereby.

Title not in either ed.

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DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES (*cont.*)

P. 1. GUZMAN AND HIS SON. Lopez de Vega (*ob.* 1636) wrote a drama on the same incident, but Landor may have found it either in Mariana or in Richard Ford's *Handbook of Spain*, 1845. Don Alonzo de Guzman, ancestor of the Dukes of Medina-Sidonia, offered to hold Tarifa for a year. Aided by the Infante Juan, King Sancho's traitor brother, the Moors attacked the stronghold. Guzman's son had been page to Juan, who threatened to kill the lad unless the place was surrendered. Guzman preferred "death without a son to death with dishonour". According to Ford, the boy was nine years old at the time, but Landor (l. 30) gives sixteen as his age.

P. 2. THE CORONATION. Ferdinand II, king of the Two Sicilies, who became infamous as "King Bomba", succeeded his father in 1830. The title may have been added by Forster in ignorance of the fact that rulers of this line were not crowned. There would, however, be a special service at the Cathedral and a state procession.

P. 6. FIVE SCENES. *Scene IV* was published in *The Keepsake for 1851* with title and footnote as follows:

BEATRICE CENCI AND POPE CLEMENT VIII*

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

* The true history of Cenci, by Adionello, is greatly more pathetic than Shelley's noble tragedy. Throughout my dramatic scene the horrible is kept in deep obscurity; the merit, if there is any in it, is this. [L.] [Footnote not reprinted. The book cited is *Beatrice Cenci, Storia del secolo XVI*, by Agostino Ademollo (not Adionello).—W.]

The *Scene* is dated at end *February 24th* [1850].

Writing to Leigh Hunt Landor said: "My preface will show you that I intended no rivalry or competition with Shelley. . . . My admiration of him is equal to yours. I had not read *Cenci* since its first publication; on reading it again, it struck me as impossible that a criminal and hypocrite could boast of his cruelty. *Scene 3* is beyond all credibility."

See *Beatrice Cenci*, by Corrado Ricci, Milan, 1923, for the best account yet given of her life and death. [W.]

P. 29. DEATH OF BLAKE. Both in this scene and in an imaginary conversation, "Admiral Blake and Humphrey Blake", Landor may have relied on Hepworth Dixon's *Robert Blake, Admiral*; a work pronounced by competent critics to be untrustworthy. Admiral Robert Blake, returning to England after having defeated the Spanish fleet, died on board his ship, the *George*, at the entrance to Plymouth Sound, August 17, 1657.

P. 32. ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS. In reply to Forster's objection that Cleopatra and Cæsarion were made too young in the *Scenes* Landor wrote, December, 1855:

"I don't think the point so certain as you appear to think it is. There were differences between Cleopatra and her brother at the time when Julius Cæsar went into Egypt; and he settled them on his arrival. She was carried up into his bedroom on a man's shoulders in a coverlet. She and her brother were minors, under tutelage. Eastern kings are not minors after twelve. At twelve girls are marriageable. I doubt if Cleopatra was much above *thirteen* when Cæsarion was born; certainly not

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fourteen. Now, it is easy to know at what time Antony came into Egypt, and when he died."

P. 70. SCENE. JAMES I OF SCOTS, &c. Both *edd.* have "James II" in the title, while Forster in *Landor: a Biography* named "the fine old Scottish king, the second James" as the murdered sovereign. This error, corrected in the present volume, cannot have been due to Landor's ignorance since both in the *Scene* and in a shorter poem, to be included in Section VI, there is evidence that the history of the life and death of James I was well known to him.

P. 72. DIANA DE POICTIERS. To the MS. from which the present version is printed Landor appended the following note:

"Francis seduced Diana, for which her father the Count de St. Vallier reproached him in open court. St. Vallier was accused as an accomplice in the conspiracy of Constable de Bourbon. The young Caillette was educated with Diana. She married De Brézé, Grand Seneschal of Normandy. She kissed Caillette before the king and his court, holding in her hand the pardon he had obtained for her father.

"Francis and Henry IV have always been the favorites of the French. They were a couple of brave scoundrels at the best; each of them would have been gibeted had he been a private man.

"Generally the cleverest man was appointed to the dignity of fool *a latere* and in this capacity he had more opportunities of suggesting good advice than chancellor or archbishop." [L. *Not in 1876.*]

This account of the chief persons in the piece does not agree with that given by the best authorities, who do not accept the story that Diana was seduced by Francis I, though Bayle believed it, and find no evidence that Caillette shared with Triboulet and Brusquet the dignity of Court Jester. [W.]

P. 79. THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND IPHIGENEIA. In his *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836, Landor gives this dialogue as the composition of Aspasia, sent by her to Cleone with a letter in which she says: "I imagine then Agamemnon to descend from his horrible death, and to meet instantly his daughter. By the nature of things, by the suddenness of the event, Iphigeneia can have heard nothing of her mother's double crime, adultery and murder."

P. 91. MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY. See the description in Pausanias (v. 18. 1) of the chest of Cypselus, where Menelaus, sword in hand, is advancing to slay Helen, the scene clearly laid at the taking of Ilium. See also Bayle (*s.v.* Helen): "Menelaus behaved himself like a good-natured man; he reconciled himself to his wife without much difficulty and took her very lovingly home again."

P. 97. ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA. A prose version of this dialogue, differing greatly from the metrical text of 1858 and slightly, except for the change to blank verse, from that of 1859, was published in *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans*, 1853, and reprinted 1876. The 1859 metrical text, reprinted 1876, is given below:

ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA.

Helena. Where am I? O ye blessed ones above,
Desert me not! ye Twain who brought me hither!
Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful;

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Couldst thou not answer me? why silent? speak,
I do implore thee.

Achilles. Neither they nor feet
Of mules have borne thee where thou standest, Helena!
Whether 'twas in the hour of early sleep
Or whether 'twas in morning's, know I not,
But Aphrodite, listening to my prayer,
And Thetis with her, gentle as herself, 10
Have wafted thee into these solitudes,
And to me also pointed out the way,
That I the pride of Sparta might behold
And the Earth's marvel. How my heart expands,
But agonizes too, at thee, the cause
To Hellas of innumerable woes.

Helena. Stranger! thy voice, thy stature, and thy mien
Approve thee one whom Goddesses and Gods
Might well conduct and glory in; but who,
If earthly, art thou?

Achilles. Son of Peleus am I. 20
Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knee.

Helena. Spare me, thou Goddess-born! thou cherisht son
Of silver-footed Thetis! Sure, Chryseis
And she who rais'd within thy generous breast
More pity than disdain for cruel wrong,
Briseis, now might soften it: lead not
Me too into captivity. Ah! woes
I have brought down on Hellas; on myself
Have fallen woes, and will for ever fall.

Achilles. Daughter of Zeus! what words are thine! they raise 30
No pity in my breast, none needest thou
Within my reach to give, but bitter wrath
Thou raisest at indignity and wrong.
Chryseis, daughter of that aged priest
Who in this land performs due sacrifice
To his Apollo, was another's lot.
Insolent and unworthy, he hath brought
More sorrows on our people even than thou,
And dogs and vultures prey upon the brave
Who fell without a wound.

40

Mine is indeed

Briseis, chaste and beautiful Briseis,
He contumacious, proud at once and base
Would tear her from me.

Gods above! what land

Behold ye where the wolf hath dared to seize
Kid which a lion hath taken.

Never fear

Mortal shall lead thee into servitude;
What impious wretch would dare it? hath not Zeus
Thundered above these mountains? Doth he,

48 Doth he] Doth Zeus 1853. *The 1859 text has Doth not he. The negative perverts the meaning of the question; but the error, now corrected, was repeated without comment in 1876.*

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Wide-seeing, see all earth but Ida? watch
 Over all creatures but his progeny?
 Capaneus and Typhœus less offended
 Than would the wretch whose grasp should violate
 The golden hair of Helena. 50

Tremblest thou,

Irresolute, distrustful?
Helena. I must tremble,
 And more and more.
Achilles. Then take my hand.
Helena. And may I?

May I? and hold it? I am comforted,
Achilles. The scene around us, calm and silent, ought
 To comfort thee: turnest thou to survey it?
 Perhaps it is unknown to thee.

Helena. 'Tis so.
 Since my arrival I have never gone 60
 Beyond the city-walls.

Achilles. Gaze freely then,
 Perplexed no longer. Pleasant are these downs,
 Pleasant the level eminence, by broom
 Surrounded, and with myrtle underneath
 And crispleaved beech and broad dark pine above.
 Rare place for boars: why are my dogs at home,
 And where for sylvan sport my leisure hours.

Helena. But those are gloomy places, not so this.
 Frightful are boars and wolves and such like things.
 But here how pretty is the slender grass 70
 Bent by the glossy insects as they climb
 Or light upon it, or upon the tall
 Sisterhoods of grey lavender! their names
 I recollect now I have found them here
 Within this very hour and seen them close.
 The dark-eyed cistus and gay citisus
 Are here too.

Achilles. Wonderful! how couldst thou learn
 To name so many plants?

Helena. I could name ten.
 Look! see the little troops of serpolet
 Running in wild disorder here and there. 80
 Thou knowest these perhaps and many more.

Achilles. Keiron taught *me*, while walking at his side
 And he was culling herbs to cure the hurt
 His brother Centaurs might in play receive.
 Wonderous his knowledge; I was proud to learn.
 Sometimes he seated me and made me sing:
 Sometimes he took the lyre and sang himself.
 At intervals I catch the fleeting words
 He sang to me.

Helena. He sang of war, no doubt.
 Repeat his words, if thou art loth to sing. 90

51 Typhœus] *rectius* Typhhœus 1853.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Achilles. Look at those yellow poppies ! were the words
They are come out to catch whate'er the sun
Will throw into their cups ; their faces show
Their joyance. Son of Peleus ! they begin
Their nodding dance, and wait but for the lyre.

Helena. Childish ! for one with such a spear against
His shoulder ; even its shadow terrible,
It seems to make a chasm across the plain.

Achilles. To talk or think as children think and talk
Is not at all times such a proof of folly ;
There may be hours when it shall push aside
Griefs, where the strength of graver wisdom fails.

100

Helena. But Keiron, when he sang to thee of flowers
Show'd little.

Achilles. To his lyre he sang the loves
Of Hyacinthos and Narcissos, brought
Back by the Hours on their unwearied feet,
Regular in their courses as the stars.
Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived
And moved, and even spoke, as we are speaking.
Memories they yet may have, tho they have cares
No longer.

110

Helena. They then have no memories,
They see their beauty only.

Achilles. *Helena !*
Thou turnest pale and droopest.

Helena. Gum or blossom
Or this high place, or something else unseen,
Hath made me dizzy : can it be the wind ?

Achilles. Air there is none.

Helena. I wish there were a little.

Achilles. Be seated now.

Helena. The feeble are obedient.

Achilles. 'Twas on this very ground where we repose
They who conducted me by certain signs
Told me the prize of beauty was awarded.
One of them smiled ; the other, whom in duty
I love the most, lookt anxious and let fall
Some tears.

120

Helena. Yet she was not one of the vanquisht.

Achilles. Goddesses then contended. *Helena*
Was absent, and too young.

Helena. Alas ! how fatal
Was the decision of the arbiter.
Could not thy sire the venerable Peleus,
And could not Pyrrhos, child so beautiful
And helpless, have detain'd thee from this war ?

Achilles. No reverence and no friendship for the race
Of Atreus brought me against Troy ; I hate,
Detest and execrate alike both brothers ;
Another is more odious to me stil,
I will forbear to name him. The brave man

130

NOTES

Holding the hearth as sacred as the temple,
Violates never hospitality.

He carries not away the gold he finds
Within the house, folds not up purple linen
Workt for solemnities, conveying it
Stealthily from the cedar chest to stow
In the dark ship, together with a wife
Confided to him by her absent lord.

140

I will not say to love thee was a crime;
Priam or Nestor might, even at their years,
But to avow and act on the avowal
Is what the Gods, if righteous, will chastise.

Helena. But Aphrodite urged me, day and night,
Telling me that to make her break her vow
To Paris was inexpiable sin.

So she told Paris at the selfsame hours,
And quite as often, he repeated it
Every morning, showing how his dreams
Tallied with mine exactly. So, at last . .

150

Achilles. The last is not yet come. By all the Gods
If I should ever meet him, face to face
I with this spear transfix him.

Helena. Pray, do not,
For Aphrodite never could forgive thee.

Achilles. I am not sure of that; she soon forgets.
Variable as Iris, she one day
Favors, the next forsakes.

Helena. She may forsake
Me then!

160

Achilles. But other Deities
Watch over and protect thee. Thy brave brothers
Are with them at this very hour, and they
Are never absent from their festivals.

Helena. Oh! were they living! that thou couldst have seen them!

Achilles. Companions of my father on the Phasis
They were his guests before they went, all three,
To hunt the boar of Calydon; that day
Brought many sorrows upon brave men's hearts,
A woman was the cause.

Helena. Horrible creature!
The boar, I mean . . Didst thou not see the Twins?

170

Achilles. I saw them not; desirous as I was
That I might learn from them and practice with them
Whatever is most laudable and manly.

My father, fearing my impetuosity
(Old men will call it so) and inexperience
Sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold
Some mischief to me from an arrow-wound:
Among the brakes an arrow may fly wide
Glancing from trees.

Helena. Hadst thou but seen the Twins!
Tho 'twere but once. The Sun will never shine

180

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

With his bright eyes upon such youths again.
 Ah my brave brothers! how they tended me!
 How loved me! often wishing me to mount
 Each his horse first: they made me poise and hurl
 Their javelins: they would teach me archery . .
 But they could only teach me to swim with them:
 It gratified me rather to be prais'd
 For anything than swimming.

Happy hours!

Soon over! does then happiness depart
 Sooner than beauty? Surely it might stay
 That little while.

190

Dear Kastor! Polydeukes

Stil dearer! often shall I think of you
 As you were, and as I was, on the bank
 Of the Eurotas.

Achilles. Is there not at home
 One once as dear?

Helena. Ah poor Hermione!
 A babe was she who could not play with me,
 Yet 'twas my pride and pleasure to survey
 Her roseate fingers on my unrobed breast:
 And I could almost envy then the goat
 That stamp'd and feebly cried to give her milk.
 My brothers teased her for it, wicked pair!
 Terrible, and almost as beautiful
 As thou art. Be not wroth; blush not for me.

200

Achilles. Helena, Helena of Menelaos!

My mother is reported to have left
 About me only one part vulnerable;
 I have at last found where it is. Farewell!

Helena. O leave me not! I do beseech, I implore,
 Leave me not thus alone! these solitudes
 Are terrible: wild beasts must roam among them;
 There certainly are Fauns and Satyrs, there
 Cybele, who bears towers upon her head,
 Abhorring Aphrodite, persecuting
 All those *she* favors; and her priests so cruel
 That they are cruel even to themselves.
 She sees grim lions yoked before her car
 And hears their dismal roar, and sits serene.

210

Achilles. They who have brought thee hither in a cloud
 Will reconduct thee in a cloud, unseen
 And safely to the city: be thou sure.
 Daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell!
 Not even this arm could save thee if our host
 Saw thee descending, trust the Gods who can,
 The Gods who sent me hither to announce
 That Helena should close her eyes in Greece.

220

P. 114 ÆSCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES. No date can be assigned for this meeting of the two dramatists. Æschylus is believed to have written

NOTES

Prometheus before going a third time to Sicily, where he died 456 B.C. But *Antigone* and other plays by Sophocles to which the elder writer is made to refer are unlikely to have been written then, and were certainly not acted till long afterwards.

P. 115. MARCUS AURELIUS AND LUCIAN. Major variants between texts 1859, 1863 are given below, minor variants were noted on pp. 587-90.

Between ll. 20-1 1863 has forty-six lines, here numbered 1-46:

Aurelius. Gratitude to the Gods, to men, good will—
Is the religion I would cultivate,
Leaving as many gods upon the ground
As, season after season, may spring up
And stifle one another.

Lucian. Well, no harm!

Aurelius. Let each man weed his croft, not turn his kine
Into his neighbour's. What, if some prefer
The lofty holyhock, another bend
Over the bed where hang the modest bells
Of early cluster-lily.

When we fight

10

The Parthian, 'tis not that we hate his God,
The glorious Sun, for he is our God too.
When Alexander saw the Ganges roll
Before him, did he persecute a race
Devote to Budda? did that race cut throats
To make men run the readier at their side?
All things deteriorate, religions most.

Lucian. I set a drunken man upon his legs
And show him his own door, but enter not,
Therefore he curses me, and calls me lost,
And spits at me, and bids me go to hell.

20

Aurelius. Altho' we now are talking in our Greek,
We both know Latin.

Lucian. Well, what then?

Aurelius. I hate

Quotations, and hate worse to intermix
Two languages: this we may do in talk,
But not in writing; you Greeks never did.

Lucian. 'Twere folly; for what leg gets faster on
By straddling round the shoulders of another?

Aurelius. Little of Roman poetry I hold
In memory, yet one sentence comes to hand
From the most amiable and least prolix.

30

Lucian. What then could he have said upon religion?

Aurelius. Somewhat, if indirect, yet applicable.

*All have not the same faces, yet they all
Bear sisterly resemblance.*

Lucian. His nymphs might,
Our last was born in the decrepitude
Of her poor mother, and now leans on crutch,

33 Somewhat . . . yet] so in *corrigenda* 1863; Nothing indeed, but somewhat *text* 1863, 1876. ll. 34-5 [cf. Ovid, *Met.* ii. 10-11. W.]

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES

Which she can swing about her if provoked.

Her dogmatists would narrow our Elysion,

And would extend the realm of Tartaros

40

And dam up Phlegethon to overflowing.

Aurelius. Lucian! I think as thou dost, but abstain

From words that irritate where all should soothe.

I seldom laugh, and never in men's faces.

Lucian. The peace proclaimers bellow the most loud;

My voice by nature is too weak to curse.

ll. 39-41 added in corrigenda 1863. 46 curse.] In 1863, 1876 six lines that follow (= ll. 21-6 1859) are wrongly printed as spoken by Lucian. This error was noted in corrigenda 1863, but left uncorrected in 1876.

For ll. 33-44 in 1859, 1863 substitutes twenty-three lines, here numbered 1-23.

And spared the Druids, proud unruly race,

Nor with their bloody rites would interfere.

Ambition was his fault, but clemency

Could over-rule ambition . . .

Lucian. When the world

Lay at his feet and he too, was a God.

Aurelius. Ambition is at best but selfishness,

And stoops to scramble as the needy do.

Lucian. O Marcus, Marcus! art not thou ambitious?

Who holding in one hand the peopled globe,

Yet wouldst thou more?

Aurelius. Lucian! Not I indeed.

10

Lucian. Thou wouldst have much beyond this visible

Diurnal sphere, wouldst catch Fame, flying Fame.

Aurelius. Quiet be mine! and let Fame follow me.

Say on.

Lucian. Well then thou art an innovator,

Thou art a revolutionist.

Aurelius. How so?

Lucian. Ay, greatest of all revolutionists,

The battle-field, O Marcus, thou hast turn'd

Into the corn-field. What would Julius say,

If Julius were not now among the Gods?

Aurelius. He did some evil, he removed much more.

20

He would not irritate weak intellects,

Nurst in religion, learnt by heart and rear'd

Upon a mother's knee, thence justly dear.

15 Before Thou 1863 text has Lucian! which is deleted in corrigenda 1863 but retained in 1876 text.

For ll. 50-67 in 1859, 1863 substitutes fourteen lines, here numbered 1-14.

Aurelius. The mildest and most genial is our own.

Lucian. Five carts conveying hither Gods from Veii,

Broke down and left their fragments in the road,

Yet plenty stil remain to pick and choose,

And all are not fastidious; stern would look

Old Cato at some tasters of our fasti

NOTES

And pelt them with what turnips were unsound,
Or but half rotten in his frugal farm:
His addled eggs he kept for favorite slaves,
Severe he would be where one calls a God
To help him in his vengeance on a neighbour,
Who puts his left leg where he should the right,
And will not draw it back, but walk strait on.
His God was Terminus, his fane, the field.

10

ll. 11-13 with minor variants=ll. 81-3 of 1859 text.

P. 119. HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA. The 1859 version has for title *Homer and Laertes* * with footnote as follows:

* Poets are not bound to chronology. About Homer and Laertes as little is known as about Polyphemos and Calypso. To the glory of God, let us believe that He created a Homer one and indivisible: we know he created a Shakespeare. After this he rested from his Labour a hundred years: then he called to Him the nearest of the Angels, made a model, breathed his own spirit into it, and called it Milton. [L.]

Variants in 1863 from the 1859 version of the dialogue are as follows:

ll. 1-2 not in 1859. For ll. 3-12 1859 has four lines as follows:

Laertes. Gods help thee! and restore to thee thy sight!
My good old guest, I am more old than thou,
Yet have outlived by many years my son
Odysseus and the chaste Penelope.

*l. 24 Homer's speech ends in 1859 at it was. ll. 24-44 yet . . him not in 1859.
For ll. 45-57 1859 has three lines:*

Laertes. First let us taste
My old sound wine, and break my bread less old,
But old enough for teeth like thine and mine.

*58 hearty] such good 1859. 59 hearty . . . beside] such a friend as thou 1859.
For ll. 60-3 1859 has:*

Far hast thou wandered since we met, and told
Strange stories. Wert thou not afraid some God
Or Goddess should have siez'd [*sic*] upon thy ear
For talking what thou toldest of their pranks.

*l. 65 and . . . morose] none painful, none profane 1859. 68 never . . . me] did not
treat me quite 1859. 69 harried] treated 1859. 70 hymn: the] chaunt for 1859.
ll. 71-3 not in 1859. 75 songster's] poet's 1859. 79 'twas upon] but one year,
1859. 80 I will] will I 1859. 85 The gifts] The gift 1859. 87 [Agatha . . .
wine]] (Girl enters) 1859. 88 seat] sit 1859. there] down 1859. him sing]
a song 1859. 89 what] which 1859. might] may 1859. 90 that cup] the
flask 1859. 91 assuaged] allaid 1859. 92 songmen] poets 1859. In 1859
portions of ll. 94-119 of 1863 text, with variants noted below, are printed among ADDITIONS.
97 solacer of] remedy for 1859. 98 unload the] uplifts it 1859. For ll. 100-14
1859 has thirteen lines:*

And, Agatha, do thou bring speedily
The two large ewers, and fill brimfull the bath
Capacious; that of brass; Penelope's
Own bath, wherein she laught to see her boy
Paddle, like cygnet with its broad black oars,
Nor shunn'd the chilly water he threw up
Against her face . . he who grew soon so sage!
Then do thou, maiden, from hot cauldron pour

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Enough to make it soothing to the feet;
After, bring store of rushes, and long leaves
Of cane sweet-smelling, from the inland bank
Of that famed river far across the sea
Opposite, to our eyes invisible.

117 through all] throughout 1859. 118 Aye . . . look] Aye, aye, and 1859. 118
After before 1859 has two lines:

May thou rest well, old wanderer! Even the Gods
Repose, the Sun himself sinks down to rest.

In 1859 the dialogue ends here.

P. 135. HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA. *Corrigenda*, 1863, has "For Hippomenes read Hippomanes". This direction was followed by Forster in 1876 but should have been ignored. See Ovid, *Met.* x. 560, Theocritus, iii. 40, and Sir James Frazer's notes on Apollod. i. viii.

P. 145. A MODERN GREEK IDYL. Landor found the "story" in *Household Words*, February 25, 1854, where it was quoted from *Chants Populaires de la Grèce moderne*, par C. Fauriel, Paris, 1824-5.

SECTION III. HELLENICS

P. 151. THE HAMADRYAD. When this Idyl was published in 1842 at the end of Landor's essay on Theocritus, he introduced it with the following remarks, not reprinted either by himself or by Forster:

"In the poem we subjoin we claim no merit of imitation. The subject was taken from a short note of the scholiast on Pindar; and our readers may wonder and regret that it attracted no earlier and abler pen. Our hope is that it will be found of that order of simplicity which is simple in the manner of Theocritus."

The scholiast's note here referred to is in *Pindar's Epinician Odes*, ed. J. W. Donaldson, 1841, p. 386. Writing to Forster, who sent him the book, Landor said: "I took the idea [of *The Hamadryad*] from your Pindar. I had forgotten the story." He might have read it in the scholiast's note on Apollonius (Argon. ii. 479), in Bayle, *s.v.* *Hamadryades*; in *The Spectator*, September 3, 1714; or in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, September 13, 1820. The scholiast's version is also quoted in Chalmers's *English Poets*, in a note on Fawkes's translation of the *Argonautics*.

For Landor's sequel to *The Hamadryad*, see *Acon and Rhodope*, p. 211.

P. 158. THE PRAYER OF THE BEES FOR ALCIPHRON. Certainly not the Alciphron who wooed Leucippe (see p. 180); but it is doubtful to whom the bees were grateful. In the *Epistles* of another Alciphron, a contemporary of Lucian, there is mention of bees and their vocation; and Bishop Berkeley, in *Alciphron, the minute Philosopher* (1792), had something to say about Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*. It is possible, however, that in the poem now dealt with, Alciphron is no other than Landor himself.

P. 160. THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE. The story of Thrasybulus, or Thrasymedes, and the daughter of Pisistratus, Tyrant of Athens, was told by Plutarch (*Apoth.*) and by Polyænus (*Strat.*). It was referred to by Dante (*Purgat.* xv. 88 ff.) and in *The Spectator* (November 4, 1712). Landor may have found it in St. John's *Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece*, i. 417.

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P. 162. ICARIOS AND ERIGONÈ. Landor may have found this legend in Plutarch, *Paral.* 9, or in Apollodorus, iii. xiv. 7; unless he first met with it in St. John's *Ancient Greece*, ii. 354.

P. 165. DRIMACOS. An account of the slave revolt led by Drimacos is given in St. John's *Ancient Greece*, iii. 13, on the authority of Athenæus, v. 265.

P. 169. ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA. St. John in *Ancient Greece* relates this story with a reference to Athenæus, xi. It is also mentioned twice by Plutarch (*de solert. animal.* 36; *Sept. Sap.* 20); but in substituting Lemnos for Lesbos (l. 19) Landor may have followed Bayle, *s.v.* Lemnos.

P. 181. IPHIGENEIA. Writing from Bath in March 1845, to Theodosia Garrow (afterwards Mrs. T. A. Trollope), Landor said: "I am busied in collecting my verses etc., for a new and complete edition. Many I had given away without keeping a copy; and among these is the one I shall now transcribe."

Then follows in the same script an early, if not the earliest, version of *Iphigeneia and Agamemnon at Aulis*. ll. 23-5 and 37-42 of the 1846 text (see above, pp. 181-2) are not in the MS. Other variants are:

8 misunderstood] misunderstood me 1845. 9 arms] hands 1845. 10 hitting] striking 1845. 19 awaken'd me] awakened oft 1845. 33 brow] head 1845. 36 Regard] Survey 1845.

Thanks are due to Dr. Ashley-Montagu for a copy of Landor's letter and the 1845 version of *Iphigeneia*.

P. 183. THE CHILDREN OF VENUS. First written in Latin and so published with title *Veneris Pueri* in 1820. The English version on p. 183 was recast and so published with altered title in 1859. The 1859 text is given below:

THE BOYS OF VENUS.

TWAIN are the boys of Venus: one surveys
Benignly this our globe; the other flies
Cities and groves, nor listens to their songs
Nor bears their converse; hardly is he known
By name among them; cold as Eurus, pure
As gusty rain.

What discord tore apart
The brothers? what beside ambition could?
The elder was aggriev'd to see the sparks
Shoot from the younger's whetstone as he turn'd
His arrow-barbs, nor pleas'd that he should waste
Day after day in wreathing flowers for crowns,
Or netting meshes to entrap the birds;
And, while rose incense to that idle child,
To him were only empty honors paid.
Bitterly to Silenus he complain'd,
Entreating him to arbitrate his wrongs
But hearing no remonstrance, mild as were
The wise God's words; they only fann'd his ire.
"Call that Idalian" cried he "then decide."
He did so.

"Brother! was it me you call'd?"

10

20

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Said the sweet child, whose wings were hanging down
Heavily from both shoulders, and his face
Suffused with shame.

"Will you not even own
Your little brother from Idalia? come,
Let us be friends." Then, turning to the judge,
"Did he not send for me?"

To this appeal
Before Silenus could reply, before
He could, as now he tried, unite their hands,
"Yes," interrupted the ferocious one,
"I did, that you may now learn who I am."
Silenus smiled, and beckoning, fondly said
"Hither now! kiss each other; I may then
Say which is best: each shall have due reward,
And friend from friend."

30

At this the lesser leapt
And threw his arms about his brother's neck
Turn'd scornfully away, yet many a kiss
He gave it; one, one only, was return'd;
For even the brother could not now resist,
Whether such godlike influence must prevail
Or whether of repulsing it ashamed;
Stil neither would he his intent forego
Nor moderate his claim, nor cease to boast
How Chaos he subdued with radiant fire,
How from the sky its darkness he dispel'd,
And how the struggling planets he coerced,
Telling them to what distance they might go,
And chain'd the raging Ocean down with rocks.

40

"Is not all this enough for you?" replied
The gentler, "envy you my narrow realm?
Denying me my right you raise my plumes,
You make me boast that on my birth there broke
Throughout the heavens above and earth below
A golden light. I do not recollect

50

What Chaos was, it was before my time;
Where flew the stars about I neither know
Nor care; but her who governs them I drew
Behind the Latmian cliffs, entreating me,
And promising me everything, to grant
Her first and last desire: tho you reside
In heaven with her, and tho she knows your fame,
She knows no love but what is scorn'd by you.
What are sea-shores to me? I penetrate
The inmost halls of Nereus; I command . .
Up spring the dolphins, and their purple backs
I smoothe for timorous harper to bestride:
At losing him, on the dry sands they pine.
Desert you anyone, he heeds it not,
But let me leave him and funereal flames
Burst from his bosom. Your last guest from earth,

60

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When I was angry with him, threw aside 70
 The spindle, broke the thread, and lay before.
 The gate as any worthless herb might lie,
 And gamesome whelps leapt over that broad breast.
 About the Gods above I would not say
 A word to vex you: whether rolls the orb
 We stand upon I know not, or who trims
 The fires ethereal, or who rules the tides.
 If these I yield to you, to me concede
 Free laughter and sly kiss; fresh flowers give me,
 And songs the lyre delights in, give the lull 80
 Of reeds among the willows upon banks
 Where hollow moss invites and then betrays.
 Let me be happy: some have call'd me strong;
 Whether I am so, let recorded facts
 Declare, in every land perform'd by me
 Under the rising and the setting sun,
 Too numerous for a memory weak as mine."
 "Scarce more so than your promises" exclaim'd
 The taunter.

Smiling, blushing too, the child
 Acknowledged his forgetfulness . . at times . . 90
 But added,

"Do not make me boast again.
 If you pretend contempt for earthly cares
 And stand apart from nuptial scenes, and make
 No promises that leave so many blest,
 But turn aside your face and gaze upon
 The dismal depths, and Styx alone adjure,
 Pray tell me who made Pluto, by the pool
 Of that same Styx and panting Phlegethon
 Pant also, while the dog with his three throats
 Growl'd and roar'd out? who taught the unwilling bride 100
 To bear him? it was I, it was my sport.
 In his dominions better deeds were mine.
 Following this torch and guided by this hand
 You might have heard amid the silent shades
 The water, drop by drop, fall from the urn
 Of the condemn'd; the wheel you might have heard
 Creak, with no human groans from it; thro me
 Laodameia met again the youth
 She died for, and Eurydice met her's."

The generous Judge embraced the generous God, 110
 Then tranquilly bespake the other thus.

"O worthy child of thy grave sire! to thee
 I give the stars in keeping, with his leave,
 And storms and seas and rocks that hold them in
 With Neptune's, asking Amphitrite's too.
 Thou, lesser of the winged ones! the source
 Of genial smiles, who makest every sun
 Roll brighter, and ten thousand fall far short
 Of one such night as thou alone canst give;

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Who holdest back the willing Hours at play, 120
 And makest them run weariless aside
 Thy quickest car! be thou with this content.
 To thee do I assign thy modest claim.
 Write it in thy own words . . . The linkèd hands,
 And every flower that Spring most gladly wears,
 And every song the quivering lyre of youth
 Delights in; and the whispers of the reeds
 Under the willows; and the mossy tuft
 Dimpling but to betray: should anywhere
 Be sweeter whispers, be they also thine 130
 Do thou but" . . . then he blusht and lowered his head
 Against the boy's . . . "touch gently with thy dart,
 So that no mortal see . . . Ianthè's breast."

P. 187. PAN AND PITYS. First written in Latin and so published in 1815. The myth of the nymph beloved by Pan is told at length in Bayle's *Dictionary*, s.v. Boreas. See also Lucian, *Dial. Deor.* xii. 4.

The English version on p. 187 was recast and so published in 1859, reprinted 1876. The 1859 text is given below:

PAN AND PITYS.

CEASE to complain of what the Fates decree,
 Whether shall Death have carried off or (worse)
 Another, thy heart's treasure: bitter Styx
 Hath overflowed the dales of Arcady,
 And Cares have risen to the realms above.
 By Pan and Boreas was a Dryad wooed,
 Pitys her name, her haunt the grove and wild:
 Boreas she fled from, upon Pan she gazed
 With a sly fondness, yet accusing him
 Of fickle mind; and this was her reproof. 10
 "Ah why do men, or Gods who ought to see
 More clearly, think that bonds will bind for ever!
 Often have stormy seas borne safely home
 A ship to perish in its port at last;
 Even they themselves, in other things unchanged,
 Are mutable in love; even he who rules
 Olympus hath been lighter than his clouds.
 Alas! uncertain is the lover race,
 All of it; worst are they who sing the best,
 And thou, Pan, worse than all. 20
 By what deceit
 Beguiledst thou the Goddess of the night?
 O wary shepherd of the snow-white flock!
 Ay, thy reeds crackled with thy scorching flames
 And burst with sobs and groans . . . the snow-white flock
 Was safe, the love-sick swain kept sharp look there.
 Wonderest thou such report should reach my ear?
 And widenest thou thine eyes, half-ready now

20 worse] so in corrigenda, not in text, 1859.
 a sharp in text.

25 sharp] so in corrigenda 1859,

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To swear it all away, and to conceal
 The fountain of Selinos. So! thou knowest
 Nothing about that shallow brook, those herbs 30
 It waves in running, nothing of the stones
 Smooth as the pavement of a temple-floor,
 And how the headstrong leader of the flock
 Broke loose from thy left-hand, and in pursuit
 How falledst thou, and how thy knee was bound
 With ivy lest white hairs betray the gash.
 Denyest thou that by thy own accord
 Cynthia should share thy flock and take her choice?
 Denyest thou damping and sprinkling o'er
 With dust, and shutting up within a cave 40
 Far out of sight, the better breed? the worse
 Displayed upon the bank below, well washt,
 Their puffy fleeces glittering in the sun.
 Shame! to defraud with gifts, and such as these!"

Pan, blushing thro both ears as ne'er before,
 Cried "Who drag'd back these fables from the past?
 Juster and happier hadst thou been to scorn
 The false and fugitive. With hoarse uproar
 I heard thy Boreas bray his song uncouth,
 And oldest goats ran from it in affright. 50
 Thee too, beloved Pitys, then I saw
 Averse: couldst ever thou believe his speech,
 His, the most bitter foe to me and mine.
 From Cynthia never fell such hard rebuke.
 Different from thee, she pities them who mourn;
 Whether beneath straw roof or lofty tower,
 She sits by the bedside and silently
 Watches, and soothes the wakeful til they sleep.
 I wooed not Cynthia; me she wooed: not all
 Please her; she hates the rude, she cheers the gay, 60
 She shrouds her face when Boreas ventures near.
 Above all other birds the nightingale
 She loves; she loves the poplar of the Po
 Trembling and whispering; she descends among
 The boxtrees on Cytos; night by night
 You find her at the olive: it is she
 Who makes the berries of the mountain-ash
 Bright at her touch: the glassy founts, the fanes
 Hoary with age, the sea when Hesper comes
 To Tethys, and when liquid voices rise 70
 Above the shore . . but Boreas . . no, not she."
 Then Pitys, with a smile.

"Ha! what a voice!

My lover Boreas could not roar his name
 More harshly. Come now, cunning lightfoot! say
 How was it thou couldst take the Goddess in,
 And with a charge so moderate on thy fold?"

"Again, O Pitys, wouldst thou torture me?
 Gifts not as lover but as loved I gave;

HELLENICS

I gave her what she askt: had she askt more
 I would have given it; 'twas but half the flock: 80
 Therefor 'twas separated in two parts;
 The fatter one, of bolder brow, shone out
 In whiteness, but its wool was like goat-hair,
 And loud its bleating for more plenteous grass;
 Strong too its smell: my Goddess heeded not
 The smell or bleat, but took the weightier fleece.
 Why shakest thou thy head, incredulous?
 Why should I urge the truth on unbelief?
 Or why so fondly sue to scorn and hate?
 Pitys! a time there was when I was heard 90
 With one long smile, and when the softest hand
 Stroked down unconsciously the lynx-skin gift
 Of Bacchus on my lap, and blushes rose
 If somewhat, by some chance, it was removed.
 In silence or in speech I then could please,
 I then at times could turn my face aside,
 Forgetting that my awkward hand was placed
 Just where thy knees were bending for a seat:
 Then could I at another hour look up
 At the sun's parting ray, and draw the breath 100
 Of fresher herbs, while clouds took living forms
 Throwing their meshes o'er the azure deep,
 And while thy gaze was on the flight of crows
 Hoarse overhead, winging their beaten way
 At regular and wonted intervals.
 Then, never doubting my sworn love, anew
 Thou badest me swear it: pleasure lay secure
 On its full golden sheaf.

Now, alas, now
 What comfort brings me on the barren shore
 Pale oleaster, or gay citisus 110
 That hides the cavern, or pellucid vein
 Of wandering vine, or broom that once betray'd
 The weak twin fawns! how could I join the glee
 Of babbling brook, or bear the lull of grove,
 Or mind the dazzling vapor from the grass,
 Unless my Pitys told me, and took up
 The faltering reed or interrupted song?"
 Thus he, enclosing with his arm hirsute
 Her neck, and stroking slow her auburn hair.
 "Up with the pipe" said she "O Pan! and since 120
 It seems so pleasant to recall old times,
 Run over those we both enjoy'd alike,
 And I will sing of Boreas, whom I hate.
 He boasts of oaks uprooted by his blast,
 Of heaven itself his hailstones have disturb'd,
 Of thy peculiar heritage afire,
 And how thy loftiest woods bow'd down beneath
 His furious pennons black with bale and dread.
 He boasts of ships submerged, and waves up-piled

NOTES

High as Olympus, and the trident torn 130
 From Jove's own brother: worst of all, he boasts
 How often he deluded with his voice,
 Under the rocks of Ismaros, that true
 And hapless lover when his eyes sought sleep,
 And made his wandering mind believe the sound
 Rose from the Manes at his wife recall'd.
 His pleasure is to drive from lids fresh-closed
 Fond dreams away, and draw false forms about,
 And where he finds one terror to bring more.
 Can such a lover ever be beloved?" 140

Boreas heard all: he stood upon the cliff
 Before, now crept he into the near brake;
 Rage seiz'd him; swinging a huge rock around
 And, shaking with one stamp the mountain-head,
 Hurl'd it . . and cried

"Is Boreas so contemn'd?"
 It smote the Dryad, sprinkling with her blood
 The tree they sat beneath: there faithful Pan
 Mused often, often call'd aloud the name
 Of Pitys, and wiped off tear after tear
 From the hoarse pipe, then threw it wildly by, 150
 And never from that day wore other wreath
 Than off the pine-tree darkened with her gore.

P. 191. CUPID AND PAN. First written in Latin and so published in 1820.

The English version on p. 191 was recast and so published in 1859. The 1859 text is given below:

CUPID AND PAN.

CUPID one day caught Pan asleep, outstretcht:
 He snatcht the goatskin hung about his loins,
 And now and then pluckt at a cross-graind hair
 Bent inward: yet the God, immovable,
 Blew heavy slumbers from his ruddy breast,
 Feeling as any corktree's bark might feel.
 Behind his neck was laid his favorite pipe,
 But this with furtive touch the boy withdrew,
 Not quite insensibly, for one sharp ear
 Quivered a little.

Cupid now waxt wroth, 10
 Exclaiming, "Zeus above! was ever God
 So dull as this? even thy own wife would fail
 To rouse him."

Then he clapt the sevenfold reeds
 To his own rosy lip and blew them shrill.
 Both ears were now rais'd up, and up sprang he,
 The God of Arcady, and shook the ground;
 But high above it sprang the lighter God,
 Laughing his threats to scorn.

"Down with that bow,

HELLENICS

Wicked young wretch! down with those arrows!" cried
The indignant eld, "then see what thou canst do." 20

"What I can do, Pan, thou shalt also see."
Thus spake he; and the bow leapt from the sod
With golden ring, and the young herbs embraced
The quiver.

"What! contend with thee! 'twere shame . .

"Scoff on," said Cupid; "when thy wrath subsides,
Even to be vanquisht will excite no blush.

Come, shamefaced! strike away; thy foe awaits."
The blusterer roll'd his yellow eyes, then caught
(As 'twere a bird he caught at, a rare bird
Whose pretty plumage he would grieve to hurt) 30
At the slim boy who taunted him too long.

'Tis said the color now first left the face
Of the cow'd child; as when amid a game
Of quoit or hoop suddenly falls the snow,
And that he trembled, fain almost to fly.

"Go, child!" said the grave Arcad: "learn to fear
Thy elders; and from far: check yet awhile
Ferocious beauty. Thou, who challengest
The peaceful, hast seen scarcely thrice-five years.
Off! or beware a touch of willow-twig." 40

Cupid, ashamed and angered, springing up,
Struck where the goatskin covered ill the breast;
Swift as an eagle or the bolt he bears
The Arcad, quick of sight, perceived the aim
And caught the hand, which burnt like purest fire
Upon the altar: Pan drew back his own
Extended palm, and blew from rounder cheek
A long cold whiff, and then again advanced,
Trembling to interwine his hairy shank
With that soft thigh and trip him up, nor ceast 50
To press the yielding marble from above.
He grew less anxious to conclude the fight
Or win it; but false glory urged him on.

Cupid, now faint and desperate, siez'd one horn;
Pan swung him up aloft; but artifice
Fail'd not the boy; nay, where the Arcad cried
Conquered at last, and ran both hands about
The dainty limbs, pluckt out from the left wing
Its stiffest feather, and smote both his eyes.

Then loud the rivers and the lakes afar 60
Resounded, and the vallies and the groves;
Then Ladon with a start and shudder broke
That marsh which had for ages crost his course;
Alpheios and Spercheios heard the shout
Of Mænalos; Cyllenè, Pholoë,
Parthenos, Tegea, and Lycaios, call'd
Responsively, nor knew they yet the cause.

'Tis said the winged steed sprang from the highths
Of his Parnassus and ran down amid

NOTES

The murky marshes, his proud spirit gone,
And there abided he, nor once drave back
Castalia's ripples with his neigh and mane.

70

"Hail, conqueror!" Cupid cried.

In lower tone

The Arcad,

"Never shall my eyes behold
My woodland realms! never the ice afloat
Under the Zephyrs, and whirl'd round and round,
Or the foam sparkling dasht upon the ford;
Never the pebbles black and white below,
Smoothen'd and rounded by assiduous plash,
Nor silvery cloud expanded overhead,
Nor Hesper, come to listen to my song.
Ah! for the blind there is one spot alone
Upon the earth, and there alone stand I.
I did not challenge; should I sue? suffice
Thy victory!"

80

He held forth his hand, nor knew
Whether he held it strait before the boy,
While from both cheeks fell tears: compassionate
Was Cupid.

"Soon" said he "a remedy
Shall be provided."

Soon were gathered flowers,
Nor long ere platted.

"I bestow them all"
Said he "on one condition: that thou wear
These, and these only, til I take them off."
The first was amaranth; too brittle that,
It broke ere well applied; then roses white,
White were all roses in these early days,
Narcissus, violet, open-hearted lily,
And smaller ones, no higher than the grass,
Slender and drooping they, yet fresh and fair;
A spray of myrtle held together these.
But when they toucht his eye he stamp't and yell'd
And laid wide-open his sharp teeth until
The quivering nostril felt the upper lip.

90

100

Soon slept he better mid the strawberries,
And more and more he thought of Hamadryads,
Recalling all their names, and linking them
In easy verse, and fancying it was time
To take a little care of form and face:
The goatskin for the fawnskin he exchanged
And stroked complacently the smoother pelt,
And trim'd and drew the ivy round his waist . .
It must not be too full . . too scant were worse . .
Lastly he doft the bandage from the brow.
Then was renew'd the series of his woes,
And forced was he to implore again the help

110

HELLENICS

Of his proud conqueror, at the Paphian fane.

There found he Venus in the porch itself.

"So 'twas thy pleasure" said she "to remove
The flowers we gave thee. No slight chastisement
For this! It was thy duty and thy vow
To wear them til the hands that laid them on
Releas't thee from them.

120

"Goat-foot! he who scorns

Our gifts, scorns never with impunity:

Round that horn'd brow, to ake again ere long,

A wreath less soft and fragrant shalt thou wear."

P. 195. DRYOPE. First written in Latin and so published in *Idyllia*, 1815, with *Argumentum* as follows:

Dryope ab Apolline amata est: festo ejus die, lyræ similitudinem sibi deus induit, quæ cum in sinum locaret ea, serpens fit: fugiunt comites; Apollo suam interim formam recouperat, Nymphâ potitur.

Antoninus Liberalis, 32, is given as the authority for this myth. Ovid, *Met.* ix. 325, describes the transformation of Dryope, after her marriage to Andræmon, into a lotus.

The English version of Landor's poem on p. 195 was recast and so published in 1859. The 1859 text is given below:

DRYOPE.

Cæta was glorious; proud of ancestry
There Dryops reign'd: Spercheios was his sire,
His mother Polydora; but above
All ancestry went forth his daughter's fame,
Dryope, loved by him whose radiant car
Surmounts the heavens. With light he irrigates
The earth beneath, to all things gives their hue,
Motion, and graceful form, and harmony:
But now the tresses of his golden hair
Wills he to fall and his warm breath to breathe
On Dryope alone; her he pursues
Among the willow of pubescent flower
And fragrant bark stript off the tender twigs,
Moist, split, and ready for the basket-braid.
He followed her along the river-bank,
Along the shallow where the Nereids meet
The Dryads.

10

She was tending once her flock
In a deep valley, when there suddenly
Burst forth the sound of horn and pipe, and clash
Of cymbal rattling from uplifted palms;
Dryad and Hamadryad, wild with joy,
Ran on before, ran on behind; one stopt
And cried to her, ere past . .

20

"Art thou alone
Forgetful of the day, our festival?
Is Dryops greater than Admetos, king
But shepherd too: Apollo watcht his flock,

NOTES

Apollo scared the stealing wolves away,
 And even Apollo now is scared from thine!
 Thus daughters place their seat above their sire's."
 Dryope laugh, no little proud, at taunt
 Like this.

30

And now the revels were begun,
 And circling dance succeeded; and the day
 Closed with the chorus of the pæan hymn.
 Weary with dancing Dryope reclined
 On the soft herbage: lo! before her feet
 Shone forth a lyre amidst it; whose that lyre
 Each askt, and none replied, for surely each
 Had hers: was it Autonoe's? was it like
 Theano's? Whose-soever it might be
 She took it, and with twinkling finger ran
 Over the chords: and now at one she glanced
 Now at another, with a nod that said
 She knew their mischief, and to punish them
 She thrust it in her bosom. Ha! behold!
 A snake glides out. All shriek aloud, all throw
 Their bodies back and spring up all at once.
 Autonoe dasht upon her fragil reed
 Her tender hand in rising, but scarce felt
 The wound until she saw one ruddy globe
 Enlarging, then she shuddered, then she sucked
 The whole away, and but two rims appear'd.
 Faster the others ran, they knew not where,
 Thro' every field about: the choral shell
 Around whose loosen'd strings the snake had coil'd
 Was now all snake. He rusht on Dryope,
 So slow in due performance of the rites,
 Rites which the fathers for their God ordain'd.
 Then spake Autonoe to the only Nymph
 Remaining nigh, stil fleeing both away,
 Both looking back; for pity rose o'er fear.
 "See! see! the wicked serpent! how he licks
 Her eyes and bosom! how he bends her down
 When she would rise and run away! where now
 Can be Apollo, proud of Python slain?
 Scorn'd by one inexperienced, feard by one
 Silly, he seems to think that Fear can win
 Where Love was driven off.

40

50

60

Help, Phœbus, help!
 How swells the creature's neck! how fierce his crest!
 A cloud hides all below. The dragon race
 Is various: now they shake their scales on earth,
 Now shine their feathers in the sky; now flame
 In cars athwart; now their hard bodies melt
 In the thin air nor leave a trace behind."

70

Deep in a woody dell beneath a cliff,

38 Autonoe's] The name is spelt thus in 1847 *ed.* and in the Latin version of the poem.
 The 1859 text has Antonoe in ll. 38, 47, 58.

HELLENICS

Scarce daring yet to lift her eyes above
The lowest bush, Callianeira held
Diaula, dubious to run on or stay,
And argued with her thus.

“Since now the grass
In the warm spring lies closer and grows higher,
And many things may at first sight deceive,
Might it not be a lizard she caught up
Into her bosom? What is pleasanter
Than in hot days to hold a lizard there
Panting, and gently with a finger’s tip
Provoke its harmless bite? The species seems
Rare, it is true. Behold how sisterly
Dryope treats it.”

80

“Lizard! no indeed!”
Replied the maiden with wide-open eyes,
“No lizard can be seen a whole field off,
Nor so spring up as that bold animal.”
Neither Diaula nor her arguer dared
Proceed: Callianeira went alone
Toward Dryope midway.

90

Again, whate’er
It was erewhile, the form is changed; no more
A serpent, nor indeed a lizard now,
Nor chelys, is that orb by purple veil’d
One moment and then alter’d into white;
As violets under hailstones when the wind
Blows hurriedly and fitfully above.
Then partly mused and partly uttered some.
“That hair is surely hers: another Nymph
Not of our company, and practised more
In quelling serpents, may have intervened,
Or witch in gleeful mischief played her pranks.
What hand is under her? what hair like hers
Is waving over?”

100

Delius now appear’d
Himself among them, and with radiant nod
And arm outstretcht recall’d the fugitives,
Drawing his purple vest more closely round.
They came with downcast eyes, remembering well
Their terror when he lent his lofty car
To that ambitious son, and how the lakes
Shrank under him, and how the rivers paus’d
In silence, and how Po himself, although
From heaven descended, was enwrapt in flames;
Remembering too the clangor of his bow
Bent against Python, when Diana’s self
Trembled at her deliverer: well they knew
The power, for good or evil, of the God,
And kept the fearful secret in their breasts.

110

120

Soon they recovered; soon they pitied her
The victim of such cruelty: the words

NOTES

Of pity Dryope well understood,
Replying not. They lookt into her eyes
A little languid; on her neck they lookt
A little moist; they own'd her pouting lip
Was worthy of the God.

Each slily askt
Some little question; she could only blush.
Slowly, nor staying to reprove, she went
Amid their giggles to her father's house.
They, growing bolder, might mayhap have told
The tale to others, but had gazed too near
For bashful Nymphs; beside, Diana's wrath
They dreaded if her brother they betrayed.

130

Dryope, now Andraemon's happy spouse
And mother of Amphissos, every spring
Is celebrated thro' the groves and vales
Of Ceta, where the pæan had been sung.

P. 198. CORESUS AND CALLIRHÖE. First written in Latin in 1809 and so published in 1815. Founded on a story in Pausanias, vii. 21. 1, which was quoted in Sir George Wheeler's *Journey into Greece*, iv. 292. The Rev. William Thompson (*ob. c. 1766*) wrote a poem on the same topic; but Lander may never have seen either this or another, by the same hand, "On a Present of Three Roses from Ianthé."

The English version on p. 198 was recast and so published in 1859. The 1859 text is given below:

CORESUS AND CALLIRHÖE.

With song and dance the maids of Calydon
Had met to celebrate the yearly rites
Of Bacchus. Where two taller whirl around
The rope, and call another to run in,
A wanton one pusht forward her who stood
Aside her; when she stumbled they all laught
To see her upright heels and scattered hair.
'Twas then, Callirhoë, that thy mother fail'd
Even with prayer to bring thee back again
Before the altar: it is said a tear
Roll'd down thy cheek from shame, and not without
A blush of anger . . who on earth can vouch
For this? since both thy hands hid both thy cheeks.

10

Rising from his high seat the youthful priest
Came forward, pitying her: of graceful mien
Coresus was, and worthy of his God.
Ah poor Coresus! luckless was the hour
Of his first meeting her; there might have been
Hour more propitious; she perhaps had loved
Distractedly the youth she now abhor'd;
He too, unless her blushes and her tears
Had penetrated deep his generous heart,
Might have loved on and sung his woes away.
Now neither butting goat nor honeyed must

20

HELLENICS

Poured by the straining boys between his horns
 Regarded he; no, nor with wonted cheer
 Appeard to him the God of gamesome glee.
 Not even when Hesper call'd his winking train
 Around him, and when shook the lower shrubs
 More than the breeze had shaken them erewhile, 30
 Would he decline his aking eyes to sleep;
 But out of the inclosure, where the grass
 Was rank with fallen leaves and heavy dew,
 Lonely he stood beneath an ilex shade,
 And meditated long and soon forgot
 The words he had to say: he could recall
 (He thought) her features, but before him rose
 A face less beautiful, not less severe.
 Many the days he sought the maid in vain,
 Many the nights he stood before the house; 40
 She waits not even to be seen; no foot
 Passes her door, and the dog barks, but strait
 Up springs she from her chair; she surely hears
 And knows his tread; what other can it be?
 When she would break a thread off with her teeth
 She stops, and holds it in a trembling hand
 Suspended, just above the humid lip
 White now with fear; and often her loose locks
 She dashes back to place a surer ear
 Against the hinge: is any footfall heard 50
 Passing the portico, he steps that way;
 If soft the sound, he stands there, none but he:
 If none, he certainly is close behind.

The reed grows harder from perpetual winds,
 From fears perpetual harder grows the maid.
 At first Callirhoë scarcely would confess
 To her own mother, scarcely to herself;
 Now she is ready, now she is resolved
 With savage speech his fondness to repay,
 Words she would gather for his punishment, 60
 And is more angry when she finds not one;
 An aggravation of his past offence.

Flexible is the coral branch beneath
 The Erythræan sea; to air exposed
 It stiffens, no strong hand can bend it back:
 Such was her nature: she had laid aside
 Her former manners; its ingenuous shame
 Quitted that cheek it lately discomposed;
 Crouds she avoided not, nor greatly cared
 If others knew what she but yesterday 70
 Was vext at knowing: she rejoiced to hear
 A name she loath'd so late. Vainglory caught
 And made a plaything of an empty heart.
 When she hears footsteps from behind, she checks
 Her own, to let him either stop or pass;
 She would not wish his love nor him away,

NOTES

Conscious that she is walking over fire
Unwounded, on a level with the Gods,
And rendering null the noblest gifts they gave.

80

Where grows a dittany that heals the smart
Love's broken arrow leaves within the breast?
He loves not who such anguish can endure,
He who can burst asunder such a bond
Loves not.

Hard-breathing from his inmost soul
Coresus siez'd her hand, then threw it back
And pour'd forth with stern look these bitter words.

90

"No longer ask I pity on my grief,
Callirhoë! tis unworthy of us both,
But there is one who knows it, one above,
And will avenge it. Thou hast seen the last
Of all the tears these eyes will ever shed;
This grieves me, and this only . . Pestilence
Now stalks in darkness on from street to street,
And slow steps follow: wasted, worn away,
The aged are gone forth to learn the will
Of those we worship; and their late return,
Lookt for since dawn from all the higher roofs,
In vain is lookt for. Thro the city lie
Children whom dying parents would embrace,
Innocent children! they have not been spared,
And shall the guilty before heaven escape?"

100

I was contemn'd, and I deserv'd contempt,
I loved imprudently; yet throughout life
Those arts I cherisht which lead youth aright,
And strengthen manhood and adorn old-age.
Old-age! for me there will be none: my brow
Hath worn its crown . . for what? that festal songs
May rise around the altar, sung by thee.
Worthy I was to woo, and woo I did;
I am unworthy now, and now abstain,
Subjected to the levity of all,
Even my own friends: and yet might I have stood
Above those equal-aged, whether the prize
Were olive, given by heroes, whether bay
Which only Gods, and they on few, bestow,
Or whether, O Callirhoë! in thy love.

110

Let kings throw largesses around, let earth
And ocean be explored that vulgar eyes
May gaze at vulgar heads rais'd somewhat higher,
The Gods alone give genius, they alone
Give beauty . . why so seldom to unite!
She shines her hour, and then the worshiper
Rises and goes. Genius stands cold, apart,
Like Saturn in the skies; his aspect seems,
To mortal men below, oblique, malign . . ."

120

While he was speaking and about to pause,

85 Coresus] so in corrigenda 1869; mispr. Catillus in text here corrected.

LLENICS

Downcast, with silent and slow step approacht
 They who went forth to touch with purest hands
 The altar, and appease the offended Powers.
 The virgin saw them coming; soon she heard
 A croud's tumultuous outcries and turned pale;
 But paler was Coresus who presaged
 The impending evil; paler when he heard
 Curses and (painfuller) immodest speech.
 He hastened to withdraw her; but aloud
 Palæmon cried,

130

“Stay here! stay here thou too
 O wretched girl! and take the words I bring,
 The God's own words: no longer shall the throng
 Around thee rise infuriate, nor shall maids
 And matrons turn on thee their dying look
 Or call the torch funereal by thy name.”

140

Impatient and exultant sprang the youth;
 Wildly he threw his arms around her neck,
 Then, falling on his knees, “Hail thou” he cried,
 “Who fillest with thy deity the grove
 Of high Dodona, and with brow serene
 Hast clear'd the troubled sky!

She lives! she lives!

The source of sorrow to none else than me:
 Neither my dreams nor Bacchus promist this.”
 Palæmon, after solemn silence, spake:

150

“Alas! how sadly do young hopes deceive!
 The sight of future things was granted thee
 In vain: Love lowers his saffron veil, runs off,
 And thro the dimness thou seest only Love.

Forward, ye youths! since Jupiter ordains,
 And since the son of Semele hath deign'd
 To honor and avenge his chosen priest,
 Lead the peace-offering, the pure victim, forth . .
 Lead forth Callirhoë.”

Thro the maiden's veins

The blood crept cold: she staggered, fell . . upheav'd
 And drag'd away by some strong arm, she reacht
 The temple: consciousness (not soon) return'd
 Thro the loud trappings, on the marble floor,
 Of those who carried incense fresh-alight,
 And the salt sprinklings from the frigid font.

160

“Take” said Palæmon, trembling as he spake,
 “Take thou this sword, Coresus! 'tis thy part.
 Often hast thou the avenging Gods invoked,
 And wouldst thou cast aside the vows they grant?
 Impious! impossible! no grace is this
 To thee, but sign to all that in his priest
 Wrong'd and offended is the God he serves,
 Warning to all that vows be wisely vow'd.
 But if among this concourse there stand one

170

NOTES

Who pities so the victim, that for hers
He yields his life, then shall the pestilence,
Under Jove's saving son, our Bacchus, cease."

With his veind hand a tear the youth swept off:
Less mournfully than scornfully said he,

"Listen! how swift, how still, their steps retreat!
Now then, Callirhoë! now my breast is firm;
None stand before me: in a father's place
And in a lover's I will here discharge
No empty duty."

180

Cries and groans are heard,
And seen upon the pavement where he stood
His writhing limbs.

With sudden terror flies
The croud bewildered, dreading lest a blood
So sacred should run on and reach their feet.
The temple and the grove around it moan,
And other murmurs, other cries, than rose
So lately, fill the city and the plain.

190

First flies the rumor that the priest had fallen
By his own hand; it gathered force, and soon
That both were smitten by the wrathful Gods.
From its own weight is that vast multitude
Pushed onward, driven back, conglomerated,
Broken, disperst, like waves on stormy seas.

P. 203. THE ALTAR OF MODESTY. To the Latin version, *Pudoris Ara*, published in *Simonidea*, 1806, a reference to Pausanias (iii. 20. 10 seq.) was prefixed. In *Idyllia*, 1820, the abduction of Helen by Theseus was said to have occurred on Diana's feast day, Plutarch being given as the authority. Bayle, s.v. Penelope, after quoting Pausanias remarks: "here are some lively stories of the character of an honest woman."

The English version of Landor's poem on p. 203 was recast and so published in 1859. The 1859 text is given below:

THE ALTAR OF MODESTY.

Soon as the stranger turns his step away
From Lacedæmon, and pursues the road
Toward the towers of Elis, where a ford
Whitens with rippling wave the river-bank,
Sacred to Modesty an altar stood.
Hither the gentle Leda brought her child,
Her Helena, whom Theseus had borne off,
And thus reproved her, by none other heard.
"How couldst thou, Helena, leave house and home
And parent, and twin brothers, bright as stars?
With what discourse could Theseus tempt thee hence?
He is not tender, is not bland, nor chaste,
Nor even young.

10

I too was once beguiled
By a white stately swan I loved to feed,
Who drove the rest away that followed him;
And wicked Theseus, then a boy, laught loud

HELLENICS

Seeing my downcast eyes; and, when I turn'd
 To chide him, *Ah poor Leda!* whined the rogue.
 Once as I watcht him wrestling in the ring,
 Me, tho' I stood far distant, he espied 20
 And waddled nearer, and whined childishly
Poor Leda! what a pity! naughty swan!
 And shaped his lips as deftly as he could
 Into a beak; then from a reed within
 Whistled low querulous notes, as swan may do;
 Lastly, to crown his impudence, drew wings
 Over his shoulders, shaking them outspread.
 Where am I rambling? What has this to do
 With such a folly as was his and thine?
 Tell me . . now we are seated . . all that past." 30
 Then Helena . . but first sigh'd more than once.
 "Blamable was our guest, but worse his friend
 Pirithōos, who extol'd me far above
 All other Spartan maids, and earnestly
 Pointed me out to him. No, never more
 In presence of Pirithōos will I dance,
 Afraid to celebrate Diana's games."
 "I want to hear of Theseus, not of him"
 Said Leda. She obeyed.
 "He prais'd the land
 Of Cecrops, its convivial hours, its girls 40
 Waving a golden tectinx in their hair,
 Yet Helena's prefer'd he unadorn'd.
 Brave, said he, were his countrimen, and mild
 And facil were their Gods; not Pallas' self
 Beheld them ever with unkindly glance,
 Standing among the Graces, and but shook
 Her head at any little fault of theirs.
 Harp, song, and dance, beneath the olive-trees,
 He promist me, on turf where tymbrels shed
 Showers of white blossoms on the sandal'd feet: 50
 And then in autumn O what rites and games!
 Such as when Bakkos, India's kings subdued
 And India's tigers crouching under him,
 Pronounced this one command, *Be happy all!*
 Yet Theseus was himself most miserable;
 He said it, and, as if it were a crime
 To suffer, humbly prayed me to forgive.
 I was not merciless; it was enough
 To seem so in the midst of tears and sighs.
 'Who would,' said I, 'prefer the cares of love 60
 That could beneath the shade of friendship rest
 And hear the praises of himself and friend;
 Thine is Pirithōos, flourishing in youth
 And ready to learn anything from thee,
 And any danger at thy side incur,
 Nearer to thee in years, and beautiful
 As was the royal youth an eagle bore

NOTES

From Ida, beautiful as he who fell
 Beneath Apollo's quoit; but never hope
 With me such praises; never hope to calm 70
 (Whatever thou persuadest me) my fears.'
 Then he. 'Not always is the ear content
 With praises, nor with friendship is the breast:
 Of this the girls of Sparta seem aware,
 And often chide me for it. When we reach
 Pandion's city thou shalt prove thro life
 Fond is the lover as is firm the friend.'

I answered, 'There are others thou hast left,
 Perfidious Theseus, in that ile afar
 Where tower a hundred cities.'

Mother dear, 80

Now listen what he own'd and what denied.
 We know how cruel Minos was, what law
 When he had conquered Athens he imposed;
 Which to avoid, the father sent his son
 Hither; strong, ardent, uncontrollable,
 Away he burst to lands where Zeus was born,
 And there he slew the Minotaur: the thread
 That guided him throughout that labyrinth's
 Intricate turns was Ariadne's gift.
 Nor was he faithless to her, but he loved 90
 Me better, and he swore by every God
 Of late propitious to him, he who left
 Wealth, kingdom, beauty, should be mine alone;
 Mine marble palaces, Hymettos mine,
 And that sweet honey from those thymy knolls
 Where only bees have anything to do.

Now, mother! should I, can I, tell you more?
 My poor old prying nurse, who really knows
 Many things, but imagines she knows more,
 Thinking I must be weary and might want 100
 To rest my ankles higher than the floor,
 Lifted up one above the couches edge;
 Then down she stoopt that she might better peer.
 Well I remember it, because she trod
 On my loose hair; then doubling under her
 Both knees, she looked quite close, sagaciously,
 Then, rising up, she spat behind her back,
 And then ran out, lifting in wonderment
 Her head aloft and spreading out both arms,
 Exclaimed, *Zeus! Zeus! be prais'd! he hath preserved* 110
His child: then muttered she with scornful voice,
A hero! of mad heroes most insane!
He indeed! he slay Minotaurs! I now
Believe he left the virgin on the shore
Of Dia; what could he do else? O age
Degenerate! which for prowess can but boast
Such men as Theseus and Alcides are.
Ah! in my day . . but all such days are past."

HELLENICS

These words repeated by the unwary maid
 Sooth'd Leda's breast; and softly fell her tears, 120
 Softly too fell her daughter's at the sight.
 "Mother, I think I did not love him much,
 I am quite sure I do not love him now,
 And why I went with him I can not guess.
 Do not be angry; he will be ashamed
 To come again, ashamed as much as I.
 If I had not return'd you might have been
 A little sorry, certainly I should,
 But here you see me fresh and fond as ever."
 After a while said Leda, "Thou hast told 130
 The happier part, and now relate the rest,
 Nor canst thou do it in a fitter place;
 For here Odysseus * (unlike thy return)
 Beneath love's chaster torches carried home
 Penelope. Her sire Icarios,
 Altho he had approved the worthy choice,
 Altho he had invited to his house
 The future son, and altho far beyond
 All others, brave, and wary, and expert
 In household thrift was Laertiades, 140
 And safe, with rocks around, his island stood,
 Felt now the grief a parent ever feels
 To lose a child.

The nuptial festival

Proroged his sorrows with his guests about,
 For Bakkos wound with ivy and with flowers
 Together Age and Youth upon that day.
 All was well then, and jocund dreams enwrapt
 The soundly sleeping sire: but when arose
 Morn, and he saw the coronels collapse
 Droop down the chamber door, and heard the neigh 150
 Of steeds, and saw the broken cates removed
 From the piled table, then, ah then indeed
 Sorrow, awhile remoter, prest again
 Upon his temples, his ears sob'd, his knees
 Gave way."

Then shuddered Helena, and said,
 "How cruel was Odysseus thus to pain
 Poor old Icarios."

"Crueller," replied
 Leda, "is she who seeks a home unknown
 Leaving a parent ignorant of her flight."
 Strong as may grief be, curiosity 160
 Creeps over and beyond it.

Leda, calm'd,
 Could now resume her questioning; she askt
 What caus'd her error: Helena would turn

* Odysseus here recovers his proper name instead of *Ulysses*, he being neither Roman nor English. But it is only where those of his country are supposed to be speaking: in us it would be affectation: with us he is naturalized. [L.]

NOTES

The question, and entreated to know more
About Penelope, and what result.

"Grant, O ye Gods! she may be safe at home!"

Leda could now but smile, with gentle palm
Patted her cheek, and from her bosom drew
With finger slipping back the chin that dropt
Into it, obstinate to keep its place.

170

Then Helena, first looking round about,
Pursued her narrative.

"I will relate

The whole; for now I see you will not ask
Such idle questions as the nurse, insane,
Else how could she deem me so tiger-like
As bite? She gave me signs by nod and wink,
Finding her words convey no sense at all:
Hardly such rudeness can the crone object
To sister Clytemnestra: well you know,
Sweet mother, that your Helena was taught
Far different manners, nor would, even tho hurt,
Use tooth or nail, but tremble as the strings
Of a lyre tremble if swept all at once."

180

Leda, to hide her blushes, prest her face
On the fresh herbage, fearing to look up,
And twicht unconsciously the brittle grass.

"He did not hurt thee, then?"

"Quite the reverse;

He swore he would not, and he kept his word:
Instead of hurting, he protected me
Completely."

"O ye Gods above!" exclaimed

190

The mother in alarm.

"Ah what a tale!

Yet, yet, go on with it; lay bare the whole
And end with it my pangs of grief and fear.
Thou hast been shown by me that even the shy
Have err'd from steddiness; how far hast thou!
If more austere thy sister than befits,
If at the wanton boys she stamps her foot,
Thou art too ready to incline an ear
To their excuses. I have seen thee stand,
Trip on, turn back, and ask what *can* they mean,
And wait, nor over-readily dismiss
The laughing urchins with responsive laugh.

200

Nature may throw a gloom o'er Modesty
But she serenest the brow with purer light,
Light pure as on Olympos Gods enjoy."

She paus'd, and sigh'd.

Commanded to confess,

The daughter said, "A grove there is not far
Beyond the city, but from thence unseen,
Because the city and the little hill

HELLENICS

Conceal it; there in winter runs a brook,
But at this season its steep crumbling banks
Are join'd together by a fallen oak
The winds have thrown there: boughs and bark afford
An easy passage over.

210

Theseus leapt

From the low car that bore us: when we reacht
The farther side, percieving my alarm
He laid me on the grass, with gentlest hand
Pressing my bosom to allay my fear,
And often was it careful to provide
That neither stick, nor stone beneath, nor bent
Should harm me; for the bent in woods is stiff."

220

While she all this was saying, Leda's breath
Blew hard and thick upon her braided hair.
"Nemesis will o'ertake thee," she sigh'd out,
"Unless thou tell it all from first to last."
Now somewhat less dissembling, thus adjured,
Helena spake again.

"To bring back all

Into my mind, so hurried by the road,
The rapine, the recovery, and the spears
Of my two brothers thrust against the reins,
Is hard.

230

The lover, lately so submiss,

Grew furious and sprang down: first to himself
He muttered, then to me; he bade me go,
He bade me stay. We hear the tramp of steeds.
Away, cried he, and threw me on the car.
But my two brothers had come up: the bits
Drawn tightly in, the javelins vibrated.
Stay, robber! they exclame, their angry eyes
Glaring like stars that struggle with a stream.
What! arm'd against the unarm'd! cried he in scorn,
Turning aside the points with open hand,
Off, boys! what would ye? think ye that I dread
Your javelins? no; your youth, your parentage,
Awes me; take homeward, take with you unharm'd
Your virgin sister; for the Powers above
Have by sure omen disapproved my deed.
Thus he; and they abstain'd: then, to himself,
Patiently bear thy vultur, patiently
Look down from thy chain'd neck and watch uptorne
Thy growing liver by insatiate beak;
Rest, O Prometheus, on the piercing flints,
Endure the lightning on unclosing eyes,
Never hast thou endured love torne away
Upon the threshold from thine open arms."

240

250

The maiden blusht as she began the tale
And sorrowed as she closed it: half afraid
Her mother might observe her, she besought
The sequel of Penelope: aware

NOTES

Of her devices, Leda sweetly gazed
And thus began to moralize her tale. 260

"On those united by an equal love
Smiles every morning, every evening brings
Fresh hymenæals: youthful maid should find
A youthful husband; such be thine, my child,
And ever mindful how chaste love excells
Unchaste, be thou Penelope, be thine
Odysseus.

I related how it grieved
Icarios to have bid his child farewell.
At first he turn'd away his tearful eyes,
And rested on the lintel of the door 270
His troubled brow; but soon he heard the tramp
Of the car-horses and the rolling wheels
That grated near, then where the stones no more
Paved the highway and sounds came indistinct,
Brought to him only by the fitful breeze,
Rushing out wildly thro the city gate,
Broken in spirit, weak in sight, he saw
Odysseus, who had slackened now the reins
To hear more leisurely the low discourse
Of his beloved.

Thro deep husky groans, 280
In broken voice, *Restore my child!* he cried,
True, I did yield her to thee; not so deaf
Wast thou that day, no, nor that day was I
Childless as now thou makest me: restore
My only daughter, my heart's sole delight,
My age's sole support. Thee many a maid
May please as well as she. O give her back
In pity, or come with me both again.

Odysseus heard and checkt and loost the reins.
The gentle daughter threw her left arm round 290
The old man's neck, and sooth'd his wrinkled cheek
With her warm tears: the youth had paus'd, then spake.
Me Sparta might detain, me might the home
Of our Penelope, but home have I,
Home, people, aged sire, and household gods,
Neglected never with impunity.

Pious! if thou art pious, said the sire,
Restore her: she is willing, as thou seest.

Let her then choose, said he of Ithaca.
Penelope cast down her pallid brow 300
While her right hand held tight the hero's vest,
And sobs shook heavily her struggling heart.

Choose, choose Icarios cried; remember her
Who bore thee; pity me.

Fierce tortures wrung
Nor broke her silence.

Speak, Penelope!
Said softly her Odysseus. Round the neck

HELLENICS

Paternal stil her arm was left, her face
Turn'd to the other side, her veil drawn close,
Heavy with tears, until with groan and gasp
The weak neck fell upon the neck less weak.
Sorrowful, and yet proud at heart, return'd
Icarios home: the elders his compeers
Came forth and envied him and soon consoled:
Hence was devoted (why wert thou away?)
That low turf altar rais'd to Modesty."

310

P. 214. THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA. First written in Latin and published with title *Sponsalia Polyxenæ* in 1819, reprinted 1847 with "Argument" as follows:

Conveniunt Græci Trojanique: irrumpit Cassandra: mortem et Achillis et Polyxenæ prædicat. Ea dum abducitur, Achilles vulneratur; suos alloquitur, flet absentem filium.

Bayle, s.v. Achilles, quotes Pausanias, i. 22 and x. 25, adding: "Others say that Paris killed him treacherously in a temple where Achilles was gone to treat about his marriage with Polyxena, daughter of Priam."

The English version of Landor's poem on p. 214 was recast and so published in 1859. The 1859 text is given below:

THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA.

"Thy blood, O pious maiden! shall remain
In thy own city; and thou shalt survive
Its foe who now espouses thee."

The song

Of the three Sisters in three voices sang
These words, so comforting a mother's heart
To her Polyxena; and from the shrine
Of Thymbra, from Apollo's mouth the same
When she had led her thither.

"Future days

Of peace and happiness," said she "expand
Before thee, and thou seest them not, O child!
Pious, yet even by that God's voice unmoved.
Behold! how bright the sky! how sweet the air
Breathes round about us! sweet when we came forth,
But how much balmier now! the flowers arise
Under the spring's first dust, as if no foot
Of foe had trampled them, and sip the dew
Joyous as if they felt thy wedding-day.
Continuous heaps extend along the plain,
Heaps where one briar binds more than one below,
Foes lately, now united evermore."

10

20

"I see the flowers, I see the sepulchres"
Polyxena said sighing, "and I feel
The breeze, no balmier than it breath'd before:
That tepid moisture which the plants inhale
Was theirs; and ah! those flowers were Trojan blood.
Not other now shines forth thy light, O sun,
Than when the Achaian anchors graspt our strand

NOTES

Amid the clamor of the host, amid
Cars rattling on the stony beach, and shields
Struck in defiance. Ah! nor otherwise
When every God left Hector."

30

Here she wept,

Here wept the mother too.

"But why thus break

Silence, if only to make way for grief?
I had ceast almost so deeply to bemoan
My children when Achilles was defence,
Not terror, to us all. Canst thou refuse
To see the Gods now with him, friends to Troy?
King above kings, rich with ancestral stores,
And now about to bring all Asia bound
Into Mycenai, and, despite of Mars,
Polyxena, thee now doth he prefer
To all these glories: ere they yet were won,
Iphigeneia never had declined
His proffer'd hand while yet his shield was white,
Nor had the Nereid, she from whom he sprang,
Brought the Vulcanian armure he now bears.
Him born of Gods and worthy to beget
Their semblances, rejectest thou? She shed
Her blood upon the altar that thy hand
Might rescue Troy. Thou fearest the wild wail
Of our Cassandra; if there must be fear,
Is not Achilles what thou mightest dread?"

40

50

Briefly the yielding daughter thus replied,
"Whether the Gods command me, as they do,
To wed, or whether to be bound a slave,
I follow the behest: where no disgrace
No hardship is . . but let me weep awhile.
I will, O mother! yes, I will obey
A parent . . for this also they command,
Hoping they may recall or may remitt
This one decree. Must I be given up
To him behind whose wheels my brother's corse
Was drag'd along, drag'd while his breast yet heaved
And plowed and fill'd the furrow with his blood.
Oh! on this very ground our feet now press
Plighted are nuptial vows! are Gods invoked!
Thanksgivings offered them! Oh! pardon grief
That nothing can abate: what can the Gods
Do now to lighten it?"

60

Ye mounding heaps
Which friendly hands heapt up and covered o'er
With turf, not solid yet; where cypresses,
Green lately, drop their hard and withered leaves;
And ye that cover corsers numberless
In happier union, ye but separate
The resting soul from soul that knows not rest.
I gave my promise; thus Apollo will'd;

70

HELLENICS

Let then his oracles, by me observ'd,
Bring (to me never!) to my country peace."

Hecuba gaspt for breath, tears gushing down,

"O my last child! my only hope in life! 80

Cried she, "unmerited unhop'd-for weal

Restorest thou: not what thy terror feigns

Wilt thou soon find him: his stern heart relents

At Priam's sad reverses; he beholds

A house the Gods have visited and deign'd

To share its hospitality; he looks

With pity and with fondness on thy youth

And beauty; else he never would hold out

His hand in amity, nor blandly take

What he could tear away: beside, he fears 90

That thou, beyond the reach of his revenge

(Unlike Brisëis whom his sword reclaim'd)

Shouldst be by equal lot another's prey.

For long ago he saw our certain fate,

Deriding the Palladion, nor afraid

Of any Gods, when Gods saw Hector fall."

Another, not a happier, morn arose.

Under the walls of Dardanos a plain

Lies open: it was covered now with crowds

Even to the root of Ida, past the banks 100

Of those two stony rivers, since alike

Rendered immortal by immortal song.

Unwearied, tho grown hoary under arms,

And from the omen fondly hoping peace,

Commingled with the Trojans, in the fane

Of their Apollo, the Achæians held

Stern silence, or in whispers a discourse

That varied. Some regretted the delay

Of the doom'd city; some dared blame the king,

And some Peleides; others muttered words 110

On treachery, then on bribes, and knew the tent

That covered them stow'd carefully from sight.

Hither came Priam; slower came behind

His aged consort, and her sons, now few;

Prodigal had the rest been of their blood.

The wives of the survivors hither came,

All deeply veil'd and all with brow abased.

Hither they once had come led joyfully

Mid hymenæal song, by hands now cold:

Alone at home remain'd, and tried to wear 120

Away with restless spindle the sad hour,

Andromache, oft chided by her child.

In every street of the wide city, throngs

Rush forth impatiently to see the shields

So long opposed to them, and helmets caught

Before by glimpses only thro the dust.

Close to the altar of the placid God

Polyxena held tightly by the arm

NOTES

Achilles, and scarce knew it; beautiful
 Above her sister, beautiful almost 130
 As Helena herself; so white that brow,
 So pure the luster of those gentle eyes.
 Cassandra suddenly with horrid scream
 Rushes beyond the congregated host . .
 All tremble, all are stricken mute, as when
 Enters some Deity. She speaks, alone,
 And not her words speaks she, but words compell'd.
 "Sister, believest thou the Destinies
 Are friendly to thee? Sister! turn thine eyes
 Back from this temple, turn them on the walls 140
 Poseidon aided by Apollo rais'd.
 In vain hath Pallas dwelt within . . I see
 Prodigies, I see arms and flames o'er-ride
 The ancient towers; Xanthos and Simoeis
 I see run swifter now with streams of blood
 And heroes rising heavily from wounds,
 And ruin following when the battles cease.
 O flower! upon what altar art thou laid,
 Cull'd by Thessalian hand! why, ere the torch
 Be lighted, flames so the Sigæan shore 150
 And Tenedos the level ray prolongs?
 Fly! let us fly! Citheron calls aloud;
 Sound the Chaonian towers, resound the horns
 Of Achelôos, and, high up above,
 The thunder-rent Keraunian rocks reply.
 Hearest thou not the marble manger crack
 Under the monster's jaw? it scales our walls
 And human voices issue from its bulk?
 Why then delay? why idle words? Arise
 My parents! . . turn, ah! turn away the sight 160
 From those Bistonian, those betraying realms.
 Why, Polydoros, callest thou? why waves
 A barren cornel o'er a recent tomb
 While the loose pebbles tinkle down the base?
 Me neither tears nor madness are vouchsafed;
 Do thou, devoted sister! now thy chains
 Are taken off that thy pure blood may flow
 More readily, step back one little step
 From where thou sittest on the fagot; come
 And give me, all I hope, one last embrace. 170
 Oh spare her thou! And thee too I implore,
 Pyrrhos! Oh, by the manes of thy sire!
 Haste forward. She deserves it not, no crime
 Is hers. This only my last breath implores."
 Uttering such words her maidens drew her home.
 Another noise was heard within the fane.
 Silent and dark an arrow from across
 Amid the tumult struck the heroe's heel,
 And, passing thro and thro, the brazen point
 Rang on the marble floor. The chiefs around 180

HELLENICS

Wonder to see the weapon and small bead
 Of blood: they sieze their spears, and tear away
 The olive and verbena from their crests
 And stamp them underfoot: not Priam's voice
 Was heard, who gathering dust with desperate grasp
 Strew'd with it his grey hairs; nor was the bride
 Heeded, tho sinking as if into death.
 Achilles neither helpt her nor required
 Help for himself; aware the day was come,
 Foretold him: he with failing voice repress
 The wrath of his compeers, yet strong enough
 Thus to command.

190

“Lay ye your arms aside;
 Let none avenge Achilles but his son.

Alkimos and Automedon! detain
 Within our tent the Myrmidons: my voice
 They might no longer mind who see me now,
 Fallen ignobly . . Ajax! Diomed!
 Leave here a corse not worth a beast alive,
 Or hide it where no Trojan may rejoice.
 Ah! must his herds then graze upon my grave!

200

Let not thy tears drop over me, whoe'er
 Thou art upon my left! my eyes of iron
 See none, see nothing . . take those friendly arms
 From off my shoulder . . they now weary me
 And weary you with their too vain support.

Not that Larissa in a quiet tomb
 Holds my brave ancestors grieve I, O Death,
 Not that my mother will lament my loss,
 Lone in the bower of Tethys, for a while;
 I grieve that Troy should ever thus exult
 Without more slaughter of her faithless race.
 Open the turf, remove the blackened boughs,
 And let the urn of Menætiades
 Take my bones too.

210

Launch from this hateful strand
 The bark that bore us hither.

With the leave
 Of your Atreides . . send for . . now at play
 In Ptheiai, and expecting the return
 Of playmate . . my own Pyrrhos, my brave boy . .
 To bring destruction with the Pelian spear.

Hear ye my voice? or with its pants and gasps
 Expires it, and decieves me?

220

I forget . .
 Such is the mist of mind that hangs on me . .
 What are the orders I have given, and what
 My wishes yet unspoken: be not ye
 Forgetful of me as I am of these;
 Sure, although Orcos drags my wounded limbs
 Beneath, the Shades shall know and fear me there.

213 Menætiades] *rectius* Menœtiades = Patroclus. [W.]

NOTES

Pyrrhos! my child, my far-off child, farewell!
 Whose care shall train thy youth? What Keiron stoop
 To teach thee wisdom? what parental hands
 Be loud in the applauses thou shalt win
 For lyre, for javelin, for Thessalian car
 Seen above others in the foremost dust."

230

P. 232. A FRIEND TO THEOCRITOS. See Landor's essay on Theocritus (*Last Fruit*, p. 218), "Among his friends in Egypt was Aratus . . . Philetus the Coan was another . . . Aratus was more particularly his friend."

TALES IN VERSE

P. 239. A MOTHER'S TALE. In a letter to Lady Blessington, Landor said that, besides restoring the rights of many words, he had invented two: "*subsidence*, which was wanted; and *lililhood*, in this poem, which will be admitted from its propriety and be untouched from its position." For "*lililhood*" see passage substituted in 1895 version for ll. 83-4 in other edd.

P. 245. GUIDONE AND LUCIA. Founded mainly on a legend recorded by Sismondi, *Histoire des républiques italiennes*, Paris, 1826, ii. 283 n. Landor gives another turn to the story and adds details borrowed from that of Imelda (Sismondi, iii. 425). In both cases Sismondi was quoting Ghirardacci's *Istoria di Bologna*. For the story of Imelda see also Rogers's *Italy*. The events narrated in Landor's poem must be supposed to have happened in or about 1192. In a MS. note he gave six lines to be added to the poem:

The sire had earn'd with gold his son's release
 And led him home; at home he died in peace;
 His life was in Lucia, and he pray'd
 To meet again, soon, soon, that happier maid.
 The wish was granted, for the Powers above
 Abound in mercy and delight in love.

P. 250. PIEVANO ARLOTTO. Doubtless suggested by a picture formerly in the Uffizi Gallery, *La Burla del Vino del Pievano Arlotto*, by Giovanni da San Giovanni. The facetious Pievano died 1484.

P. 252. THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE. The late Professor E. G. Browne, to whom this poem was shown not long before his death, wrote in reply to an inquiry: "The conceit as to the red drops on the Nightingale's breast being not—as might at first sight appear—derived from the Rose but from the blood of his own heart, seems to me thoroughly Persian. I cannot recall an exact parallel, though I seem to remember something like it in Hafiz."

P. 265. THE DEAN'S TALE. The adventure is thus related by Captain J. Creighton in his *Memoirs*, 1731 (which has an Address to the Reader by Swift):

I had been assured, that this *Williamson* did much frequent the House of my Lady *Cherrytrees*, within ten Miles of *Edinburgh*; but when I arrived with my Party about the House, the Lady, well knowing our Errand, put *Williamson* to Bed to her Daughter, disguised in a Woman's Night-Dress. When the Troopers went to search in the young Lady's Room, her Mother pretended that she was not Well; and *Williamson* so managed

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the Matter that, when the Daughter raised herself a little in the Bed to let the Troopers see her, they did not discover him, and so went off disappointed. But the young Lady proved with Child; and *Williamson*, to take off the Scandal, married her in some Time after.

Creighton makes this happen in 1674—Williamson dying in 1702.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

P. 273. [VICTORIA]. This poem, evidently inspired by the accession of Queen Victoria, was inserted in the first edition of the "Pentameron", but omitted in later editions. Landor makes Boccaccio say: "Although he [the author] was under no obligation to the House of Este, nor wished nor needed it, he felt at a distance the general joy which announced the destinies of the lady Victoria. This little poem is curious, as being the only one upon the occasion, which never left its native place for court or crowd."

P. 273. LA VENDÉE 1815. Rio's reminiscences of the heroism of "the truant youth of Vannes" during the Vendean rising of 1815 elicited poems by Wordsworth, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Mrs. Norton, and Landor, all of which are printed in Rio's book. Of Landor's contribution he said:

"Une des élégies qu'on va lire est sortie d'un seul jet de la plume d'un poète sexagénaire, chez qui, à la vérité, les nobles susceptibilités du jeune âge se sont conservées dans toute leur fraîcheur."

P. 285. TO LAMARTINE. After the title 1848 has a note om. 1858:

Mr. Landor has written an Alcaic Ode to Lamartine, which he has also translated into English. We do not fear that our readers, much as they may admire it, will catch the spirit of republicanism it breathes.

[Lamartine might have become President of the Republic in May 1848, but was then content with a place on an executive commission. W.]

P. 288. ITALICS.

PREFACE [1848]

PREFACES are mostly useless, and often odious. What is prefixt to these few pages is better here than coming in the form of a note at the bottom of a page.

The intent and spirit of the *Italics* announce themselves plainly. All shades of opinion are blending on the high points of Switzerland and Italy. That king who mounted his throne from the barricades in Paris, strives vainly, co-operating with Austria, to throw them down in Rome, in Naples, and in Palermo. A Guizot may have succeeded in Madrid, a Palmerston in Lisbon; but their power, and the power they are supporting, totters to the base.

Eccellino,¹ the most barbarous of tyrants, never was accused of cruelty comparable to the slow blood-sucking of the tame weazel of Austria, who never looked at any man in the face, and who suffocated with his mephitic breath more than one wife, and more than one nation by his fatherly overlaying. Francis had a voice as weak as his mind, and wore a grey coat: qualities quite sufficient to impress on vulgar minds an idea of innocence and benevolence.

¹ Eccellino da Roma, see Dante, *Inferno*, xii. 109. W.

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M. Lamartine and other devout royalists call aloud for another Robespierre; a great serpent to swallow up the less. We do indeed deserve such temporary curses, but God defend us from them! A bitter schoolmaster is now abroad, and domineering over the indignant manhood of nations, who teaches, not intending it, that above the highest virtues, above the most glorious actions, is tyrannicide. Is there an Italian who can reflect without the acutest self-reproach, that he ever lost an opportunity of punishing with death, in whatsoever way, that most cowardly, most cold-blooded, most atrociously cruel tyrant, who deprived of liberty, of light, of communion with mankind, the simple-hearted Pellico, the generous Gonfalonieri? The principal of these Poems contains the words of that illustrious patriot; which words a criticising trifler calls as pathetic as those of Sterne's starling. We may venture to pronounce that in moving the passions they are equal to the narrative which Dante attributes to Ugolino. If in our version they are less so, let the reader attribute it to the poet's insufficiency.

Between the despot of France and the despot of Austria, the liberties of Europe were crushed.

Socer generque! perdidistis omnia.

P. 303. THE BROTHERS BANDIERI. Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, Venetian officers in the Austrian navy, founded a revolutionary society aiming at the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. In June 1844 they and their followers landed on the Calabrian coast. The leaders and most of the party were captured by the troops of King Ferdinand of Naples (Bomba); and after a mock trial, nine, including the brothers, were executed. They had been in correspondence with Mazzini, then in England; and many people, including Landor, believed that the English Government, obtaining information about the plot from their letters, warned the Austrian authorities. Signor R. Pierantoni in *La Storia dei Frailelli Bandiera*, Milan, 1909, shows that, though Mazzini's correspondence was tampered with, there was no "betrayal".

P. 334. TO A TRAITOR. Sent to Lady Blessington a few days after Louis Philippe's abdication and flight in February 1848. Count Bresson (l. 7) when Ambassador at Madrid in 1846 had helped to arrange the Duc de Montpensier's marriage to the Spanish Queen's sister. The allusion in l. 10 is to the Baroness de Feuchères (née Sophy Dawes), at one time mistress of the Duc de Bourbon-Condé.

P. 336. ON GENERAL COUNT LEININGEN. Prefixed to this poem when printed in *The Examiner* was the following letter "to the Editor":

Let me hope, Sir, that every liberal journal, in England and on the Continent, will commemorate the 6th of October 1849, on which day his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Lombardy, and Protector of Naples, ordered the murder of those Generals here mentioned, who fought for that constitution which his Apostolic Majesty swore (and swore falsely) to maintain.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Enclosed with letter and poem was a list of the Generals too long for insertion in *The Examiner*. It included Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg, a German nobleman who took part in the Hungarian rising. See his *Letters and Journal*, edited by H. Marczali, 1911.

P. 351. FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA OF TRENT. See "Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his times, being an account of a general

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struggle for ecclesiastical reform and of an anti-heretical crusade in Italy in the early part of the 14th century", by Luigi Mariotti (pseudonym of Antonio C. N. Gallenga), London, 1855. Milman (*History of Latin Christianity*, v. 434) praised the accuracy of this work but found it marred somewhat by Italian prolixity and passion. Fra Dolcino, leader of the sect of Apostolic brethren, died under torture and Margarita was burnt at the stake, 1307.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

P. 384. TO POETS. In a copy of *Satire on Satirists* given to him in 1836 by Landor, Joseph Ablett wrote these lines with minor variants and a note that they should follow l. 71 of the *Satire*. The variants are:

1 the Delphic] Aonia's 1836. 2 sun . . . forth] beams tempt for 1836 in error.

P. 410. WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX. According to Forster (*Biography*, ii. 486) Landor wrote this poem in 1854. The date given is certainly incorrect for it had been published two years earlier. Forster's further statement that it was inspired by "a small unpublished poem of Wordsworth" which Archdeacon Hare had shown to his guest may also be misleading. In *The Prelude* (published 1850) there are allusions to Derwent and Winander, while a passage in that poem (Book iii, ll. 591-608) was highly commended by Landor in the imaginary conversation between Hare and himself (published 1853). It is possible, therefore, that the poem written by Landor at Hurstmonceaux was also inspired by things he found in *The Prelude*.

P. 414. GOLDSMITH'S PUN. "He [Goldsmith] had heard the joke about taking them [peas] from Hammersmith 'to turn 'em green'; and is said, in repeating it, to have substituted the words 'make 'em green'." *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, 1835, p. 409.

P. 422. TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Writing to a friend, July 29, 1854, Miss Mitford said: "One of the gleams of light you talked of came the other day into my sick-room; an exquisite little poem by Mr. Landor."

P. 434. DANTE OF MAIANO. This earlier Dante lived in the thirteenth century. The alteration by Forster of Alighieri into Alfieri (l. 13) is a grave blunder. Nina was a Sicilian poetess "Whose love of poetry made her the lover of Dante of Maiano whom she had never seen". (*Ginguéné*.) Landor may have seen a sonnet by Dante of Maiano, with English translation, in Joseph Garrow's edition of the greater Dante's *Vita Nuova*, Florence, 1846. He reviewed this volume in *The Examiner*, October 17, 1846.

P. 453. AT WORDSWORTH'S DESIRE. The title was perhaps invented by Forster. In *Dora Wordsworth, her book*, by F. V. Morley, 1924, there is a *facsimile* of the poem as copied into the album, without title but signed and dated "Walter Savage Landor, May 15, 1836, Temple", this being nearly four years after the lines, according to Forster, were composed. In the album they make two stanzas and "isle" is spelt "ile".

P. 477. HOW TO READ ME. In Madden's *Countess of Blessington* an extract from Landor's letter to her is prefixed to this poem. In it he

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said: "I enclose some lines written on the first blank leaf of my poems about to be sent abroad." The letter is printed among others dated 1837 and *Gebir, Count Julian, &c.*, 1831, was probably the volume referred to. On a leaf of some page proofs of this work Landor wrote the following lines:

If in these pages you would view
A life from blame exempt,
Believe that all the griefs are true
And all the joys but dreamt.
I wrote, as poets wrote, of you
And loved like them but rather more.

[Of this ll. 3-4 are nearly the same as ll. 7-8 of *How to Read me*, while ll. 5-6 appear with a slight variant in *The Matron*, see p. 471.]

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P. 480. POEMS FROM THE ARABIC AND PERSIAN. The 1800 ed. had the following foot-notes of which only a few words were reprinted in 1858.

ADDRESS TO THE VINE

* I shall only observe of this address to the vine, that it challenges any one which courts the same mistress.

† The country round Schiraz is fertile in vines, and is watered by the rivulet Mosella. The "bathing with coyness, &c." is highly, but perspicuously metaphorical; and is one of those, *few perhaps*, passages in the *gazel* to which even the most timid taste finds no objection. For, a taste which has once been accustomed to the delicacies of Athens and of Rome, will naturally loathe the heady spirits and high-seasoned garbage of Barbarians. It must surely result from the weakest or from the most perverted understanding, that the *gazel* has ever been preferred to the pure and almost perfect, though utterly dissimilar, pieces of Anacreon and Tibullus. Anacreon was the master, Tibullus the slave, of Love, and while the orientals are engaged in perplexing us, the classics have seized his arrows, and exercise a portion of his power. [The stream of Ruknabad is the rivulet praised by Hafiz. Musalla where he was buried is not a rivulet but a suburb of Shiraz. W.]

I should be ashamed to be numbered with those enthusiasts, who diminish the merit of western poetry, by deriving so much of it from the east. Voyages had given Homer, and libraries had given Theocritus, access to these copious and undisputed springs: but their waters were useless to Anacreon. If a resemblance be found in him to any Asiatic, it will not establish against the one, or the other, a proof of imitation. It is strange, if in the multitude of ideas which arise incessantly on the mind, none ever should strike, in the lapse of ages, the congenial fancy of two. Are we obliged to suppose the existence of a third person,

"a quo, ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis."

[Ovid, *Amor.* iii. 9. 25.]

Even those who imagine that Anacreon and Hafez imported from the

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same caravan, the one his simple, the other his gorgeous attire, will hardly suppose that the latter and *Propertius* had any point of union.

"Should the sweet gales, as o'er thy tomb they play,
The fragrance of the nymph's loved tresses bring,
Then, Hafez, shall new life inspire thy clay,
And ceaseless notes of rapture shalt thou sing."

Select odes from Hafez, by John Nott [1787].

Jam licet et Stygiâ sedeat sub arundine remex,

Cernat et infernæ tristia vela ratis:

Sî modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellæ

Concessum nullâ lege redibit iter.

Proper. Eleg. 19, lib. 2 [ii. 27. 13].

Here the poet of Schiraz hath a manifest advantage, which is perhaps still greater in the original.

May I hazard an opinion that the French are judicious in translating foreign verse, for the most part, into prose. Almost every sentence in a regularly metrical translation must either be amplified or compressed; while prose, without tempting, or suffering, this licence, admits an unrestricted diversity of modulation, agreeable and consonant to the subject.

[Isaac D'Israeli (*Romances*, 1799) suggested that Anacreon's poems were borrowed from the Persians. W.]

c "Taper is the palm, &c." The poet extols the produce of the vine above the common beverage which is extracted from the palm.

d "Tinged sweetly with red, &c." There is a certain sort of vine in our own country whose tender leaves correspond with this description.

TO ILBRA

* When we consider with what capriciousness the French have treated greek and latin names, we must not be surprized at any thing they do in an enemy's country, as it were, and with languages so distantly related to their own. A gentleman who has made some progress in the oriental languages, informed me that, in his opinion, there was no such name as *Ilbra*. He mentioned *two* words, from *one* of which it probably was derived. The former alluded to the *Spring*, the latter to the *Sea*. [The two words are بهار=spring, بحر=sea. W.] The fondness of her parents, or of her lover, might conform her name, and compare her beauty, to the spring; or somewhere near the *sea* might be the habitation of her tribe. However, if the French translator had chosen to substitute *Iris*, the common though antiquated favorite of his countrymen, I should certainly have written *Iris* too, with the addition of a note like the present, to absolve me from inconsistency.

† "Striken with *blue* eyes." On the contrary we are informed that the Persians are fondest of *black*; and poets, who love by prescription, celebrate no other. Had I ever been inclined to transgress the law which I rigorously laid down from the beginning, I might easily have contrived that *blue* and *black* should change places.

This is the only *amatory appeal* in our collection: it resembles none that I have ever read. I have not appeared an admirer of this species of persian poetry, at least of the specimens which I have seen elsewhere, yet I think their obscure combinations more tolerable than the wretched

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conceits of Petrarch and of Cowley: the former of whom there are more in this country that have *commended* than that have *read*. Six or seven of his sonnets, and amongst them the one to Liberty, noticed and approved by Mr. Roscoe, who forgets to observe that it is merely a translation from a little greek ode to Hygeia, are truly and exquisitely beautiful: yet these are excelled, in tenderness by Redi, and in spirit by Cassiani. I must remark on the "Rape of Proserpine", by the latter, that the abruptness of it's opening and the rapid seisure of the most choice expression, shew equally the genius of the poet, and the *strength* of the Italian language. In the fields of Enna, Claudian *wearies*, and Ovid *pleases*. The faults are equal. Cassiani surprizes and strikes. With Claudian at an immeasurable depth below him, he stands in opposition, and forms an astonishing contrast, to the factitious sublime of Tasso. How wretchedly inanimate is the conclusion of that celebrated and sonorous stanza, *Chiama gli abitator* [*Gerusalemme*, lib. iv. 2], in comparison with the close of this admirable sonnet.—It reminds one of Blackmore and Addison. By the spirit of Cassiani, the scene and characters are more distinct, and, if I may use the expression, are brought nearer to the eye, than we find them in any other works, excepting Livy and the "Book of Kings". Even Atys yields. [See Roscoe, *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, chap. v, note 26, where Petrarch's *canzone* beginning *Liberià, dolce e disiato bene* is extolled as one of the poet's finest personifications. The ode to Hygeia preserved in Athenæus was translated by Dr. Johnson in *The Rambler*, 1750. For another allusion to Cassiani's "Proserpine" see Landor's *Imaginary Conversation*, "Alfieri and Salomon". W.]

* I must make an apology for having, in more than one instance, rendered two or even three french words into one. It is among the many failings of that language to be incapable of admitting new compounds. On the contrary, the admission of them, if conducted with judgement, is one principal excellency of ours.

** It is needless to enquire whether, in simple truth, the phenomenon here mentioned hath ever taken place; whether in gazing long on one object, the colors of that object may not appear to change, either by the creation of will, or the presentation of fancy, or the unnatural distention of the optic nerve. I believe it to be not unphilosophical, I feel it to be not unpoetical.

PRAISES OF ABU-SAID

^a I have not received the slightest information concerning the author, or the authors, of these Persian poems. It is certain that the *two*, and probably that the *three*, preceding ones, are the production of the same pen. Of the present, as of those, I am unable to fix the era. For, there were two Abu-said's illustrious in history: one is mentioned by Gibbon, the other by Tavernier. [Sultan Abu Salad Mirza, Tamerlane's great-grandson and grandfather of the Emperor Babar, is mentioned by Tavernier and is the Abu-Said of Landor's poem. He captured Samarcand c. 1450. W.]

¹ By the "lonely one" the nightingale is meant; whose song, however pleasing, is not so *lively* as the notes of the dulcimer, and is not *compliant* like an instrument.

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* "The rosebrakes of the moon" must be interpreted—rosebrakes in the evening. [*1858 has *rosebrakes with foot-note: *Of the evening.*]

† "Thou beckonest the rays that intrude, &c."—a bold metaphor! It expresses the power of music to assuage the sensations of heat.

‡ In all probability through my ignorance of the idiom, or perhaps of the warlike accoutrements, I know not, and cannot find out, what is meant by the *horns* of the elephant. It is still more extraordinary that *manna* should make people *reel*.

THE SON OF SHEIK DAHER

§ Pharesdak has been dead many centuries, but his cowardice will never be forgotten by the warlike wits of Arabia. [his . . . Arabia *repeated as foot-note in 1858*. For Pharesdak, the name by which Hamam b. Ghalib (*ob.* 728) was known, see Gibbon, vi. 329, where Landor may have read the story about his sword. W.]

¶ The death of Cambyzes is famous in classical story; and may be written, or be traditionary, in the countries where it happened.

‡ "The piercer of hearts" is what the reader has now in his hand. [*Repeated as foot-note in 1858.*]

§ The son of Sheik Daher calls Vengeance and Eternity his daughter and mother; and he is led by the habits and customs of his country to cherish them with the same affection. This at least is *my* interpretation. Laying aside his metaphorical stile, he perhaps may appeal in person to his last relations. I shall not presume to decide. [*Partly repeated in 1858 thus: The son of Sheik Daher calls Vengeance and Eternity so, led by the customs of his country to cherish them.*]

AGAINST JEZZAR

* The poet alludes to the solstitial well at Syené. [Bruce in his *Travels* quotes Pliny's account of the well into which the sun's rays fell straight to the bottom. Cf. Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv. 70: "Syene, and where the shadow both way falls." W.]

† The peacock is held sacred by the people of Hindustan. It's head resembles the serpent's in *form*, but I doubt whether any of the serpents in Arabia so nearly approach it in *color* as our snake. [*1858 has foot-note: *In color and form.*]

ON THE AFFLICTION OF HIS WIFE

† How different this from the preceding! Without that unity of design which concentrates the whole attention, it produces an instantaneous and irresistible [*mispr.* irresistile] effect. The language of passion is the language of poetry: it disdains comparisons; it seizes combinations. A thousand images start up: the boldest and most prominent are flit for ever. The enchantment that chains down these, makes all the others vanish. In vigorous and ardent minds, the earliest effect of misfortune is a certain *anger of grief*. Men, like the animals of the forest, *first* seize the weapons that wound them, *then* the assailants and attendants. So with the son of Daher: misfortune raises his fury to a vast and dreadful

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sublimity—he reviews with agitation the cause of that misfortune, but traces with greater calmness its effect.

▼ “What star in the firmament &c.”

It is a prevalent opinion among the Persians and Arabians, that those appearances called *falling stars* are really stars in conflict with demons. They also carry amulets, and say certain prayers to protect themselves against the scorpion. [For Moslem opinion about falling stars see Sale's *Koran*, chapter xv, note d.]

“The column is shivered that sustained my cottage,”

This passage will be elucidated by Volney's description of Palmyra. The huts of the Arabs are sheltered and supported by the remains of antiquity, in the middle and on the borders of the desert.

▼ “The noon” signifies the noon-day sun.

* These ideas are purely metaphorical: but I must here express a doubt, whether I should not have simply written *thorn*. The original word might signify the acacia, which is common in many parts of the desert; but it must not be forgotten, that a traveller, who passed, if I remember, from Coseir to Jena, mentions the hawthorn as the most common shrub.—*Eyles Irwin's route*. [See *Adventures in the course of a voyage up the Red Sea*, by Eyles Irwin, in the service of the Hon. East India Company, 1780, p. 168. W.]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

▼ The exclusion of day-light, in Arabia, is, in some degree, the exclusion of heat. The old, the wealthy, and the women, are, for the most part, inactive by day, as we may naturally suppose from the intensity of the climate; but they amuse themselves in the evening with songs and music. [The exclusion . . . heat repeated as foot-note in 1858.]

* “Bed of bright yellow, &c.” I am more pleased with this stanza, which will be despised by the generality of readers, perhaps by the generality of critics, than with any other in the poem. Had the bed of *bright yellow* still belonged to the mercantile citizen of Damascus, it would have *witnessed*, if a note may be poetical, vows of silk, to be suspended in the mosch, if his prayers for gain were granted.

“More tiresome than birds.” It must be observed, that the birds which pass over, and the few which inhabit, the desert, are all of them destitute of song. The borders of the Red Sea abound with water-fowl; which, of every description, are unpleasant in their note. The jackals make an incessant cry by night. [1858 has footnote: † Birds in the desert are unmusical and harsh.]

ADDRESSED TO RAHDI

“Perhaps this Rahdi might be some private friend, but he possibly may be a more known and exalted character. There was a Rahdi, the twentieth of the Abassides, and the twenty-ninth of the successors of Mahomet. “Hic est ultimus Chaliphah qui multum atque sæpius pro concione peroravit.—Fuit etiam ultimus qui otium cum eruditis et facetis hominibus fallere hilariterque agere soleret.” Abulfeda. Reiske. Gibbon. The conclusion of this extract countenances the latter of my suppositions.

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This poem resembles not those ridiculous quibbles which the English in particular call Epigrams, but rather, abating some little for *orientalism*, those exquisite *eidyllia*, those carvings as it were in ivory or on gems, which are modestly called Epigrams by the Greeks. [The Latin, quoted by Gibbon (vi. 422 n.) from J. J. Reiske's *Abulfedæ Annales Muslemici*, refers to the Khalif Al Radhi-billah. For Sharif-ar-Radi, the poet, see E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, ii. 113. W.]

One or two copies, if not more, of the 1800 *Poems* contain at the end what is called "Extract from the French Preface". Whether this was cancelled before publication or added in some cases afterwards, is uncertain. The extract was doubtless meant to be taken as a translation from the preface to a volume in which Landor professed to have found his specimens of Oriental poetry. Even if that were so, the half-veiled allusion to George III, in the pretended extract, might have led to a charge of sedition. Warned of this risk Landor may have cancelled both his Extract and the notes. They are now published for the first time. [W.]

EXTRACT FROM THE FRENCH PREFACE

WHOLE volumes of poems like the present, or even of poems which may far surpass them, will sink into mere insignificance, if compared with those vast intellectual treasures which will flow into Europe from the conquests of the French. * No nation pursues with an equal alacrity the arts which embellish life. In the midst of a foreign, roused and resuscitated at the unextinguished beacons of a civil war, while calamity constantly kept pace, and sometimes struggled with, glory, her general meditated, and at once accomplished, the eternal deliverance of Egypt. Men of learning and men of science were the proper companions of Buonaparte. They are engaged at this moment in presenting to Europe the fruits of their several discoveries. † Conquerors like him, posterity will declare it, have never been the enemies of the human race. The

* The French have been particularly careful in preserving and examining the monuments of antiquity. The English are endued with, and profess, a different taste. One Eyles Irwin, *Esq.* mentions with pleasure some sailors who fastened the cord of a *kite* to the capital of *Pompey's* pillar. One of them ascended; and, fixing a shroud, was joined by his companions. But the merit of the action consisted principally in breaking off a *volute*; and this *enlightened traveller* informs us, that he and his companions "provided themselves with a relique of this shrine". It appears that what bigotry and barbarism have spared through indifference, is left to the mischievous fingers of childish curiosity. [For Irwin's book see above, p. 548. In *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836, ii. 224 n.) Landor again accused him of an act of vandalism, but the traveller's own account of the incidents referred to does not justify the charge. W.]

† He may equally despise the gregarious gabble of a lame obsequious parliament, and the strained declamation poured forth on the theatre by the swindling son of a disbanded player. Kotzebue has lately been mentioned as about to reside in this country. I hardly can credit the report. Is it probable that he will leave a nation in which there are minds congenial with his own? That he will leave it for England in the present reign? What sacrifices must he make, what insults must he endure! His labors, which tend to enlighten, perverted to delude, the multitude; and men who have ever been stigmatized by infamy, receiving the rewards of his talents and his virtues! He will expose himself to troublesome nugatory questions, repeated a thousand times to him, and repeated a thousand times before, to tumblers and jugglers, to bedchamber-lords and bishops. He will be bargained with for praise; he will be daily caressed, and hourly insulted; he will be knighted, and he will be starved. ✓

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slaughter of thousands, the slaughter of one, is horrible; but it is not the commander whose penetrating eye, whose animating genius, and unwearied energy, pierce and confound at once the body of united nations—it is the bestial stupidity of those, who, unfortunately for kingdoms, are exalted *above their minds*, and cannot distinguish, from their ridiculous elevation, *a battle from a review*¹—that should be dreaded, that should be execrated, that should be extirpated. The nations of Europe have been wretched; but in Pilnitz, not in Paris, must we search for the authors of their wretchedness. Those who appear most eminent, most active in this “*sea of trouble*”, stemming it’s current and repelling it’s violence, are beheld by the eyes of the vulgar as the demons of it’s hidden source.

Fatally, but naturally, illuded!—since glory attains it’s utmost altitude in the periods of calamity and confusion: as voyagers observe of the zodiacal light, it’s basis invariably are clouds. But all the calamity, all the confusion, which surrounded the illustrious Buonaparte, was hurled with irresistible and destructive force on the enemies of the French Republic; which, like the mathematical compass, directed by so firm, so temperate a hand, extended the further the more heavily it was pressed. In Egypt, the department most immediately under consideration, the prejudices of the people he turned to their advantage, and rendered their weakness their strength. The army which he left in Italy had nothing to contend with, now, but luxury and leisure. Those who succeeded him should have seized or sought occasion to prevent and disarm the perfidy of kings. The soldiers were daily more dissolute; their enemies more concentrated, more guarded. The former were of opinion that, whatever might happen, they could at any time retrace their conquests. The road, once trodden, was no longer doubtful; nor could enemies, suing at their feet for mercy, occasion them fresh alarm. But it is easier to march from Cannæ to Capua, than from Capua to Cannæ. May the army of Egypt never be paralyzed by sloth and inactivity! Plays, songs, dances, all the amusements of the mind, are the just rewards of their sacrifices and their toils. May the general remember, in the plenitude of his power, that many have been the masters, few the deliverers of men. Who would be an imitator when he possibly might fail, instead of an original when he surely must succeed? Who would be a Cæsar that could be a Buonaparte? The republic never can suspect, that the conqueror of kings will reduce himself to their level: she relies on *his* magnanimity and does not distrust *her own*. Confident of her safety in the midst of tumult, she can review the past and survey the present with an equal serenity of mind; and neither the patriot nor the philosopher will accuse her of levity in attending the discoveries we announce.

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P. 489. THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS. In 1841 the following foot-notes *† were appended to the text:

1. 23 * *Vento rota constitit*. [*Georgics*, iv. 484.] I believe I made a remark on this, either in the *Imaginary Conversations* or in the latin treatise *De Cultu atque usu latini Sermonis*; which treatise might have corrected some crude notions of Mr. Hallam on Politian, &c. The critics mistook

¹ [Landon in “*Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*”, 1812, described George III as fancying that a review was as fine a thing as a battle, and in an imaginary conversation he made Franklin say that the King saw no difference between a review and a battle. W.]

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

the noun for the participle, and filled their readers (as they often do) with *wind*: they could not see that *venio* is the same as *quum venerat*.

ll. 27-8 † *Scirent si ignoscere Manes*. [*Georgics*, iv. 489.] This also hath occasioned much doubt and perplexity. In fact the Manes were placable. They had, however, no right to meddle with a contract made with Proserpine or Pluto: for Virgil says in one place that the conditions were imposed by Proserpine [*ib.* 487], in another by Pluto: *immitis rupta tyranni fœdera* [*ib.* 492]. A meaning may be given, but the meaning is not Virgil's. "A fault which certainly had been pardoned if the decision had been left to the Manes." Wine and honey were as tempting to them as to wasps, and no deities were more easily caught by oblations. Beattie, if I recollect, talks with much the same critical skill on this passage as on the conclusion of the sixth book of the *Eneid*, not suspecting that in Virgil there could be an error or an oversight: whereas in reality nothing of the latin classics (they end with Ovid) contains so many and such enormous faults as this celebrated Episode. I have pointed them out in another place, far however from countenancing those conceited and impudent men, whether critics or poets, who would discharge the purple of Virgil with their acrid juices. Genius is to be respected even in its errors and imperfections. I willingly leave unsoundnesses to those who feed and fatten on them. There is always a large party at such entertainments.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[The above foot-notes and signature were om. 1858, which substitutes the following as foot-note to the title Orpheus.*]

*Virgil says in one place, that the conditions were imposed by Proserpine; in another, by Pluto. This is a fault, however it may be explained; it would be were it only a redundancy. Then, "*scirent si ignoscere Manes*". Now the Manes were so placable that a little milk and honey was thought sufficient. Beside, they had no right to meddle with a contract by their superiors. Beattie talks with much the same critical skill on it as on the conclusion of the sixth book of the *Eneid*, not suspecting that Virgil could be liable to an oversight.

Thirdly, Proteus relates the whole conduct of Orpheus in the world below, of which he could know nothing; but speaks from report alone when he describes his sufferings in Thrace, which, from his wide maritime range and extraordinary cleverness, he might have known exactly. He ceases on a sudden to be refractory and contumacious, and becomes tender and compassionate, forgetting that Aristæus came to consult him about the loss of his bees, and not about the loss of another man's wife.

Fourthly, It is strange that the women of Thrace should think themselves despised, and should punish this imaginary contempt so severely, when Orpheus had lost his wife no longer than seven months. After all, it was only a gossip's tale that he grieved so long. Seven months is no inordinate season for mourning, *ex ordine*.

Fifthly, Where did he sooth the tiger? Tigers had gone southward of Thrace before his time.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is a beautiful excrescence, like a mistletoe on an apple-tree, or the tuft of moss that comes after the roses.

And now a few words on the translators. They represent the nightingale as sitting on a bough. Naturally she did so: but here she was sitting on the bough from which her young were taken.

NOTES

It is curious that the close of the *Georgics* should contain, in the part most generally admired, almost the only inharmonious verse in this exquisitely musical and truly great poet.

Observans nido implumes detraxit.

is not merely prosaic.

We may take any liberty with a contemporary; we may jump into the judgment seat with heavy and creaking and dirty boots on, and cite the noblest before us, bidding him to hold up his hand; but we are *chap-fallen* in the presence of Antiquity. Else I would venture to suggest that *Pervigilans* might relieve the heaviness of the line, and express that the birdcatcher had bided his time, and had been watching for it. Nobody seems to ask what good it would do him to take away birds unfledged, when certainly he could not bring them up. Those who have never been in Italy may be ignorant that callow birds, nightingales among others, are brought to market and thought to be delicacies. All in that state are palatable alike, or nearly so; the swallow, the cuckoo, the hawk, the owl. Even foxes, while they have tasted nothing but the mother's milk, are sought for. Once when I was entering the Porta del Popolo at Rome, a young shepherd was waiting for the doganier to fix the price of importation on two foxes, about the size of rabbits, which he was carrying on his shoulder. He offered them to me. *Eccellenza! ecco qualcheda da stordire*. My reply was, that they were too exquisite for Excellences, and worthy of Eminences. *Gli porterò a' medesimi*, said he, arranging them afresh on his shoulder. I asked the gate-keeper whether they really were good: he said, *Buonissimi per quegli chi hanno da spendere*. Very good, for those who can afford to buy them: adding that, when they grow much older they are worth little but for the skin, and require a good deal of vinegar and garlic.

P. 500. A CHINESE POEM. Landor may have meant at first to insert this in his imaginary conversation "Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti", but afterwards have given it to Ablett to print separately. Tsing-Ti is said in the *Conversation* to have composed a song (*Works*, 1846, li. 117).

ADDITIONAL NOTE

P. 278. TO THE RIGHT REV. FATHER, ETC. This had already been printed in *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, May 1845, signed W. S. L., under the title "The Surplice", with the 1846 title as a sub-title, and the following differences:

6 most] the
omitted in 1846:

8 lawn.] lawn:

After line 12 were the following ten lines,

A reverent and pious son,
I can not bear that folks make fun
Of surplices, and running down
To cover, or throw off, the gown:
And I would strangle such as think it's
Unwise to leave her half her trinkets:
For proud am I to see her change her
Condition from the Bethlehem manger,
Throw shepherds' crooks away for swords,
Jilt the wise men, and flirt with lords.

